

# THE SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 1, May 15, 1986.

## Special Offer!!

That's right, we're back.  
The *Lance*, the University of Windsor's beacon of light and goodness, is back in circulation (ouch!).  
In our present incarnation, the *Summer Lance*, we'll be publishing every second Thursday through inter- and summer sessions.  
We're gonna try a funky new thing around here: working when the sun is up. We may even be able to eliminate some typos and other production glitches.  
Enjoy. ☐

—The Summer Lance

## University overrides 10-year policy

# Board of Governors approves deficit

by Kevin Johnson and Catharine Hudec

**T**he University of Windsor Board of Governors has set aside a ten-year policy of maintaining a balanced budget, approving a financial deficit of \$304,000 for the 1986/87 fiscal year.

President Ron Ianni blamed the deficit on low levels of government funding. The university's operating grant increased only 3.5 per cent, while inflation is running at 4 per cent, he said.

Total expenditures rose 4.64 per cent over this year to \$71.6 million. Operating revenues rose 4.08 per cent to \$71.3 million.

In this context, Ianni said, the deficit is "not enormous, but it is serious."

Vice-president Finance and Services Terrance Parkinson said the deficit can be covered by a \$406,000 surplus accumulated from previous years.

This marks the first time the Board has approved a budget deficit since 1981/82.

"In looking at the (departmental) budgets, we felt we made all the cuts we could this year," Parkinson said.

He added the uncertainties of future government spending and enrollment figures complicated the budget process.

"It's very difficult, facing the changes we are, to do any hard projections," he said.

Ianni said he hopes to see a change in the government funding formula. The grants are currently based on increasing enrollment.

"Institutions operating at capacity or in a steady state (such as Windsor) are prejudiced against," he said.

The University of Windsor has submitted its proposals on a new funding formula to the Ontario Council on University Affairs, a buffer body between the government and academic institutions.

All parties concerned, including the Council of Ontario Universities and the Liberal government at Queen's Park, are interested in changing the distribution of funds, said Ianni.

A motion was also presented concerning the number of student representatives on the Board.

The motion, from the Nominations Committee, proposed that two additional student representatives, the president of the Organization of Part-Time University Students and the president of the Graduate Student Society, be allowed on the Board as vacancies occurred.

The motion was eventually tabled by SAC president Jon Carlos Tsilfidis.

GSS president Pardu Ponnappalli said the motion was "tantamount to not letting the presidents of Part-Time Students and the Graduate Student Society have a vote."

"We weren't happy with the way it stood," he said.

Ponnappalli explained that the way GSS understood the motion, the nominating committee would offer the positions to the presidents only if no one else wanted a vote.

When asked whether he thought the motion showed movement from the Board, Ponnappalli said this kind of action was a "frequent gimmick. They claim they'll do something and then change it around."

In other business the Board approved an increase in meal plans and residence fees.

The price of meal plans will increase up



Construction began this week on the Grand Market Place. Crews tore out the Speaker's Pit and Buffeteria. The project is expected

to cost a total of \$404,000. Here, a strong guy lifts up bricks.

Lance photo by Andrew Hagger

to 5.4 per cent and cost from \$707.50 to \$1,950 depending on the plan. Residence fees will rise up to 6.8 per cent, depending on accommodation. The fees range from \$1,485 per year to \$1,835 per year. Returning students receive a discount on both food and residence rates.

The Board also approved a project budget of \$424,070 for the Grand Market Place Project in the University Centre. A fixed sum contract of \$258,370 was awarded to Meret

Construction Inc.

Several academic appointments were announced. Dr. Lois Smedick was appointed Dean of Graduate Studies and Research for a term of five years, effective July 1, 1986. She is the first woman to be appointed a dean at the University of Windsor and the first woman in Canada to be appointed dean of a graduate faculty.

Dr. Zbigniew Fallenbuchl was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Social Science. His

appointment is effective May 1st and runs until June 30, 1990.

Ms. Nancy Brown was appointed University Librarian for a term of five years.

Dr. G.W. Drake, physics, and Dr. Byron Rourke, psychology, were awarded the title of University Professor for professional accomplishment. This is the first time the university has accorded anyone this honour.

"We are happy to be able to recognize the excellence of our colleagues," said Ianni. ☐

## Some movement on student evaluations

by Lance News staff

They're going to stay under wraps.

The Senate Committee on Student Evaluations made some recommendations for change, but full publication of the results was not among them.

The committee's report, adopted at the May 13 Senate meeting, included provisions for the publication of course, but not instructor, evaluations.

The publication of student evaluations of professors has been a major campaign of student government for years, strongly opposed by the Faculty Association.

The Senate replaced the current survey with a more detailed form and set up a standard procedure for the actual evaluation operation.

The university will appoint an Administrator of Instructor and Course Evaluation to handle the distribution, co-ordination and compilation of the surveys.

The most contentious issue in the report was a recommendation that instructors remain in the class-

**University level courses have you completed so far?**

**OF WINDSOR**

**STUDENT OPINION OF TEACHING**

**COURSE NUMBER**

**SECT NO**

**DATE**

**YR**

**MO**

**DAY**

**USE NO. 2 PENCIL ONLY**

**FILL IN CIRCLES COMPLETELY**

**CORRECT MARKS**

**INCORRECT MARKS**

room during the evaluation procedure.

Graduate student senator Randy Smith-Berends said some students may feel uncomfortable if the subject of the evaluation were also its witness.

University president Ron Ianni said a number of professors had expressed a wish to remain in the room.

"People who are not present don't like a lynchmob established when they're not there to speak to the executioner," he said.

"If the prof is nearby and he can hear a riot going on, he can stop it," countered Berends.

After several professors said they also feared their presence would intimidate students, the clause was amended to allow, but not require the instructor's presence.

The evaluation of instructors will continue to be used as criteria for promotion and tenure, but the committee recommended they not be published until the faculty's concerns have been met.

These concerns include variations in ratings between large and small classes, junior and senior students, and different disciplines.



# Irish priest advocates violence

by Beth Daly

Taking up arms is fine, knowing honourable alternatives have failed, said Father Des Wilson, an advocate for the impoverished people of Northern Ireland.

Wilson, a Catholic priest from a lower-class community outside Belfast, spoke at Mackenzie Hall on Sunday. He was invited by the Windsor Irish Awareness Group. On a cross-Canada tour, the community activist hopes to make the Canadian public aware of the injustice inflicted upon Northern Ireland by the British government.

Leaving the typical middle-class life of a Belfast priest in 1966, Wilson was posted at a parish in Valley Murphy, where he became fully aware of the conditions the community was forced to endure under the rule of the British. Wilson told his audience he realized the British government could not be persuaded to leave.

"They must be made to go out," he said.

Wilson said he regrets the North American media has been so mis-



Wilson gesticulates.

informed with regard to the situation in Northern Ireland. He accused the British of having spent millions of dollars to persuade the world the Irish have "no modern notions in their heads". As was his manner through his lecture, he calmly expressed his desire for North Americans to visit Ireland and witness for themselves what really happens there.

He explained that his main goal for Valley Murphy, where the unemployment rate is 80%, is to

create work for the people. However, all attempts to accomplish this were destroyed by the British government.

"In every case these efforts were undermined....That is the reality," he said.

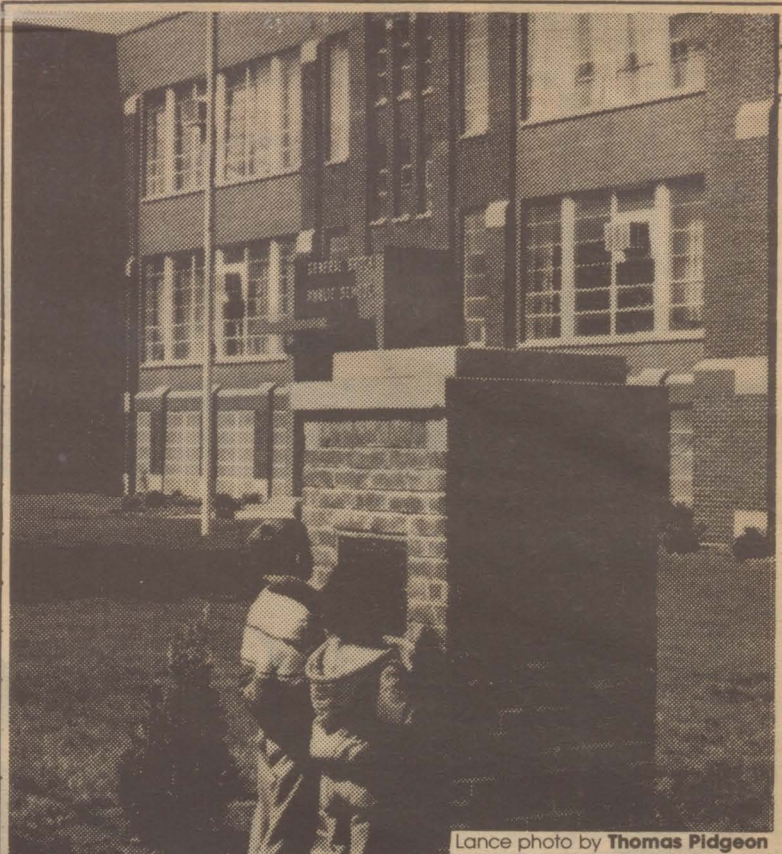
It was after being exposed to such hostile conditions that Wilson left the diocese and dedicated himself to community work and opposing the British government. Wilson calls himself a pacifist, despite his belief there is no way to reform the British institution but to take up arms.

"Make me be able to complicate things today to an unbearable degree," is his daily prayer.

Though he has seen more despair than hope in his life, Wilson remains optimistic for the Irish people's struggle for modern democracy.

He sees this time as an exciting point in Ireland, claiming it is exciting as well to be a priest in such times. He emphasized the need for world intervention, if the struggle is to succeed. "We need your help.... We need your understanding."

"The emerging democracy is always going to win...it's just a question of when," Wilson said.



Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

Children from General Brock Primary School pause to read a plaque commissioned by the Essex County Historical Society to commemorate the site on which the present school has stood since 1915. The site had originally been a government reserve established when the town of Sandwich was founded in 1797, and once served as a fortified barracks during the War of 1812, thereafter dubbed, "The Stone College."

Present at the unveiling ceremonies this past week were city officials and dignitaries including mayor David Burr.

## Mental Health forum addresses current concerns

by Catharine Hudec

"This is really a stupid system where people are forced to endanger themselves to get treatment," said Betsy Parks, a former psychiatric patient.

Parks spoke at a panel presentation as part of a Mental Health Medical-Legal Forum in the Moot Court, Tuesday, May 6. The Canadian Mental Health Association sponsored the forum, entitled Current Issues and Future Directions, in conjunction with Mental Health Week. There were nearly 70 registered participants, representing both the legal and the medical professions.

Parks spoke on the quality of care from the point of view of a "consumer." She criticized psychiatric facilities in the city. For example, she said, at Windsor West Hospital

there is a waiting period of six weeks to receive psychiatric counselling. To avoid the wait, some people attempt suicide to gain immediate admittance through Emergency.

Another problem with local mental health care is the attitudes of emergency room personnel. Parks said the credibility of a person who admits to a psychiatric problem is questioned.

Medical staff are quick to treat a person with a physical injury, said Park, but many seem to think that a calming cup of tea is all a mentally ill patient needs to get well.

University of Windsor law professor Brian Mazer described the assessment procedures required before a patient is admitted involuntarily. Assessment procedures act as safeguards to prevent patients from being treated inappropriately.

"Safeguards are a matter of delicate balance of interests," said Mazer, "and any decision must be made in accordance with our social values of fundamental justice."

The Mental Health act of 1967 radically altered criteria for commitment, said Gilbert Sharpe, Legal Advisor for the Ontario Ministry of Health. Prior to 1967, the psychiatric profession took a paternalistic view of patients, he said.

The act limited the criteria so that people could be committed only if they posed a danger to themselves or others. The idea of safety changed to a "physical sort of protection—like Elmer the Safety Elephant," said Sharpe.

Still, patients lost all their rights when they entered a hospital, and it is only recently that their right to vote was returned.

"It is strange that an individual who has committed a crime against society has all sorts of protections, while those who are ill do not," Sharpe said.

Charles J. Clark, Chair of the Electro Convulsive Therapy Review Committee addressed the issue of competency determination.

"Whoever makes the determination is deciding the status in law of the patient, although they may be using medical information," he said. "A competency determination should be made by a tribunal...should be subject to review, and there must be an appeal to a court of law."

Dr. Ty Turner, Co-ordinator of the Provincial Patient Advocate Program began his presentation on informed consent with a quote from John Stuart Mill, "Over his mind

and body, the individual is sovereign."

Informed consent is a fairly recent growth in psychiatric care. Until recently the patient acted passively while the physician actively worked for him. This attitude "sprang from a very powerful source of social benevolence in the psychiatric profession" said Turner.

In the legal sense, treatment without informed consent of the patient can be termed unlawful assault. Turner also cited studies which showed that informed mental health patients are more compliant to treatment and thus show greater improvement than those patients who are forced to take their medicine.

"I don't see that the notion of informed consent is just a clinical notion. It is also a legal one," he said. □

The Summer Lance is looking for volunteers to report, write, draw, design, proof-read and paste-up. Staff meeting Tuesday, May 20th, at 1:30 p.m.

Everyone welcome.

The Summer Lance

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### classifieds

**DATES AND** hours of Spring Convocation  
Sunday, June 1, 10:00 a.m. — Faculty of  
Graduate Studies and Research (PhD,  
MA, MFA, MSc, MAsC, MBA, MSW, MHK,  
MEd; Postdoctoral Certificates in Clinical  
Chemistry and Clinical Psychology).  
Faculty of Law (LLB).  
2:00 pm — Faculty of Science (BA, BSc,  
BCS, BScN; Diploma in Public Health  
Nursing).  
5:30 pm — Faculty of Education (BEd).  
School of Social Work (BSW).  
Sunday, June 8, 10:00 am — Faculty of  
Arts (BA, BFA, BMus, BMA; Certificate in  
Religious Studies, Diploma in Church  
Music). Faculty of Engineering (BASc).  
2:00 pm — Faculty of Business Admin-  
istration (BComm; Certificate in Business  
Administration). Faculty of Human  
Kinetics (BHK).  
5:30 pm — Faculty of Social Science (BA,  
BPA; Certificates in Labour Studies,  
Criminology and Criminal Justice,  
Organizational and Career Development,  
Organizational Communications, Public  
Administration). (NOTE: BSW is June 1,  
5:30 pm).



# Bomb threats annoying Centre users

by Catharine Hudec

**B**ored with bombs. That's how some students and staff are beginning to feel about the number of threats to the University Centre this spring.

"This is the first time we've had so many bomb threats," said Russ Wolske, station manager of CJAM, located in the basement of the Centre.

The latest threat occurred May 3, when a male caller with no accent informed the Campus Police that the University Centre would blow up at 11:00 that night. He gave the involvement of the United States in Libya as the reason for planting the bomb, said Director of Campus Police Gerald Richardson.

After receiving the call the Campus Police called the bomb squad of the Windsor Police and notified the city fire department. At 9:30 p.m. both the University Centre and the Computer Centre were evacuated. By 10:30, the Campus Police and the Windsor Police bomb squad had finished their search for the bomb. Although no bomb had been found, the building remained unoccupied until 11:15 p.m.

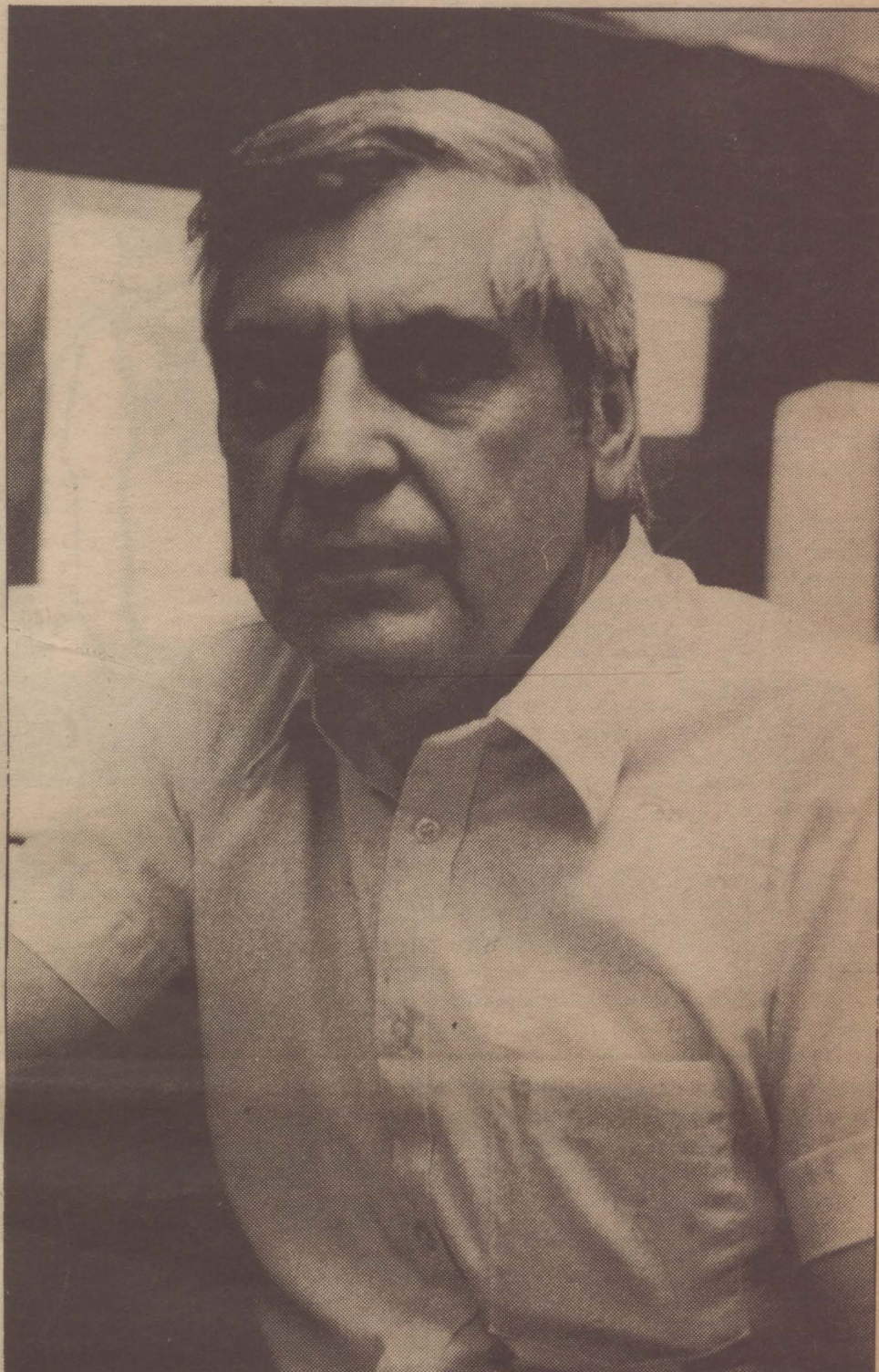
Richardson warned "new procedures are being incorporated" to track down prank callers and those caught will be "dealt with accordingly."

Most of the calls around exam time are assumed to be made by unprepared students trying to get out of writing their exams. Mary Louise Thibert, Manager of the University Centre said "most calls are probably pranks because no one claims responsibility." Still, each call is taken seriously by the Campus Police as a threat to students.

These threats are an inconvenience to students using the two centres as well as the various organizations based there. Each time the buildings are evacuated all services must stop.

The large number of bomb threats this spring has caused CJAM to set up its own emergency procedures in the case of a threat, Wolske said. These include plans to get staff out of the building as quickly as possible and yet keep the station on the air. The station plays a tape explaining that technical difficulties are causing the interruption in programming.

"Obviously, it has affected the listeners, at the same time it's been a bit of a headache," said Wolske. □



Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

**Richardson: dealing accordingly**

received a letter from one pension holder threatening legal action if divestment were to result in a loss of income.

In February, a referendum run by Faculty Association resulted in a 60 per cent margin in favour of divestment.

Barry Adam, chair of the faculty's pro-divestment committee, said the board was being careful in its handling of pension fund divestment. There are many precedents for the divestment of endowment funds, but relatively few for pension funds, he said.

"Since we are, in a sense, pioneering in

pensions, it may be wise to play it safe," Adam said. His committee and the Students Against Apartheid group will monitor the board's progress on divesting pension funds.

The pension funds also include money contributed by university employees other than faculty who have not yet formulated a position.

The chair of the Employees Pension Committee, Terry Edwards, said the five union locals representing campus staff will soon decide whether to hold their own referenda on the issue. □

## Board of Governors partially divests

by Kevin Johnson

**T**he University of Windsor voted at its April 29 meeting to end short-term investments in companies with ties to South Africa.

The move was taken to express abhorrence with that government's apartheid policy of racial discrimination.

The resolution from the ad hoc committee on divestment pledged not to invest "short-term investment funds or endowment funds either in any company with direct equity investment in South Africa, or in any company which lends funds directly to the government of South Africa or its agencies."

Board member David McWilliams said he wanted an end to apartheid, but disagreed with the motion.

"I fail to see how by increasing malnutrition, increasing their hardship, we can accomplish our goal," he said. The international divestment campaign is "casually and cold-bloodedly bringing a whole economy down in ruins."

Graduate Student Society president Gerard O'Neill criticized McWilliams' position.

"We have the political will to say apartheid is bad, but we don't have the political will to do anything about it," O'Neill said.

"If we don't (take a stand), who will?"

University president Ron Ianni said the decision to divest endowment and short-term funds will have little effect on the university's finances. Both funds, totalling about \$21 million, are invested in Canadian banks, trust companies and government treasury bills which do not conflict with the policy.

"It might be good business sense at this time not to invest in companies with investments in South Africa," said Ianni.

The motion failed to deal with the more significant question of the \$60 million employee pension funds. The issue will be studied by the board's divestment committee, which is to make a recommendation at the September meeting.

Some board members expressed concern about violating their legal responsibility to ensure the maximum rate of return for pension holders.

"These monies are not our own," said Ariane Onda. "We are only trustees."

Students' Administrative Council president Jon Carlos Tsilfidis said he and other governors

## New Graduate Students' Society exec takes office

by Catharine Hunec

The new Graduate Students' Society Executive took office May 1st. The GSS represents all full-time and part-time graduate students at the University of Windsor, but still had every position elected by acclamation.

Pardu Ponnappalli, currently completing his doctorate in physics, has replaced Gerard O'Neill as president. He said one of his primary goals is the development of an authorship policy.

The question of authorship became a major issue this year when a presidential committee found two professors guilty of denying a student credit for his work.

Ponnappalli would like to see an equitable binding contract for teach-



New GSS president Pardu Ponnappalli. Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

ing assistants, research assistants, and graduate assistants. They are considering unionization, he said.

The position of vice-president internal was filled by Allan Jones, a master's student in sociology.

Jones is also interested in the development of an authorship policy. "We don't really have a policy... we need a policy determining authorship and co-authorship," he said.

Anil Murgai took over as vice-president finance. Murgai is earning his doctorate in mechanical engineering. He described his job as basically to "look after the books," and explained that financial policy decisions will be made by the executive.

Laura Ryall is the society's new social director. Ryall is working toward her masters-in-business. She

complimented the previous social director, saying the position was run efficiently, but she thinks the GSS needs "better advertising on campus and in *The Lance*."

One of the two graduate student senator positions was filled by Michael Casasola, just beginning his master's program in political science. He accepted the position because he believed it was "appropriate to try to do something to help the Graduate Students' Society...to represent their concerns."

Dave Stanton, presently completing his doctorate in biology, filled the remaining senatorial position. He said he was really impressed with the GSS over the last year, and realizes there is a lot of work involved. □



## THE SUMMER Lance

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Opinions expressed in The Summer Lance are not necessarily those of the University of Windsor, or the Students' Administrative Council.

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## Better business

"It's better than a surplus."

That was one student's reaction to the news the Board of Governors approved a \$304 thousand budgetary deficit for 1986/87, and he's right.

For students, and the university as a whole, next year's deficit *will* be better than a surplus.

Over the past few years, we have had to put up with fewer course offerings, larger student/instructor ratios, and often inadequate facilities while the university acquired a \$400,000 surplus.

Sure, a balanced budget is a laudable goal, but not when it begins to adversely affect the quality of education. Who can blame people for getting upset when their needs are not met and the BOG is leaving money unspent?

Now this excess money will be used to pay off next year's debt.

When drawing up the budget, the administration asked each department to submit a proposed budget allowing for a 4 percent cut in expenditures, exclusive of salaries. After studying these departmental budgets, the finance department approved additional spending based on campus-wide priorities.

Terrance Parkinson, Vice-president Finance and Services, said all possible cuts had been made, and they still ended

up with a deficit. We're all lucky the Board temporarily set aside its stated policy of balancing the budget. We couldn't afford *not* to overspend.

The university has been cutting corners for years, and the resulting lack of resources has contributed to our reputation as a second-class institution. It is appropriate that now, when that label is being disproven, we should not retrench, but move ahead.

One example of this university's determination to do just that is the Grand Market Place, now under construction in the University Centre. The administration is also looking at replacing the outdated Huron Hall residence, and President Ron Ianni has promised to bring the Faculty of Education onto the main campus.

Hopefully, we'll get some support in these efforts.

The Board is betting David Peterson and his Bovey-bashing colleagues will increase operating grants to post-secondary institutions. Currently, these grants are not even keeping pace with inflation, let alone providing the improvement in equipment and services needed to keep higher education in this province competitive.

If anyone knows the mind of the Liberal guys in red ties, it should be our man Ianni, as long-time Grit.

We hope their largesse meets his expectations.

## home cooking

## john may

### Bus drivers work-to-rule campaign just not working well

It's getting to the point where *not* having a car is worse than *having* one.

Mind you, I'm not envious of the fellow whose every pay cheque goes to buy sheet metal to repair the trunk of his rusted-out Gremlin. And I'm not jealous of people who spend more on gas than they do on rent.

But at the same time, relying on Transit Windsor to get around town is growing to be a bigger and bigger pain in the butt, especially with their current "work-to-rule" campaign.

In a nutshell, the bus drivers are mad at the city of Windsor, with several grievances including complaints about wages and excess overtime. Since they are not in a strike situation, they are instead "working to rule"—following company policy and traffic law to the letter, and are refusing to work overtime. What this means is a general slowdown of the service; without overtime, some supplementary buses cannot run at peak hours of the day. And drivers are strictly following every law and policy, including racing past people at stops in order to finish routes on time, because that's "policy."

Drivers are also refraining from the niceties some customers are used to, such as waiting for the elderly lady to hobble across one street onto the bus, or picking up someone who may be between bus stops.

Okay, we get the point. I, and dozens like me, have been

enduring forty-five minute waits around five in the afternoon (last week I was late for some "social function", and my girlfriend was steamed at me for days). The idea is to show the city the drivers are peeved. By inconveniencing the riders, they plan to rally the public's support for their cause.

Frankly, I don't get it.

Such a ploy seems even odder when considering a recent ride I had with a particularly peeved driver. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon; the thing was packed. I was sandwiched between a little old lady and a motley Twisted Sister. The driver, a plump, balding fellow who looked like a Cabbage Patch doll with face fuzz and a sneer, was muttering to a passenger about the raw deal drivers were getting from the city. The more he talked, the angrier he was making himself, to the point where he was whizzing past bus stops, and making squealing stops and lurching starts.

So it happened that one young fellow with hair to his navel was reaching the spot where he wanted to get off. Not content to ring the bell once, he rang out "shave and a haircut", then strode to the doors.

The driver whizzed past the stop, where a good five or six other people wanted to get off, as well.

"Hey, buddy," said Hair, "You kinda missed the stop, didn't ya?"

"Can't you ring the bell once? I'm not deaf!" bawled Peeved.

"Fuck you," countered Hair.

After Hair left the bus, Peeved launched on a tirade, challenging Hair to meet him after work in some dark alley somewhere. His driving then became *really* interesting (of course, the waiting people he whizzed past should have considered themselves lucky).

The old lady beside me wondered aloud how Peeved ever got his license.

And Peeved's antics no doubt spawned yet another busload of supporters for the plight of the workers.

Now don't get me wrong. The drivers no doubt have valid grievances: the very fact that drivers have to work overtime and ignore policies to make the system run efficiently is alone a comment on the state of the transit system. And the only lever available is to inconvenience the customer; that is their *sole avenue* of noticeable protest. The same situation arose among some students this past semester—the communication studies T.A.'s were considering striking because they weren't being paid. The T.A.'s didn't want to hurt the students, but it was the only *real* show of protest available to them.

But I don't know if it works.

Instead of the image of poor, downtrodden bus driver that the union would love the public to take to City Hall, this driver, at least, came across like a crybaby with a booboo on his knee.

It must be a fine time to be a car salesman.

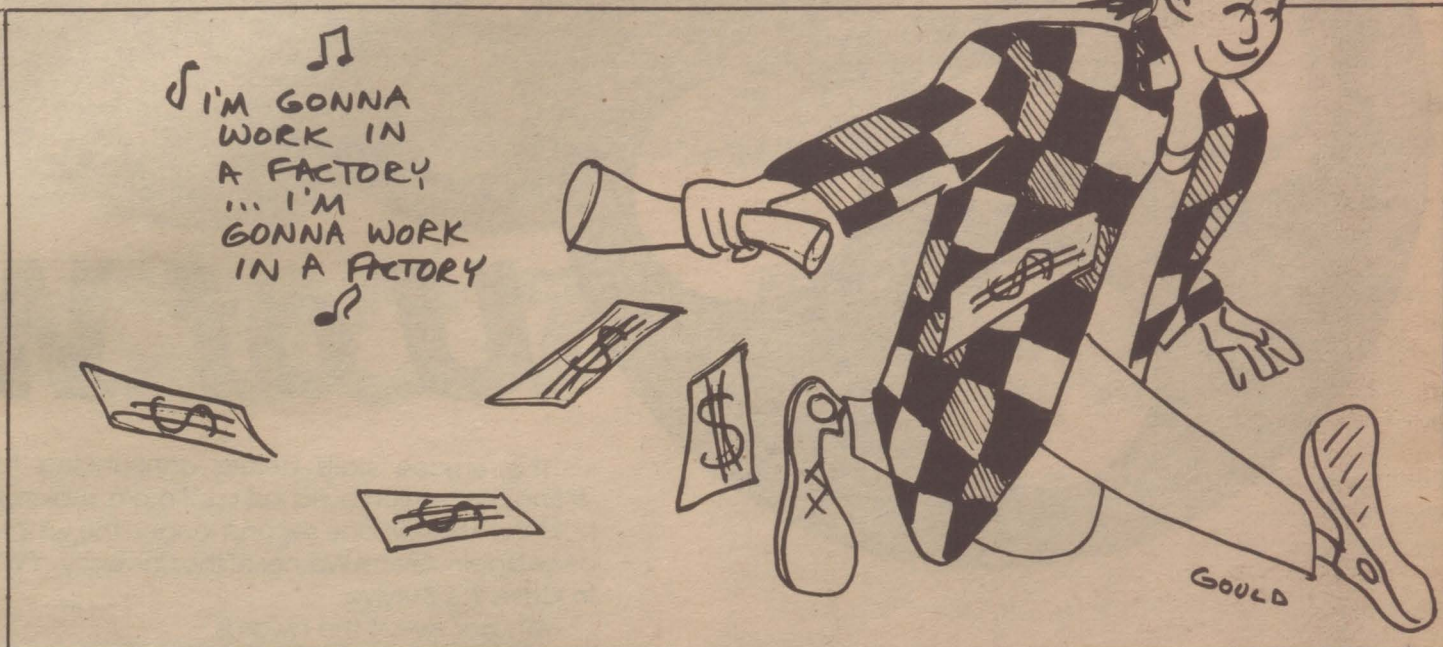


# Attack of the brain-dead zombies

by Matt Tales and Laura Gould

The summer is upon us and many turn their thoughts not to further study, but to work and the earning of great amounts of money. What a price students pay for THE GREAT JOB! Job satisfaction and experience are not the priority here, but rather the almighty greenbacks. When school starts back in the fall you won't be hearing about what a great job I had learning some skill essential to my field of study or the great people I met but instead I'll tell you about all the money I earned doing monotonous, dehumanizing and boring physical labour. Are society's young people coming to the conclusion that the highest-paying job is the best?

Case in point: I was in attendance at the great annual Chrysler job giveaway. This year was different from previous years: there were enough applications for all who came and there was also no first-come first-serve preference in terms of placement opportunity. If the people in line had any sense, they would have phoned the office and found out all of this information beforehand. Needless to say, when I arrived on the scene at 8 a.m. there was a line-up at least a block long. Considering the circumstances, this was asinine. People in line knew or could have found out that the Student Employment Centre was handing out applications to all who came, yet, people camped out. One brilliant girl's comment was, "No, you can't have my application. I've been here since 3." Big deal! If she had come at 3 in the afternoon, she could have procured the exact same application.



However, this is not the issue at hand. If people like to stay up outside all night long when it's freezing, that's their prerogative. Wait a minute! What about the hundreds of jobs going unfilled throughout the city? Do you see any line-ups at the Student Placement Office on any other days? Students are certainly not going to kill themselves in the attempt to get jobs as lawn-cutters, house-painters, baby-sitters or pizza drivers. Yet these jobs offer fresh air, the opportunity to meet people, and the same value under the all-important "job experience" heading on a resumé. What they don't offer is a ton of money. Whatever happened to the saying, "it's not the job, but what you make of it?"

And I stress make of it, not make from it.

Many people have done odd jobs for experience before settling on their chosen careers. These experiences often come to be quite handy in later life. For example, Doctor McNamara, an English professor at our univeristy, has been both a coal miner and a truck driver. Surely this has helped him in his writing and with his teaching skills. Closer to home, my mother had at least 20 jobs before she settled on her career with the government. By no means did she become rich, but on the other hand she gained invaluable experience in various fields, thus enabling her to make an intelligent and informed decision which has

resulted in job satisfaction and personal happiness. But I know what you're saying, that you can't take personal happiness to the bank. True. I guess we all have different priorities. But I can understand the big-buck syndrome because I've spent the last six summers working in a library, and I've decided that I'm willing, for this summer at least, however, as a temporary solution to my rather sickening financial state, as opposed to a gateway to health and plenty.

Money's great, as far as it goes. But for my part I'd rather be a less-than-affluent human being than a rich yet brain-dead zombie.

# A scientist warns us about science

by Paul Mahon, University of Guelph Ontario

David Suzuki has a knack for such things. The professor of genetics at U.B.C., host of 'The Nature of Things' and veteran scientific commentator, quite frequently bridges the gap between science and social responsibility. In fact, his informed discussions and occasionally pointed warnings have proven over the years to be so accurate that he has reached considerable influence.

And so he should, for Suzuki has some important points to raise. On CBC's *Morning-side* the other day, Suzuki was asked to comment on the Chernobyl nuclear accident. He used the opportunity to advise on a wider range of interest, that of technology itself.

"I don't think Chernobyl is the site of a massive cover-up by Soviet authorities," he said, "I think the officials there just don't

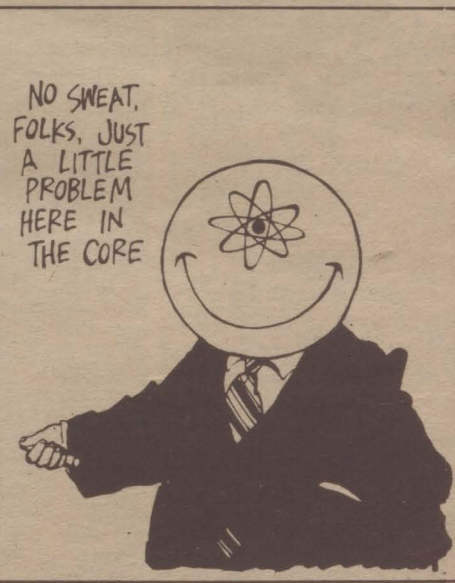
know what is happening, and they are running around trying to cover themselves."

He went on to note that at this point, discussion on Chernobyl didn't really matter, because it had already happened.

What was important, he suggested, was to gain an understanding of technology and the pressure for its constant evolution. "The problem with technological change is that the benefits are always immediately visible, while the costs never can be."

He cited some examples, such as the first nuclear bomb dropped on Hiroshima. "Here we had a new technology with an immediate benefit—it would end the war with Japan. No one knew the costs until after it was used. Scientists did not know that the radiation would be so bad."

He cited other examples. "DDT had the benefit of eliminating harmful pests. But at



that point we had never heard of biomagnification, the process of accumulation in higher order consumers." Penicillin, he suggested, saved many lives but also resulted in more resistant bacteria which are killing people today they wouldn't have previously.

The message is clear. In the absence of the ability to see the costs of new technology, it must be presumed, in the interests of people like those afflicted at Chernobyl, that not all new technology is beneficial. It is particularly worrisome that such advice comes from a scientist who utters warnings about the unseen dangers of his own profession, genetics.

We are analyzing today the costs of technology implemented decades ago. One can't help but wonder, in the midst of this science university, what is being created here now that we may regret later.

## mail

### Bad habits

Dear Editor:

Hopefully the columns of the *Lance* will be a loud siren to awaken people to the fact that the scourge of Aids is more deadly and lethal than even atomic or nuclear bombs.

In spite of all medical research in the most sophisticated technology nothing is in sight. The research centre of Harvard in America and the Pasteur research centre of France are both challenging each other to get at the root of the virus, but only discovering that remedial measures are impossible.

Obviously, if one is not even God-fearing enough to abandon the habits which cause the deadly virus, the scriptural facts of Sodom's days record that the dirty elements were destroyed and only good people survived. As said above, we are more concerned about nuclear escalation or proliferation, but it is

high time to warn the people of the Western world, where Aids is plaguing the atmosphere. I am not advising people to stop smoking or even stop using drugs, but telling them that this unnatural habit is suicidal and contagious and is creating horrendous disaster.

— G.S. Khan

### No clothes

Dear Editor,

At the risk of sounding "un-cool", I would like to know *what* Lorenzo Buj was saying in his article entitled "Phallogocentric Freud" (*the Lance*, April 17, 1986). To me, the whole article was a string of complex sentences and 10-letter words that were completely incomprehensible. Is this a sign of superior intelligence and journalism? For example, figure this sentence out:

"The pornographic cannot fall away

until something like the hallucinatory metamorphosis of the physical envisaged by Lautréamont and the countless science fictionalists are realized by some sort of genetically engineered swerve beyond our own mechanical sexual distinctions."

Not only was the article poorly written, (seriously, how many of you understood what he is talking about?) but it was also in poor taste.

I am reminded of that classic fairy tale, the Emperor with no Clothes. Although his courtiers knew he was naked, they all pretended that he had clothes on. I am wondering if Buj is our University 'Emperor', composing 'deep' articles which mean little or nothing to most people. These 'courtiers' pretend they really did understand what was written — "and wasn't it enlightening?" We, as students, are as much to blame as Buj — for we cater to those attempts at eccentricity. I just wish someone would tell Buj to put his clothes on.

— Janice Holmes

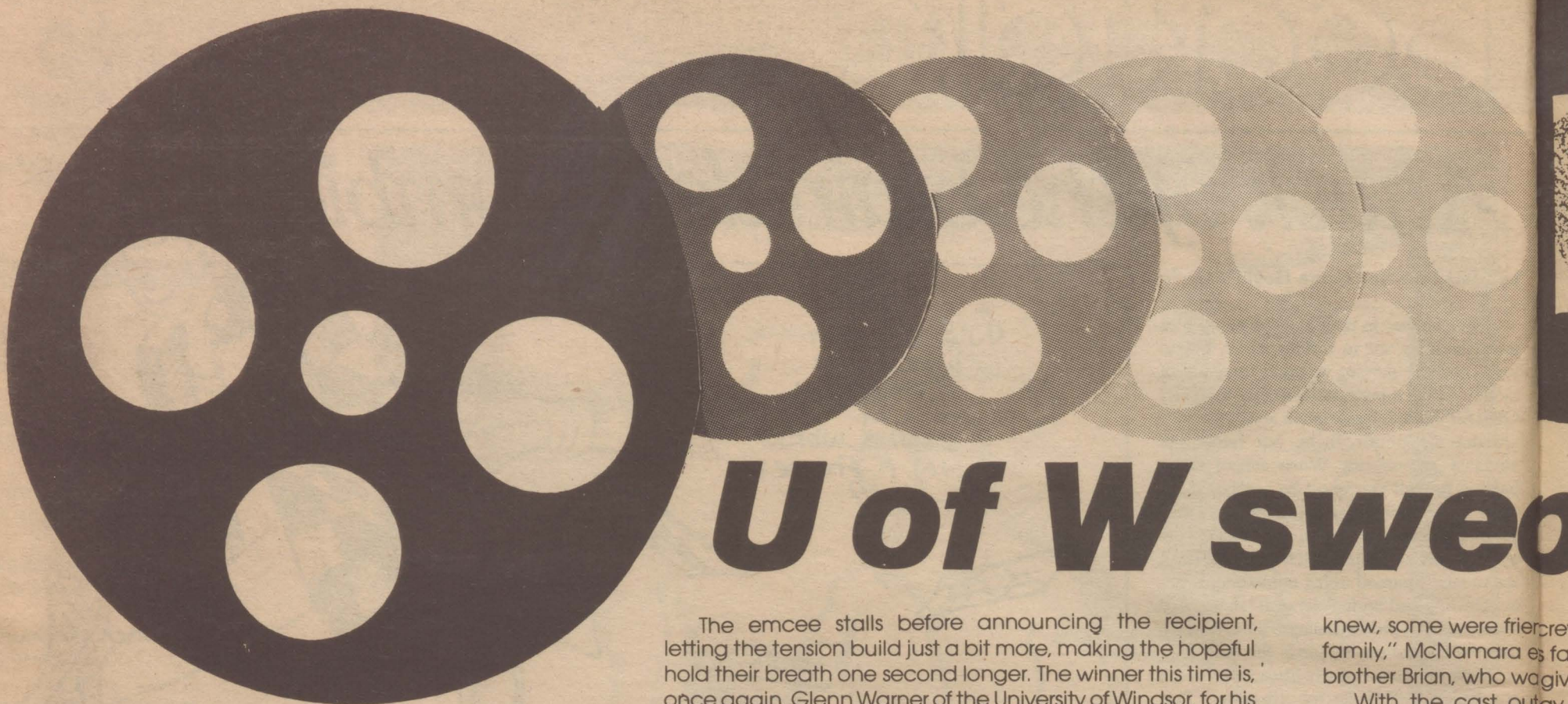


Letters to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or fewer. They may be submitted to the *Lance* office on the second floor of the University Centre, at the *Lance* mailbox in the SAC office, or in the *Lance* mailbox at the University Centre desk.

The *Lance* reserves the right to refuse to publish material of a sexist, racist, or homophobic nature. The *Lance* also reserves the right to edit all letters for space and libel.

All letters must be signed.  
All submissions gratefully accepted.





# U of W swee

by mike lyster

## SCENE ONE

Interior: April 30, 1986, large, ritzy ballroom; swank awards ceremony, Harbour Castle Hilton, downtown Toronto. Over 600 people are in attendance, most decked out in tuxedos and formal gowns, including bigwigs from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the film industry, and Hollywood (well, maybe not Hollywood)...

**Dissolve to:** The podium. The master of ceremonies is about to announce the winner for the best short documentary film. A hush falls upon the crowd. The envelope, please...and the winner is (pause) Christopher McNamara for *Tattoo*, the University of Windsor.

The camera follows Christopher, resplendent in spiked hair, black leather and skank boots, as he walks on stage to receive the award and give his thanks.

The emcee stalls before announcing the recipient, letting the tension build just a bit more, making the hopeful hold their breath one second longer. The winner this time is, once again, Glenn Warner of the University of Windsor, for his *In Case We Survive*.

Windsor swept the awards.

They were presented at the annual CBC Telefest, a competition open to all Ontario college and university students who want to enter their radio, film, or video productions. Films are split into four categories—short documentary (10 minutes or less), long documentary, and short and long non-documentary, and short and long non-documentary. The video and radio productions are, of course, judged by different guidelines.

Both McNamara and Warner are Communication Studies students wrapping up their University of Windsor degrees. Warner is a 24-year-old fourth year student, while McNamara is 22 and also in his fourth year at Windsor.

The two winning films varied enormously in style and content, although they were both shot for the same course, the 40-311/411 film production course taught by Dr. Richard Lewis. The films were actually graded for the '84/85 school year, but because of the Telefest's deadline (April 15) they were entered into the this year's judging.

knew, some were frierev family," McNamara es fa brother Brian, who wagiv

With the cast outay, McNamara and his cre e



Chris McNamara (far right) with crew.

**Dissolve to:** The same podium, twenty minutes later. They are about to present the award for the best long non-documentary film. The audience is familiar with the routine by now; the envelope, the moment of suspense, the winner... for *In Case We Survive*, Glenn Warner of the University of Windsor.

Glenn takes the stage in matching black leather, but with hair slicked back and in a ponytail, and bright red running shoes in place of the boots. He, too, delivers his speech and they move on to the next award.

**Dissolve to:** A shot of the audience, on the edge of their seats. The final award is about to be handed out, and this is the big one, the Regional Directors Award, signifying the best overall film or television production among the 150 or so entries in the competition.

McNamara's, as you might guess from the title, is a documentary on tattooing.

"I originally got the idea when I was at a bar, and a couple of skinheads came in," says McNamara. "One of them came up to me and showed me his new tattoo. He was so proud of it—and he had a story for each one of his other tattoos. He was really engrossed, as if they were like his children."

"I found it fascinating, why someone would get a tattoo and why they would get that particular one. It's then that I first thought about doing it as a film."

McNamara anticipated some problems getting people with tattoos for the film, but found that he needn't have worried.

"Some of the guys (in the documentary) were people I

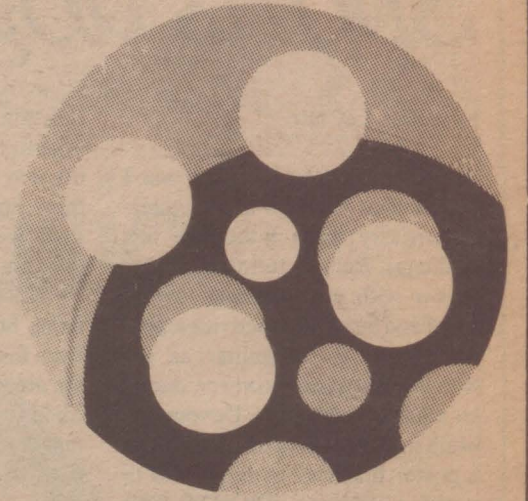
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# Film Flam



## os the CBC Telefest

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McNamara's film was up against 14 other short documentaries in the Telefest. Each category is judged by a different panel, made up of men and women from the CBC who have worked in that area of filmmaking. With all the entries in each category, the odds of winning are pretty slim,

"Based on these actual notes, I wrote the proposal for the film in the Fall of '84. My experiences with the identity conflict became the basis for the lead character, Joel, who goes through the same sort of thing.

"I then got John May involved, and we wrote the script together."

The story revolves around the hero, Joel, a patriotic Canadian, who falls in love with the American daughter of on of his professors and then undergoes a personal crisis.

"The story was basically complete when I left for Spain for the Christmas vacation that year," says Warner. "It was there that I designed the look of the film, the colours (reds and blues), etc."

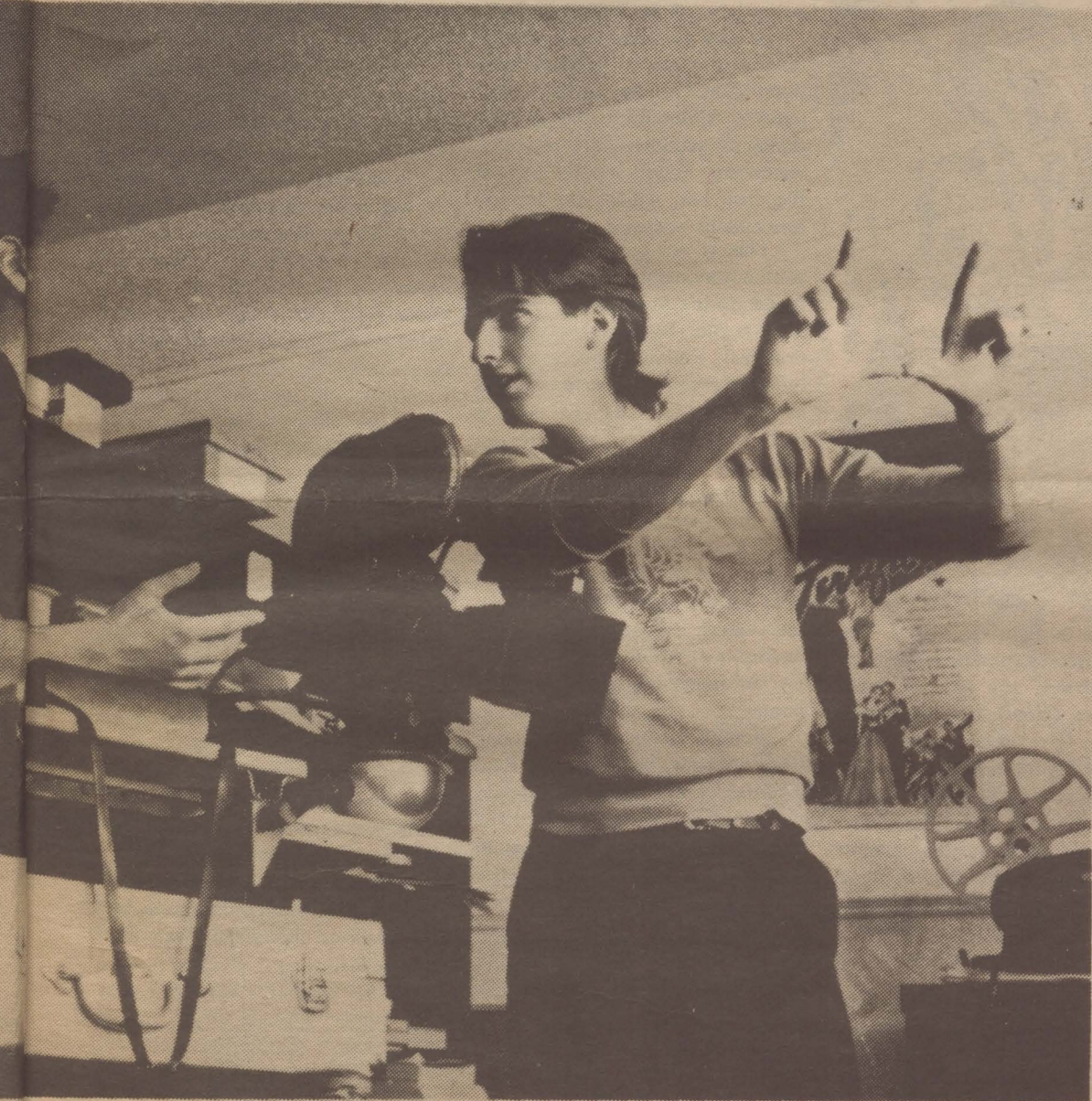
Warner was reluctant to discuss some of the problems that hindered the shooting of the film, because of what he termed "politics". "Time and money" were the biggest obstacles to be overcome, he says.

The film also required some difficult location shooting, such as obtaining and filling a classroom with students for a mock lecture, or scenes where Joel and his friends are supposed to be riding through the Detroit/Windsor tunnel and being turned back by a customs official.

Warner gives credit to his crew for being able to pull it all together under adverse conditions.

"We put them through hell, and everyone did their best and everything worked itself out."

The university's award-winning directors will be collaborating on their next project, entitled POV. McNamara, who plans on a career in film following his graduation next December, will be shooting the five-minute production, while Warner, who is unsure of his plans after he completes his degree this summer, will direct.



laborate on their most recent cinematic effort, POV.

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and McNamara was not especially optimistic about his chances.

"I was very happy with the way the film came out, but more as a personal triumph than as a potential award-winner," explains McNamara. "I was more than surprised at winning."

Warner also expressed surprise at his success, especially at winning the Regional Director's Award. "I was very pleased with the way 'Survive' turned out, but I really didn't expect that," says Warner.

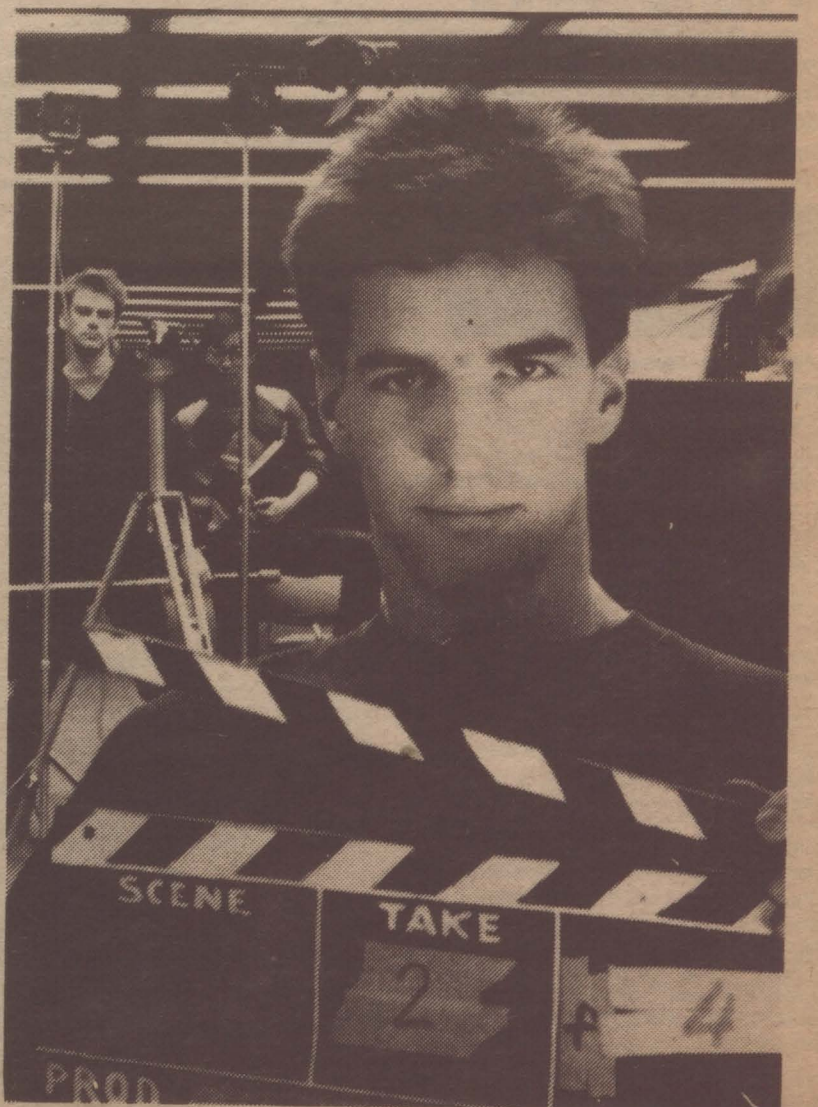
Though the rough print of *In Case We Survive* was completed before last summer, the film was not truly finished and printed until just a week before its premiere April 12.

"The basic problem was that we couldn't work on it over the summer," continues Warner. "Because of summer jobs and other commitments, it was impossible. And then when school started up, we could just work on it in our spare time."

The inspiration for the film came nearly two years ago, in August of 1984.

"I was driving back from Montreal with a friend of mine when I started to think about my life since I've been living in Windsor, suffering a sort of Canadian identity crisis," explains Warner, a native of Montréal.

Warner began to jot down these ideas on the car trip home, with the idea of making it into a film already on his mind.



Glenn Warner's close call.



# Sports dog turns into auction hound

by Brian LeClair

I'll be the first to admit that I was headed into new and uncharted territory when I took on this challenge. Being a full-fledged city slicker with an abnormal fear of novel and interesting activities, auctions were as unfamiliar as the Russian language. However, during an aimless tour of the Devonshire Mall, my eyes rolled over a word on a poster that was as important to my life as oxygen—SPORTS. This led me to a very interesting and eye-opening evening.

Accompanying this beautiful word was an advertisement for a Sports Auction benefitting the Canadian Mental Health Association. The auction was to be held at the Windsor Racquet and Fitness Centre on Saturday, May 10, at 7:00. The thought of attending this auction and perhaps picking up one of the offered articles of professional sport intrigued me deeply. However, I was slightly apprehensive since the only impressions I had of auctions were obtained from such knowledgeable characters as Fred Flinstone, Barney Rubble, and George Jefferson.

I always pictured myself as the poor unfortunate sap who would accidentally buy a million dollar yacht just because I had an uncontrollable itch at the back of my neck. In the end, my obsession to bring home a precious souvenir from the world of sport won out over my reluctance to attend the unnerving event.

Thus my overwhelming drive somehow pushed me to the front door of the Windsor Racquet and Fitness Centre. With complementary passes in hand and an overwhelming eagerness and curiosity I arrived fifteen minutes early.

After I passed the front desk I felt as if I had entered another country. I was stunned by the magnificence and the brilliant decor of the centre. It took me a few minutes to convince myself that I was still in Windsor, and I merely sat on a couch and took everything in.

Since I was quite early, I had plenty of opportunity to look around. The feature entertainment of the evening, the Assumption High School cheerleading squad, was going through its routine making final preparations for their performance later on, with almost no one in the cavernous

sporting complex except auction organizers, I took the time to make my way up to the auction table to treat my eyeballs to the goodies that, with luck, would find their way into my pockets.

Autographed baseballs, basketballs, hockey sticks, and footballs from the major sports franchises of the area graced the table. Envelopes filled to the brim with Lions tickets and free passes to the Essex Golf Club also took up sections of the table.

Other very interesting items such as Misty Thomas' and Tricia Hyland's university basketball uniforms were important donations due to their Windsor connections. An opportunity to be a Windsor Cable TV sportscaster (a prospect to send any budding Communications Student like myself into hysterics), resulted in a rather varied and attractive selection for all sports fanatics.

and then relaxed and absorbed the excitement.

As I collapsed in the couch, I was struck by the laid-back party atmosphere that is usually found on the beaches of Malibu. This was even more surprising as I noticed that except for the adolescent auction workers or the peppy co-ed cheerleaders I was clearly the youngest person in attendance. It became evident that I was the poorest also, as the arriving guests seemed to pay no heed to the exorbitant fees charged for beer and mixed drinks, an appalling \$2.00 for a ten ounce plastic glass.

Undaunted, I sat back and listened to the strains of the latest pop hits as they blared out from the remarkably efficient stereo system located at the back of the huge auditorium.

As the time crawled along before the auction ensued, I began to narrow down the list of items that I

about the affair and were very eager to get underway as we went down on to the main floor to find a table. He was a frequent auction-goer and had given me a few tricks of the trade somewhere in our hour-long chat. As the first few items went on the block it was clear that our know-how would do us no good this evening.

The auctioneer clearly lacked the vigour and slick tongue of the professionals most people have heard, and the turnout seemed to be far below expectations, since a good number of the back tables were uninhabited.

It was also soon apparent that we would be confined to doing nothing more than helping ourselves to the huge tray of hors d'oeuvres placed at our table. After the first few items were purchased for ridiculously low prices, the auctioneers wisened up and increased the opening bids and pushed harder for the prices to rise farther before the winner received his treasure. This pushed the final prices beyond our meagre budgets.

A very alarming observation I made at approximately the midway point of the evening was the lack of interest exhibited by some people during the auction. There was much wandering about, mostly toward the cash bar, which was turning tremendous business.

This is not to say that there were not moments of interest to be found during the evening. As the auction-goers filed past the registration desk, I heard someone ask an official if credit cards were accepted at this function. At this point I realized just how serious some people were about the whole thing. It was also very disturbing to realize that the auctioneer, a basketball coach at a local high school, referred to many of the bidders by name. This seemed to me to be somewhat intimidating, as if we were competing against a roomful of conspirators for the items we wished to take home.

Not all facets of the evening were negative, however. Dr. Paul Thomas, University of Windsor basketball coach, was welcomed as a guest auctioneer. He showed an uncanny ability to goad the audience into spending large sums of money to purchase seemingly meritless items, such as a beat-up old Soviet hockey pennant from the Sarajevo winter Olympics. The only item

that went for less than its estimated value during his stint with the microphone was the tuition for his own summer basketball camp taking place at the University this fall.

The Assumption cheerleading squad performed about thirty minutes before the auction and enthralled the entire gathering at the Centre, including those just watching the hockey game on the large screen TV in the bar. They had attracted more attention than any item on the program, including the grand prize for the Super Bowl trip.

Predicting the final cost of the items was nearly impossible. A gourmet steak platter accompanied by an autographed Tiger baseball earned \$70 for charity, while a full year's membership at a local golf club went for \$55, less than a third of its actual value.

Equally perplexing was the auction-hound seated directly in front of me, who offered bids for at least six items, eventually outlasting all competitors for four of them, and remained a stubborn bidder for the grand prize.

With all of the fine items up for grabs, sailing lessons were hardly my choice as the second highest fund raiser.

Probably the most exciting moment occurred when tickets for the Lions-Cowboys game went up on the block. My companion's eyes lit up and he was determined to have them. When the tickets were placed in his hands, I was almost as exhilarated as he was.

All in all, the evening was a great deal of fun as well as a success for the Canadian Mental Health Association. The auction items brought in \$3550 and when combined with the \$12 admission charges, the profits should reach at least \$4000. That is an admirable accomplishment for a first time effort, which was under-publicized and therefore probably under-attended. With a more extensive advertising campaign, this event could prove most profitable.

As for me, my interest was stimulated, and I know if another such extravaganza were held, this experience would result in the future acquisition of a sports treasure for my very own. As they always say in the world of sports, just wait till next year. □



But all of these worthy prizes paled in comparison to the item certain to attract the bulk of attention as the evening wore on—an exciting trip for two to the 1987 Super Bowl in Pasadena, California. I began to imagine the huge price that the fabulous trip to L.A. might raise.

As I made my way back to the main concourse of the building I tried desperately not to look interested in any of the items on the table that I coveted. I quickly went to the registration desk to obtain my number to be a participant in the auction,

intended to fight for. As I was mulling over my choices, a gentleman approximately my age sat down beside me. Grateful for the chance to carry on a conversation with someone, we soon began discussing the various topics destined to be covered by two avid sports fans. Before we knew it, the auction officials had decided that they had waited long enough for tardy stragglers to make their appearance and finally commenced the bidding at 8:30 p.m.

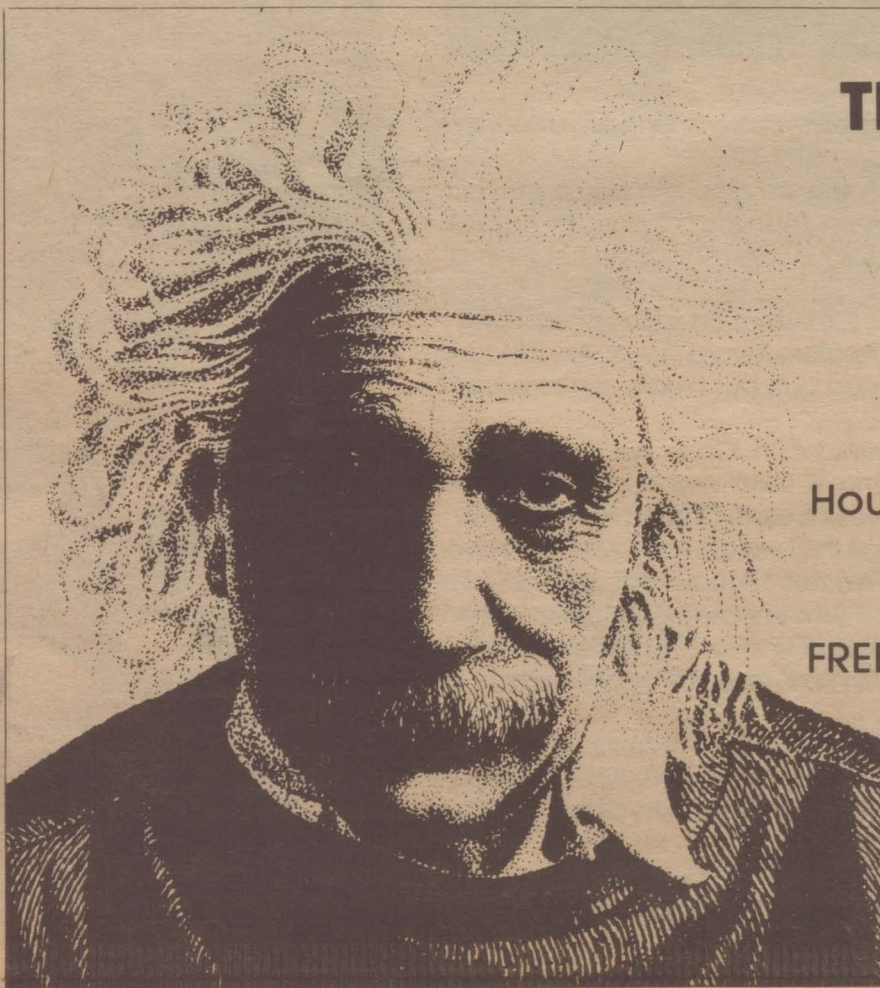
Both of us were very enthusiastic

## classifieds

### Leddy Library - Hours of Opening

Spring Recess-Thursdays May 1, 1986 - Sunday May 4, 1986  
Thursday & Friday 8:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 5:00 pm  
Intercession - Monday May 5, 1986 - Thursday June 19, 1986  
Monday - Thursday 8:00 am - 11:45 pm  
Friday 8:00 am - 8:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 8:00 pm  
Monday May 19, 1986, Victoria Day, Closed.  
Summer Recess - Friday June 20, 1986 - Tuesday July 1, 1986  
Monday - Friday 8:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 5:00 pm  
Tuesday July 1, 1986, Canada Day, Closed.  
Summer Session - Wednesday July 2, 1986 - Tuesday August 19, 1986  
Monday - Thursday 8:00 am - 11:45 pm  
Friday 8:00 am - 8:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 8:00 pm  
Monday August 14, 1986, Civic Holiday, Closed.  
Fall Recess - Wednesday August 20, 1986 - Sunday September 7, 1986  
Monday - Friday 8:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 5:00 pm  
Monday September 1, 1986, Labour Day, Closed.

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# Musical texts, textual music

"And it is a completely interesting opera both as to words as to music."

—G. Stein

by Kevin Atkinson

In any work combining textual narrative and music, at least a couple of critical questions arise about the formal relation between the two: is the combination an effort to make the text musical, emphasizing its phonological aspects and augmenting its emotional impact through rhythm and harmony? Or is it an attempt to textualize music, that is, to concretize its fuzzy semantics, to qualify its unlikely mimetics (the bleating sheep in Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" come to mind as a particularly banal example)? The Largely Canadian Series presented last Wednesday a concert featuring two very disparate solutions to the music-narrative problem: a musical setting of a section of Torquat Tasso's epic poem "Gerusalemme Liberata" by the innovative Italian composer Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), and Igor Stravinsky's (1882-1971) pivotal work, "The Soldier's Tale," with text by novelist Charles Ramuz. The two pieces were both remarkable in their affinities and instructive in their differences.

Monteverdi's piece demands minimal instrumental and choral forces: a string quartet, a harpsichord continuo, and three singers. Monteverdi generously employed in his setting the newly developed style of recitative for solo voice (free declamation over a rhythmically passive continuo accompaniment) and used, somewhat less frequently, another contemporary technique in Italian opera: musically descriptive passages, intended to portray such events in the narrative as the battle call and the battle itself. Charles Fantazzi had by far the largest singing part in the role of the narrator, which he executed with a fine and fluid voice, only occasionally faltering in the surety of his pitch. Paul McIntyre on harpsichord provided a centre of rhythmic and harmonic stability with both a sense of tact and somewhat ponderous poise, discreetly giving pitches to the momentarily befuddled Fantazzi. Stephen McIntyre as the Christian knight Tancredi was rather more earnest and refined, but his voice had nevertheless sufficient natural depth and richness to make it listenable. Susan Cornutte, who sang (with somewhat indistinct enunciation) the role of the Saracen Warrior-maid Clorinda, had a delicate and subtly coloured, if subdued, voice, which promises a fine maturity.

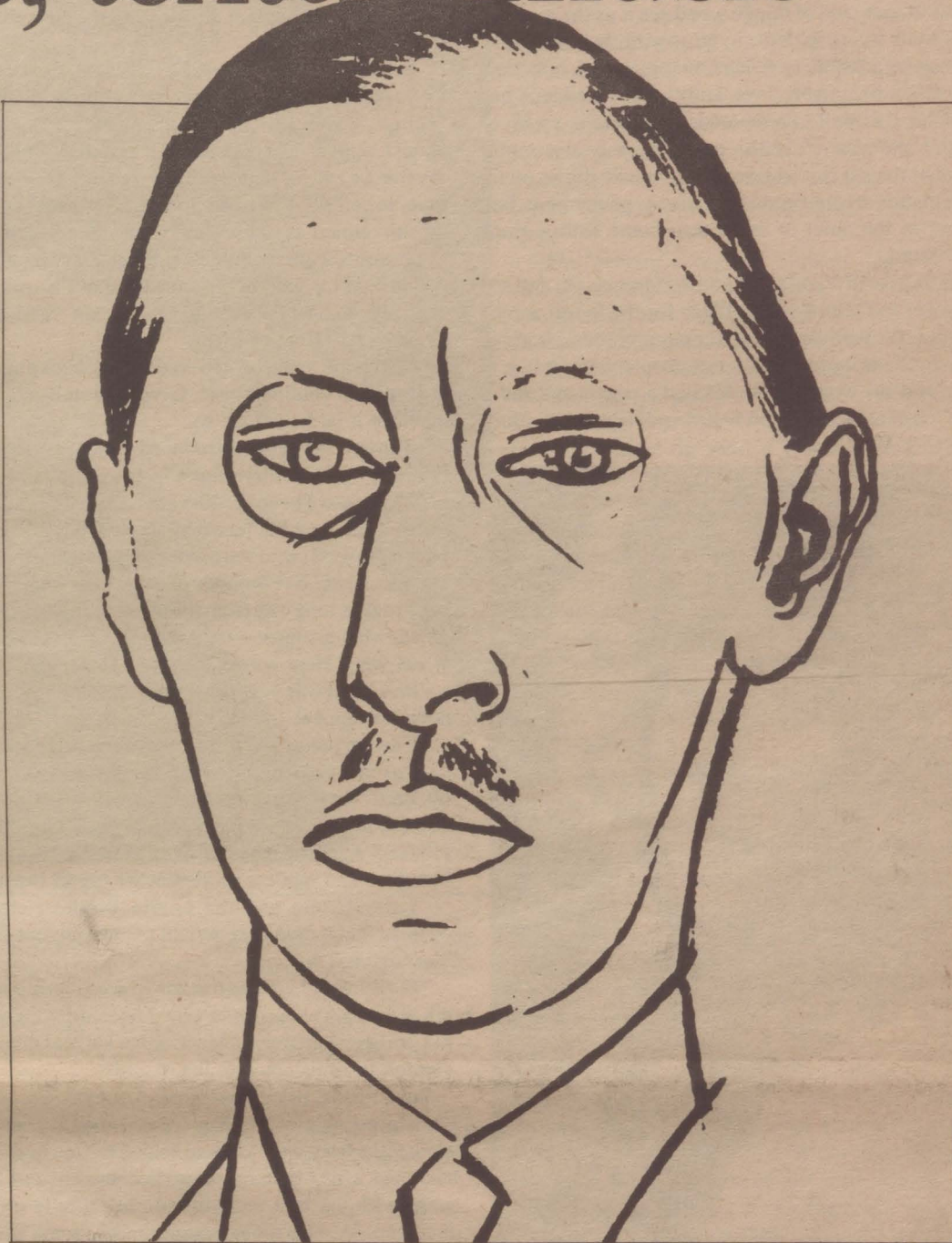
The string quartet, consisting of Moira McIntyre (violin), Ilona Rozsnyai (violin), Edward Kovarik (viola), and Tom Akeley (cello), performed its rather technically undemanding score with what seemed a lack of conviction. They properly subjugated their sonorities to those of the voices, but it often came off as a hoarse murmuring.

Where Monteverdi's music is insistently emotive and rhythmically organic (the rhythm being determined by the natural arrhythmia of speech and the instinctual rise and fall of emotion), Stravinsky's music in "The Soldier's Tale" is dry and melodically fragmented—a music of stuttering mechanism. This latter metaphor is not intended as a deprecation of the piece, but is rather reflective of the adamant unemotionalism of Stravinsky's music both here in its incipient neo-classicism and in general. It is a medium too inhospitably arid to support the lush plant of pathos.

Stravinsky's piece, like Monteverdi's, requires few players: a seven instrument chamber ensemble and a few actors (three were sufficient for Wednesday's performance). Sarah Dowling narrated in the appropriately stylized modulations of the story-teller, but the role would have been better suited to someone with a voice of more stentorian proportions. Steven Henrikson read the part of the devil with the suitable repertoire of expression ranging from syrupy coerciveness to basso profundo chortle, while Stephen McIntyre, in the role of the hapless soldier, demonstrated that he can act as well as sing.

The diminutive orchestra was a bit uneven in quality, and the individual players grappled with their formidable parts with varying degrees of success. Percussionist Terrence Farmer played with a particularly laudable efficiency and precision, while cornetplayer Graham Wilson articulated garbledly and blurredly (the last three words can be regarded as an onomatopoeic representation of his performance). But the most outstanding player, both in the comparative importance of her part and the technical finesse with which she fulfilled its varied and difficult demands was violinist Moira McIntyre, one of the finer (dare I say finest?) musical talents rising in Windsor these days.

The primacy of the music over the narrative, at least in conductor Wayne Jeffries' mind, was inadvertently but pointedly illustrated when, in the odd moments when the two overlapped (they were usually kept distinct), the narrator was blithely drowned out by the instrumental ensemble. So much for semantic interplay and syntactic concomitance.



## Pop: pithiness in pink

**PRETTY IN PINK**  
Various Artists  
(A & M)

Some go lologhast on Molly Ringwald's three lip-smacking, cute as candy-floss colour stills on the back of this soundtrack sleeve.

But alas, there's an artlessness, a fulness, and a natural teenage ripeness there that the album, as a random mid-decade survey of pop, can't attempt to compete or cop a late lick with.

An unfair comparison perhaps, but fact is, this soundtrack exemplifies the studio-sophisticated but generally bodiless quality of 80s pop. It's a music characterized by recessive 'spaces' and layers of sound. No matter its U2ish revival, the guitar has had to give way synthotronic veils, and both are in turn deployed around the echoing vacuum of the drum: the thudding disco kick and its bass-driven funkytown uncle doing the hip-heaving shtick.

Yet what's got to be known is that there are some candidates on this LP for the ever-expanding 'great rock archive' (not to forget, however, the harvest and the reckoning rock must one day come to past all fabrications of 'progress' or reconstruction).

Take the hymnal heroism of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark reaping the love legacy in all the resilient frailty of its emotionalism. The song is "If You Leave", and its sea-borne synthetic undulations sieve right in with the controlled poise of Andy McCluskey's voice indulging bathos, loss, and a stirring claim not to let go.

And then, the soaring, elegiacally sweet-

ened worldliness of today rock is brought home fully in Echo and the Bunnymen's "Bring on the Dancing Horses" which envisions an Arcadian *Equusian* future with a pair of lines like, "Bring on the new messiah/ wherever he may roam..."

Yet turn from this to New Order's "Shell Shock" and you're suddenly facing a



Molly R. thinks pink.

fancy cake indeed. Unfortunately, it's an altogether artificial piece of pastry. For all the lightness of its lyric, its casually studied snippets of pace and phrasing, it remains synthetic, sculptural, cool as a tomb. In fact, it's not at all something you could metaphorically taste, inhale, or press flesh against; rather, you seat yourself nearby in pious

patience praying to endure its generically layered ennui. It's too bad that New Order, for all its little rococo touches, will never sound like the good French disco it might have been in a better life. I'd much rather have heard something by Lime, or an oldie-but-goodie from the Human League in its place.

But turn from this to the Psychedelic Furs' remix of "Pretty in Pink" and your capacity for disappointment or indifference suddenly undergoes a 4-minute 40-second maturation. "Pretty in Pink", which in my youth sounded so full and driving, now nibbles at the ear with a guileless grin of new wave nostalgia. But it's still got the capacity to carry you away, and I'll always stir to hear Richard Butler droning on in all his grey, apparitional ambience, disclosing now and for pre-atomic eternity the irreconcilability of innocence and adult knowledge.

It seems that Shelley (and I'm not referring here to Monsieur Buzzcock) saw it all: "Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass/ Stains the white radiance of Eternity".

And yet to go on in this world of death and fragments is to say the following: our soundtrack also features Jesse Johnson, generally a weak simulacra of pre-Beatle Prince, prattling about the cochlea in an irrelevant semi-upbeat way known as "Get to Know Ya". However, there's hope in a minor key with Suzanne Vega's delightfully clean "Left of Center" (Joe Jackson on piano), or Paul Morrissey's supplicatory *sotto voce* simplicity on "Please Please Please Let Me Get What I Want".

— Lorenzo Buj



# A weekend in the country

by Desmond McGrath

On hearing that I was heading over to the Downtown Hoedown this past weekend, a local queried "Why do you wanna go hear a bunch of drunken wife-beaters spew out clichés?" The answer is that I prefer to over-ride the small-mindedness of that kind of thinking and see it as the music of tormented souls trying to come to grips with their dark side. While it may be possible to reduce remorse, pain, affection, lust, betrayal, hope, sorrow, love, guilty, joy, loneliness, and faith to cliché, it is well to remember that there is no cliché that doesn't partake of truth, and that the inscrutable wellsprings of the psyche which country music draws on for its subject matter are universal and eternal phenomena best mulled over in the quiet of one's own home with a Hank Williams record.

But it is unwise to theorize without field research, and so I wandered over to Detroit's Hart Plaza for the fourth annual hoedown, now the world's largest free country music festival. Seven hundred and twenty thousand people were drawn to the scene, and no wonder; the festival's organizers did a marvelous job of attracting established and rising stars, along with local C & W talent.



Some were only there for the party atmosphere; the diehards were in and around the amphitheatre singin', drinkin', dancin', or just biding their time waiting for Waylon, or Tammy, or George. An audience that size is an entertaining show in itself (imagine thousands of young and old singing along to "D-I-V-O-R-C-E"—awe-inspiring). It is a unique experience to see honky-tonk veterans as eager as any 17-year old at a Joe Louis concert just waiting for a glimpse of George Jones leaving his tour bus. And it was worth the trip if only for the sight of a middle-aged woman gazing forlornly

downwards as she sang along to "Stand by Your Man."

But to the performers: Waylon Jennings headlined on Friday and I missed it. There were, though, many craggy, bearded, look-a-likes taking in the Saturday show. It featured ex-TV guy John Schneider who has given us one of the year's best 'memory' songs with "Your Memory Ain't What It Used to Be" (I would explain the title, but the conceit is somewhat Metaphysical).

Schneider was followed by Dwight Yoakum, a humble 23-year old from southeastern Kentucky with a taste for "guitars, Cadillacs, and hillbilly music". His music sounded almost as much like rock and roll as it did hillbilly, which is to say that he and his band really kicked ass. He went back to the roots for a little Flatt and Scruggs cover and went out of his way to remind us of his great respect for Bill Monroe before ripping out a composition by the legendary bluegrass master. About half his lengthy set consisted of his own ballads and twangers, and he finished off with rockin' versions of "Train, Train" and "Ring of Fire".

(If reports are to be believed, young bucks like Dwight are the future of country music. Given the stagnant mire that so much of it is, let's hope so.)

Tammy Wynette, introduced amidst much hype as "the first lady of country music", came on after dark for a retrospective of her over 20-year career. The slick production of her show and the fact that she twice left the stage to her backup singers (who were okay) while she ran off for costume changes made one wonder about where her priorities are—seemingly a long way from the ol' farm and the dance hall. But gawd, what a singer!—they tell me you could hear her clear warm voice clear across the river. Her material of late may not be what it was years ago, but her voice has lost little of its power or appeal.

The old songs are still the best, featuring such wonderful lines as "I'll be over you when the grass is over me." "Stand by Your Man", saved for last, was too much a production number to be a real tearjerker, though "I Don't Wanna Play House," her first-ever hit, was presented with much more humility, and made a more sincere tug at the heartstrings.

Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers closed out the evening, but it didn't seem right to have anyone perform after Tammy, so I left.

On Sunday I arrived too late to see John Conlee, though I did get to talk to someone who'd been drinking with him in a bar earlier. Apparently Mr. Conlee's a real nice guy, as you can tell from listening to his records.

Janie Fricke, twice named the Country Music association's Female vocalist of the Year, performed for an hour or so while folks waited for George Jones. It's too bad that many of her songs aren't better written, because she can belt out the songs with the best and still coo beautifully on the slower numbers. As with other performances, some of her show's best moments came when the fiddle and banjo players came to the fore with some uptempo backhills pickin'—everybody likes to do some steppin' and cloggin'. Janie sounds a lot like Reba McEntire, who sang on that same stage last year, and it must be said that Reba sounded better.

The coming of darkness brought the appearance of the Jones Boys, who were adequate filler before the arrival of frontman George. George "No-show" Jones, that is, who's been known to be less than reliable in making concert dates. Well, George is a great singer, but he still seems to have a certain disdain for his fans, or something. Greeted with a most enthusiastic crowd, he joked about playing until two or three in the morning and then left before an hour was up,



despite thunderous applause and calls for an encore.

He too has a voice that's about as rich and evocative as it ever was, and he showed it off on a few newer tunes, but was much more pleasant to listen to on haunting classics. He rocked the place with songs like "The Race is On" and "White Lightnin'", mixed in with such slower greats as "this Old House" and "Tennessee Whiskey" (whose spirit was undermined by overload cries of, "All right George!"). He finished, predictably, with "He Stopped Loving Her Today," definitely one of the high points of the weekend.

A damn fine weekend it was, all in all, and I wish I had record attendance for the festival, bigger and better than ever this year—it's hard to see how the organizers could attract bigger and better talent than this. As long as you're not put off by a little twang or some of the more offensive practioners of the genre, it's easy to have a good time with this stuff. Wonder who they'll have next year... □

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**FAMOUS PEOPLE PLAYERS** perform in Windsor. Harmony in Action is pleased to present the internationally acclaimed Famous People Players. Saturday May 17th, at the Cleary Auditorium. Famous People Players is a "black-light" theatre which performs with life-size celebrity puppets. This performance will be the highlight of Mental Retardation Week. Especially significant is the fact that several members of the Famous People Players themselves are mentally handicapped. Founded in 1974 the troupe has performed throughout North America and China. CBS aired a movie of the week on the Famous People Player in 1983, the same year founder-director Diane Dupuy was awarded The Order of Canada. 1986 plans for the Famous People Players include a second trip to China and a Broadway debut in the fall. Proceeds from this performance will support Harmony In Action programs for the mentally retarded in Windsor. For more information contact the H.I.A. office at 256-7226.

**LEARN TO BE** a clown! College Avenue Community Centre, 3325 College, Windsor, Ontario is offering a seven week Clown School for Adults. Meeting Saturday mornings, student clowns will learn the finer points of slap-stick humour, make-up and costuming through history. Phone College Avenue Community Centre at 255-6528 for registration info.

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## social gaffes

## NEWS

**Saturday, May 17**

—Windsor Association for the Mentally Retarded presents a film festival from 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. in the Devonshire Mall Auditorium.

**Sunday, May 18**

—St. Mary's Church will sponsor an evening for peace and justice in South Africa at 8:00 p.m. Professor Jonathon Paton from Witwatersrand University of Johannesburg will speak on "South Africa—A troubled land." Devonshire Rd. at St. Mary's Gate.

**Tuesday, May 20**

—Iona College hosts a Public Meeting on South Africa with guest speaker Rev. Murray MacInnes. 2:30 p.m.

**Wednesday, May 21**

—Iona College hosts a Coffee House with Armando Paredes at Iona College, 208 Sunset Ave. 7:30 p.m.

**Thursday, May 22**

—Iona College hosts a Forum on "Transfer of Addictions" 1:00-2:00 p.m. Open forum follows at Iona College. Call 973-7039 for information.

**Sunday, May 25**

—Rally for Peace in Central America begins in Jackson park. Speakers, music and entertainment in Dieppe Gardens at 1:00 p.m.

**Friday, May 30**

—Essex Region Conservation Foundation fundraising dinner featuring Abbie Hoffman on "The Future of our environment." Teutonia Club, 7 p.m. For tickets or information contact ERCA office 776-5209, Ext. 348.

## MUSIC

**Friday, May 16**

—Minimal Man and Slaughterhouse at the Graystone (7816 Michigan Ave.). Show at 9 p.m., admission \$5.00. For more information call (313) 581-1000.

**Wednesday, May 21**

—The Largely Canadian Series presents the Essex Winds in a program of music by Jean-Michael Damase, Gyorgy Ligeti and Antonin Reicha, together with the premiere of a commissioned work by Edmonton composer Malcolm Forsyth. Concert at 8 p.m. at the Art Gallery of Windsor. Call 254-4337 for further info.

**Saturday, May 24**

—Scratch Acid with Killdozer and Laughing Hyenas at the Graystone. Show at 9 p.m., admission \$6.00. For further information call (313) 581-1000.

**Wednesday, May 28**

—The Largely Canadian Series presents Calixa Lavalee's comic opera "The Widow", orchestrated by Dr. Paul McIntyre. The Windsor Classic Chorale with Dr. Richard Hooseholder and local singers will be conducted by Dr. McIntyre. Concert at 8 p.m. at the Art Gallery of Windsor. Call 254-4337 for further information.

**Saturday, May 24****Friday, May 30**

—Meat Puppets with Sleep at the Graystone. Show at 9 p.m., admission \$6.00. For more information call (313) 581-1000.

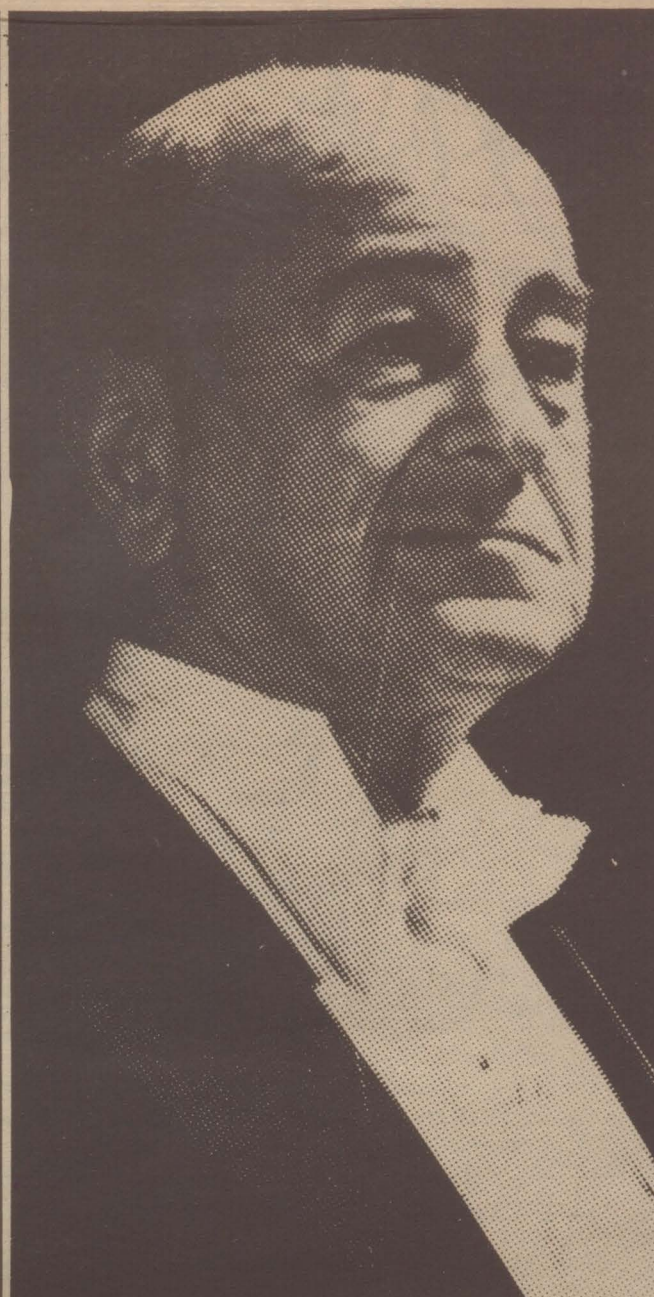
## ART

**Friday, May 23**

—Artcite presents "Artists & Models: A Gala Evening of Art Fashion," a fashion show and auction. Food provided, music and dancing. Tickets \$15.00, all proceeds to benefit Artcite. For further information call 252-1539.

**May 29 to August 17**

—The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of Francois Boucher, the largest of its kind assembled in this century. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people. Advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7884. Public tours 1 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs to August 17.



Russian pianist Shura Cherkassky.

**Ongoing**

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of 40 works of Canadian abstract painter Jack Bush (1909-1977). Exhibit continues until May 25.

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of 170 vintage photographs of 19th and early 20th century Canadian life from the William Notman & Sons Studio. Exhibit continues until June 1st.

—Artcite present "On Britain's Doorstep", a touring exhibit by Stephen Shortt. Runs to May 25. Gallery hours Tuesday to Saturday, 10-5 p.m.

## DRAMA

**Thursday, May 15**

—The Detroit Repertory Theatre presents Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet." Play runs every Thursday through Sunday until June 22. Curtain 8:30 p.m. Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 on Sundays. Tickets \$7.00. For further information call (313) 868-1347.

—The Hillberry Theatre presents Moliere's "The Misanthrope" (final performance of the season) at 11 a.m. for ticket information call (313) 577-2972.

**May 27 to June 6**

—The School of Dramatic Art will present the musical "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" at the Faculty of Education. Runs May 27 to May 30 and June 2 to June 6. Tickets \$2.00 or \$1.75 for groups of 10 or more. For reservations call 253-4232 ext. 2804.

**Ongoing**

—The Attic Theatre presents "The Monday After the Miracle" by William Gibson. Ends May 18. For ticket information call (313) 875-8284.

## DSO program varied, vigorous

by Kevin Atkinson

Last Thursday evening, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra presented a varied and vigorous program of works from the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Maurice Ravel's "Ma mère L'oye" (Mother Goose) suite provided an unostentatious and tasteful opening to the concert, which otherwise featured the strident and egocentric productions of composers in their impetuous youth. The orchestra moved gracefully, and with consistency, from clean austerity to controlled lushness, according to the varied demands of the score.

The evening's orgy of stylistic overkill began in the virtuosic indulgences of Franz Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1. The pianist, very appropriately, was the venerable Russian Shura Cherkassky, one of the last decaying survivors of the Post-Romantic tradition of piano-playing. He and the other few practitioners of that style seem to be enjoying a resurgence in popularity and critical acclaim. It is perhaps a reaction against the kind of piano-playing that has been so influential in recent decades, epitomized in such promulgators of technical clarity and emotional restraint as Glenn Gould and Alexis Weissenberg. Cherkassky's performance featured these qualities in inverse, with engaging results in the latter case, but to less happy effects in the former. For although he boomed and fluttered in the most extravagantly Lisztian fashion, his execution was at times muddy and flaccid (his age—which must be at least 80—is probably a factor to consider here). Maestro Herbig and the orchestra accompanied with an inconspicuous proficiency, except for an egregious woodwind or two.

The Liszt was followed after the intermission by Richard Strauss' early tone poem "Don Juan", written in 1888 when the composer was 24. It is a programmatic piece, programmatic portraying musically the vicissitudes of romantic love, and some commentators have claimed that the piece is actually a self-portrait. The orchestra heroically followed the piece's fluctuating dynamic of leaps and swoons with little evidence of vertigo. Special mention goes to the brass-players, who had to work especially hard, for their unrelenting, ox-lunged execution.

The concert concluded with a performance of the "Scythian Suite" by Russian composer Sergei Prokofiev. The piece is a reworking of material from a ballet score commissioned by the incorrigible scandalmonger Diaghilev. The "Scythian Suite" inevitably elicits comparisons (to its detriment) with the supreme masterpiece of its limited genre, Igor Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring", a musical evocation of a human sacrifice to the God of Spring. Prokofiev's scenario is different although his piece too in a way suggests propitiatory sacrifice—the sacrifice of the aesthetic sensibilities of the bourgeoisie to appease Prokofiev's own ego.

Gunter Herbig and demonstrated here, as they did throughout the concert, and throughout the season, the musical value of sheer rhythmic precision. The evening constituted another happy and efficient, if slightly more strenuous usual, exercise of a fine ensemble's abilities. □

## classifieds

**ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY** Chapel - 973-7034 - located between the University Centre and the Ambassador Bridge. Masses at 10:30 am and 4:30 pm on Sundays. Monday to Friday at 11:50 am. Sacrament of Reconciliation on request.

**DETROIT SYMPHONY** student tickets \$5.00 can be purchased 1 hr. before the start of each concert at either Ford Aud. or Orchestra Hall. Current student I.D. must be shown when purchasing tickets. Tickets will be sold on first come, first serve basis. Call (313) 567-1400.

**GRADUATION PICTURES** As a convenience to graduating students, and since many photography studios in the area now keep in stock a variety of Bachelor's hoods and gowns, candidates for Bachelor's degrees who wish to have graduation pictures taken will no longer obtain hoods and gowns from the Office of the Secretary in Windsor Hall Tower, but will make arrangements directly with the studio of their choice. Please call Mrs. Carney in the Office of the Secretary (ext. 2004) to find



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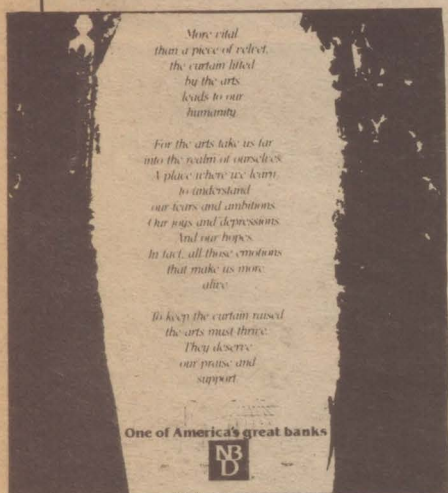
# More

# Vital than Velvet

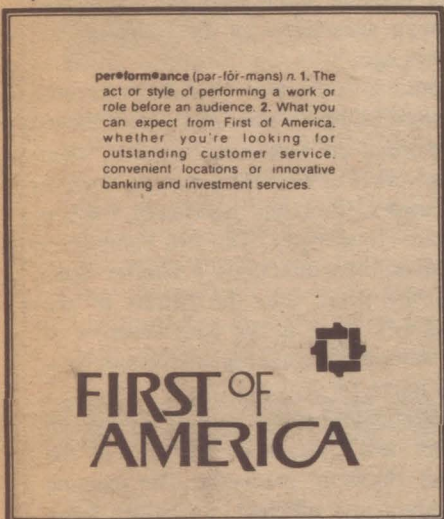
by Sarah Atkinson

Few things bother me more about professional performing arts events than the advertisemental, divertisemental, and incidental additives to those thick glossy "stagebills" that accompany the culture-seeker in his seat as he fidgets or festers in the before-and aftermath of the event.

I'm not talking about the Ford Taurus centerfold, nor do I mean the mod neon Newport Lights ad (which sports possibly the most pertinent non-program info in the whole of the "stagebill"—the surgeon general's warning). Rather this is the type of thing that offends:



"More vital than a piece of velvet"? Could this possibly mean something to someone? Such soporific-with-a-purpose tripe is no doubt composed by the poet laureate of triteness, inspired by the muse of pretension. (I am, in the presence of such a commercial lyric, thankful for that overdose of grease-paint odour I received as a high school drama club member, an experience that left me sufficiently disillusioned to approach this kind of flowery fiscal fiction without weeping). But NBD is surpassed in streamlined tack by another:



F.O.A. doesn't infuriate as intensely as does NBD, whose silly lyric sickens the sensitive critical palate. While both banks' attempts to make their commercial gruel more tolerable to its captive audience are probably more successful commercially than Hallmark's are emotively, the oil and water (crude and distilled, respectively) mixture of solicitation and art seems to have required a most violent and amoral shaking (off) of aesthetic ethics to gain the temporary appearance of synthesis.

Second in a series of stagebill beefs... those nauseatingly amiable-snobish articles that bulge with terms like "denizens," "curmudgeonly" and "auspicious." These are exemplars of a style that make Oscar Wilde look like the First Lady of flippantry.

Whoever compiles the kind of quip-galleries that appear indefatigably in texts of the "stagebill" ilk should be sued for misrepresentation; that such barefaced decontextualization is allowed to coexist within the same volume with notes on self-contextualizing art is enough to make one's integrity squirm. Integrity? The word has no signi-

ficance in a world which unites artist and dilettante.

And art? That's what we're really here for.

Wedge between the screaming slickness and ostentation of most aforesaid "stagebill" are several pages devoted to an entity and event that most of its audience (and the philanthropists who make it possible) will never quite understand.

The classical rigour (to finally really change the subject) of the Elisa Monte Dance Company puts to rest the demons of opportunistic patronage; several seconds of viewing are enough to lift the indignant soul and once settled into the system of experiencing Monte's flying circus nothing

but an intermission will disturb the flight. Thursday's performance opened with a rhythmic piece called simply "VII for VIII"; the title evokes the classicism that characterizes the company's style. My use of the term "classicism" is broad, implying simplicity of style, exactitude, athletic rigour, stringency of form. The Elisa Monte Dance Company adheres to all of these implications. Monte's dancers create a continuum of undulating compositions that challenge the viewer's capacity with the intensity of a bull challenging a matador. Monte has been the troupe's artistic director and choreographer since 1981 when the company was amalgamated. Monte's choreography reads like a series of complex geometries that have been liberated from their grids. The highest

moments in her compositions carry them far beyond the modern dance scene. While Twyla Tharp has moved into the computer rage (see: her recently televised "Catherine Wheel," which relegates dancers to largely theatrical rather than balletic/athletic positions and lets a computer execute much of the actual dynamic choreography), Monte exercises her uncanny ability to trace living and breathing three-dimensional programs.

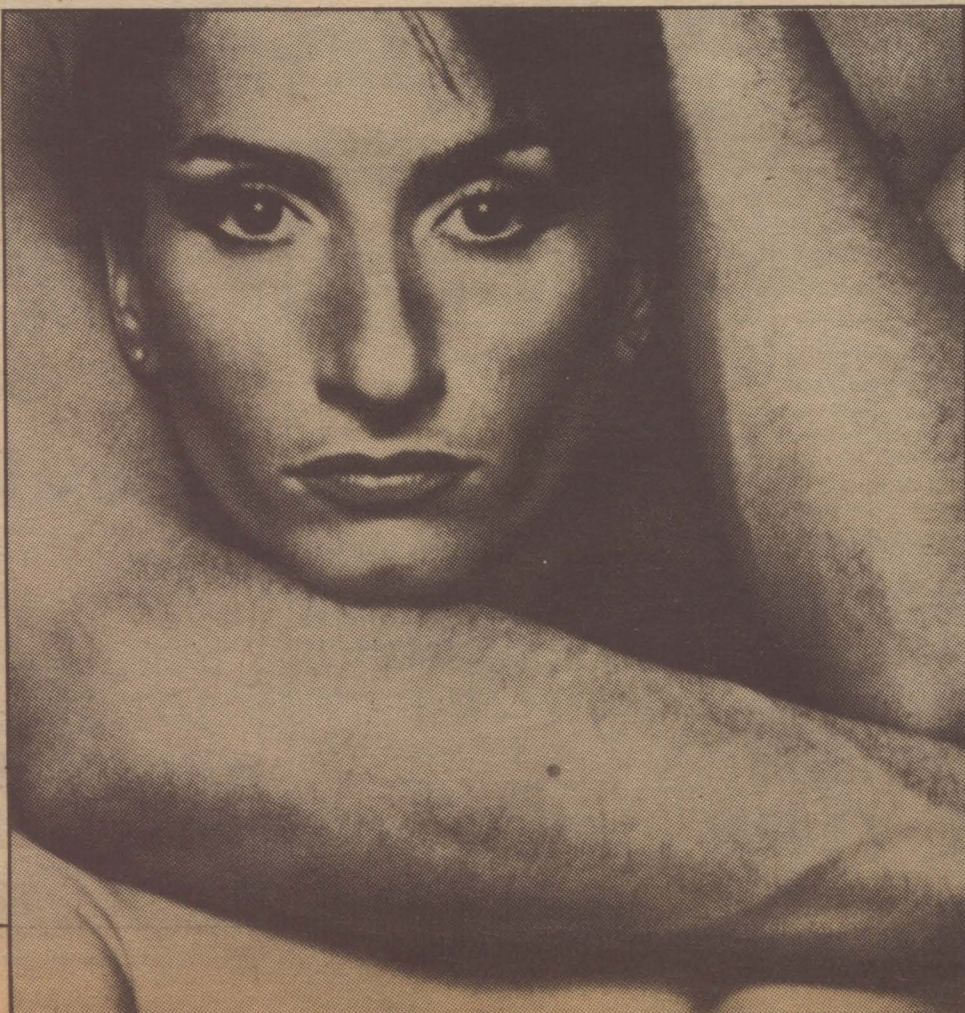
A superbly trained group of dancers are of course the key ingredient to making such aesthetic engineering work, and Monte's dancers are of most Spartan quality; their concentration is manifest in every limb and muscle. "Ensemble" is too ineffectual a word to describe the impact of such a tight product as the E.M.Co. offer.

"Pigs and Fishes" evokes an undulating effect similar to that of "VII for VIII," and creeps about as dangerously close to a story as Monte is ever likely to reach, or want to reach, if she knows herself as well as I'm pretending to. "Pigs and Fishes" is a movement through space and through the illusion of eons.

It is the duet "Treading," performed by Monte herself and David Brown (also the company's associate director), that indicates once and for all Monte's artistic focus: her emphasis on form and style, form lifted from what content might have inspired it, style as it exists independently of message and authorial intention. Steve Reich's musical score provides apt classical monotony for this piece which might be coded as a celebration of potentiality and strength.

Costuming throughout is simple, draped—classically appropriate. Costume design for the performance was mainly the work of Mimi Trujillo; Monte designed the costumes for "Pigs and Fishes."

Elisa Monte is a master of movement, and her resistance to gilding her lilies with narrative, scenery, unchecked spasmodics, or frills is laudable, since it allows the baring of true (and I rarely deign to use this word, and the next) genius. □





# THE SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 2, May 29, 1986.

## Transportation troubles

by Kevin Johnson and Susan McIlveen

**I** might take a plane, I might take a train, but if I have to walk, I'm going just the same. The mobility of some Windsor residents has been restricted by developments at Transit Windsor and the Ambassador Bridge.

Bus service in the city ground to a halt when Transit Windsor locked out its workers Monday morning.

The company and the union have been involved in a dispute since the workers' contract expired in February.

The drivers launched a work-to-rule campaign several weeks ago. During work-to-rule, workers follow regulations exactly, despite problems that may arise.

A spokesperson for Transit Windsor said the work-to-rule had disrupted bus service.

"It had become a slow-down," said Paul Logan. "(By Sunday), 30 percent of our service had been cut."

Ron Seguin, president of the drivers' Local 616 of the Amalgamated Transit Union, said the drivers had no intention of inconveniencing customers.

"That's why we chose to work-to-rule instead of strike," he said. "At least there was service before (the lockout)."

He said the contention that work-to-rule resulted in a slow-down proved the incompetence of the Transit Windsor management.

"Their system does not work," Seguin said.

Logan said Transit Windsor was reluctant to suspend service, but they tried to ameliorate the impact by giving the public notice Sunday afternoon.

"We're not losing anything," he said. The company's major expenses, salaries and fuel, will be nil during the lockout. However, he added the company could be hurt in the long run if people make alternate transportation arrangements and stick with them after a settlement is reached.

Neither side is willing to speculate on how long the city will remain without bus



A rare scene when the Ambassador Bridge is empty.

Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

service. A provincial mediation session was scheduled for Wednesday, May 28.

The labour dispute comes on the heels of a 13 percent hike in adult bus fares. Tolls rose from 75 to 85 cents. Monthly pass prices were increased to 34 dollars from 30.

Logan pointed out the transit service operates at a deficit which must be made up by provincial and city taxpayers.

"When our running costs begin to increase, who is going to foot the bill?" he said. "The user will pay the bill."

Currently, rider fares meet about 62 percent of the cost. The remainder is split by the Ontario and Windsor governments.

The fee hike was the first for general fares since April, 1982. Spread over the four years, the increase amounted to only three percent annually, Logan said.

He also said there was no justification for a request to reduce fees for university students.

"Is the university expecting taxpayers to subsidize these lower fares?" he asked.

Owners of the Ambassador Bridge plan to increase toll fees for passenger cars by up to 66 per cent on June 1.

Central Cartage Co., the private American company that owns the bridge, filed application for the increase with the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC) April 28.

Canadian commuters in passenger cars now pay \$30 (Can.) for a book of 40 tickets or 75 cents for each ticket when driving to Detroit, and a ticket plus 15 cents when driving to Windsor.

On June 1, commuters will pay \$37.50 for a book of 30 tickets. The reduction in the number of tickets per book coupled with the increase in the price of each book, raises toll fees 66%—from 75 cents per ticket to \$1.25.

The cash toll for passenger cars will increase from \$1.25 to \$1.50 (Can.), or from \$1 to \$1.25 (US).

Toll rates for trucks and busses will remain unaffected.

MP Herb Gray (L—Windsor West) has

filed a formal complaint about the increases with the CTC. According to the *Windsor Star*, Gray has called the increases "amazingly high".

As a result, the CTC has sent a letter to Roy Lancaster, Central Cartage Co. president, asking him to answer Gray's complaint and to comment on Gray's suggestion that the increases be postponed pending further investigation. At press time, no reply to the letter was available.

Lancaster refused to comment on the matter.

The CTC has the authority to postpone, suspend or modify unreasonable tolls collected on Canadian territory based on objections filed with the CTC. However, tolls collected in the United States do not fall under CTC jurisdiction.

The Railway Transport Committee will examine both Gray's objections to the proposed increases and Lancaster's response to determine if the increases should be modified or suspended. □

## Ontario budget neglects universities, critics charge

TORONTO (CUP)—You deserve a break today.

Because Ontario Treasurer Robert Nixon increased the tax exemption on prepared foods to \$2, students will save about 11 cents on each Big Mac they buy this year.

But student leaders and opposition critics have charged the budget contained little for post-secondary education.

Nixon's budget gave Ontario's 15 universities \$15 million as their share of a 10-year billion dollar research and technology fund, increased operating grants four per cent, and continued the \$80 million Excellence Fund.

Minister of Colleges and Universities Greg Sorbara said he was "delighted" with these provisions. He said the budget showed the government's "top priorities" were education and training.

He explained that last year's budget set basic operating grant increases at four per cent, and said he didn't think universities and colleges were expecting additional incremental

increases. "A budget will never provide everything the community wants," he said.

The Excellence Fund provides money for upgrading library and instructional equipment, research, and a multi-year plan for 500 new appointments.

The Ontario Federation of Students called the budget "disappointing." Chair-elect Matt Certosimo said he feels the university and college communities will be more openly critical of the government because it has failed to live up to its campaign promises.

"It's a gradual process, to bring the funding levels to where they should be, but they missed a glorious opportunity to take a major step forward," Certosimo said.

Progressive Conservative leader Larry Grossman said the Liberals were playing a "shell game."

"Not only is it (the \$15 million) not enough, but it's not new. We funded the universities directly through the BILD (Board of Industrial Leadership and Development) for the same purposes. When you look at the

budget, the \$275 million BILD has disappeared. As far as post-secondary funding goes, nothing has changed."

Grossman said his government cut back on funding for all sectors during the recession years, fully intending to restore it.

"Our game plan was, during the recession, hold tight on spending all over the system. When recovery came, it would come stronger. That's exactly what happened. The Liberals should now be taking advantage of a fast growing economy and be making large increases not but in operating as well," Grossman said.

New Democratic Party leader Bob Rae said education fared as well or as badly as anything else.

"I don't think they've responded to the problems universities have. They don't understand the nature of the operating problems. They're nickel and diming it, to make everyone feel like they're getting something without really establishing any priorities," Rae said.

Rae called upon the Liberals to "substanti-

ally" increase funding. "Universities have got to know what the picture is going to look like for the next five years to plan to make up for the effects of the last 10 years."

The president of the University of Windsor Faculty Association called the budget "very disappointing."

"It was my understanding that the Liberals acknowledged the problems in the university system," said Dr. Robert Pinto.

"The people who suffer (from underfunding) are the students, and the people of Ontario in the long run."

University of Windsor president Ron Ianni said the budget was a "bit of a non-event."

He already knew operating grants would increase four per cent, and he said the \$15 million and the continuation of the faculty adjustment fund are welcome. However, he added he is "still looking for answers."

"One wonders what their master plan to give substance to their rhetoric (is)," Ianni said. □



# Addict, not addiction, focus of forum

by Catharine Hudec

"We cannot treat the addiction by treating the addictive agent only," said Michael Dufresne, guest speaker at an invitational forum hosted by Iona college on May 22.

The forum was held to raise the issue and explore the area of addiction, and was attended by about 50 people.

Dufresne, an associate professor of biology at the University of Windsor, began the afternoon with a presentation entitled "Transfer of Addictions."

Dufresne started by commenting on the present status of research on addiction and addictive agents. He said while much of the research is helpful, "confusion is a universal endpoint in research." This confusion often deters an addict who is seeking help.

Dufresne then introduced the term "new-alcoholic" in reference to an addict who used both alcohol and some other drug. "A pure alcoholic is becoming a rarity." Most of those people termed alcoholics who are under 40 years old are actually new-alcoholics, he said.

The increase of cross-addiction is due to a number of factors, said Dufresne, including the increased availability of drugs, the perception of drugs as a status symbol, and the fact that alcohol and other drugs have the same effect on the users body chemistry.

Two hypotheses have been formed concerning cross-addicts. The first, said Dufresne, is that people who abuse solid drugs are also likely to abuse alcohol. The second hypothesis states that people who abuse marijuana or cocaine will usually choose alcohol as a second

dary drug.

According to Dufresne, the rationale behind multi-drug use involves the alteration of a mood just for the sake of altering it. To back up this view, he mentioned research that found most multi-drug users combined drugs which produced different effects, such as stimulants and opiates.

The transfer of an addiction occurs when the primary chemical is removed. The addict will then transfer his addiction to another chemical that has the same effect, said Dufresne.

"We can transfer an addictive behavior to almost anything," he said, although this applies only to those with an addictive personality.

According to Dufresne, an addictive personality is one predisposed to form an addiction. Genetic and psychological factors, among others, determine whether a person has an addictive personality. Dufresne est-



Lance photo by Andrew Hagger  
Michael Dufresne.

imates that about 10 per cent to 20 per cent of people have addictive personalities.

"Addiction is an expression of an addictive personality," said Dufresne. The addiction will be expressed through the first agent available, he said.

In some cases the agent is a type of behavior, particularly compulsive behaviors such as gambling and dieting.

Compulsive behavior "becomes addictive if it is an expression of an addictive personality." Like a chemical, a compulsive behavior can alter the body chemistry, producing an "altered state." An example of this is "runner's high," said Dufresne.

In view of the large areas of uncertainty regarding addiction, Dufresne concluded, "we can make jails out of...knowledge. As people involved in education it is our duty... to remain open to knowledge." □

## Canadians rally to show support for Central America

by Beth Daly

Central Americans are no different from us, they want only justice, peace, and freedom.

This was the main theme of a "Day of Peace" at Dieppe Gardens Sunday afternoon. About 40 people gathered to listen to representatives from the El Salvador Women's Association, the Windsor Central American Support Group, and the Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee give speeches on the crises in Central American countries. They blamed the problems, for the most part, on United States intervention.

One irate onlooker spoke harshly to the group before the event, claiming that Canadians are using a negative approach to the situation. However, the majority of the crowd displayed themselves as openly "anti-American." One protestor donned a Ronald Reagan mask and sported a sign reading "I want the peace of the cemetery."

Speakers from the Oscar Romero Committee and the Women's Association emphasized the importance of public awareness. They encouraged the crowd to send telegrams to government officials in Ottawa, asking for an end to financial aid to Central American countries, where 50 percent of the national budget is spent on the military.



Lance photo by Beth Daly  
Protesters were not fond of US president Ronald Reagan.

Speaking on behalf of the Windsor Central American Support Group, Joan Tinkin asked that others become aware of the situation of Central Americans. "Enough is enough... we, too, want to live," she said.

"(This is) simply the cry of the poor, proclaiming their own liberation."

The songs which followed the speeches summed the day's message almost as well as the speeches themselves. The song *Solidarity*, with

the lyrics "When we're together, we'll win the fight," emphasized the importance of North Americans becoming involved in the struggle for justice in the region.

The rally ended on a positive note, as the crowd quietly sang *Down by the Riverside*, echoing the words, "ain't gonna study war no more."

## Customs reroute parcels

by Catharine Hudec

Better late than later.

Canada Customs implemented a new postal processing system May 20th that will save time and improve efficiency in Windsor.

Canada was one of the few remaining countries in the world with a storage system for international parcels, said Ken Lehman, a local customs officer.

"The new system essentially means that recipients of dutiable international mail will no longer have to travel to a customs office to collect their goods," said National Revenue Minister Elmer MacKay.

The new system will save time by eliminating the need to personally pick up imported mail and will also reduce release and delivery times. There is less paper-work and fewer Customs formalities involved in the new system.

Under the old system, the dutiable mail was sent to the Windsor Mail

Processing Plant on Walker Road. There it was given an initial screening by customs officials. The goods were then sent to the Main Post

Office in downtown Windsor, where the importer came to pick up his goods and pay duty and taxes.

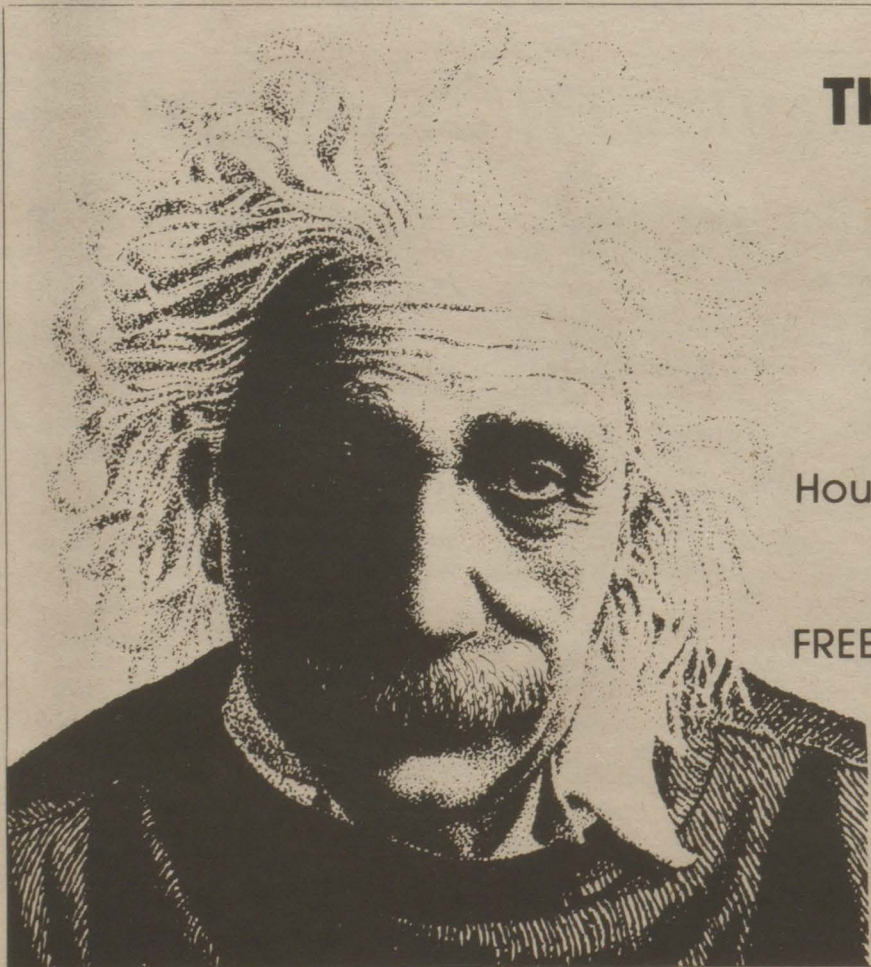
Since May 20, the goods are no longer sent to the downtown post office, but are sent directly to the importer by Canada Post.

The importers are responsible for remitting duty and taxes immediately. Those importers who abuse

the new system by not accounting for their imported goods will have future shipments held by Customs.

According to Lehman, there is "no reduction in service to the public."

The objectives of the new system are to streamline Customs operations and to reduce costs, primarily by eliminating double handling of mail items and by reducing storage and transportation costs.



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# City Council approves rezoning Huron

by Kevin Johnson

**W**indsor City Council has approved a zoning change that will allow the university to develop the Huron Hall property.

That development will pose a short-term inconvenience to residence students.

A final decision on what to do with the land has yet to be made by the Board of Governors, said university president Ron Ianni. That decision will be made after consultation with students, he said.

Reports say the administration is planning to build a 4,650-square-metre office building to house up to 20 customs brokers. The property is located near the Ambassador Bridge.

Director of Student Services David McMurray said nothing will be done until the construction of a new residence has been approved.

"We're looking at quite a nice structure for a residence," he said. The style will be either a high-rise or a condominium-type building, but a definite site remains to be selected. McMurray promises it will be close to the campus.

Once construction is approved, the two projects will start simultaneously. This will mean a period of inconvenience for some residence students.

"Fifty to one hundred would have to be relocated," McMurray said. "We don't like to have to do that."

Alternate accommodations have not been finalized. However, according to McMurray, at a meeting this year, the majority of students were willing to make a sacrifice if it will mean improved residence facilities in the future.

At this point, construction is expected to be complete by September, 1987. □



The Ontario Genealogical Society sets up shop in the university quad.

Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

## South African policy prolongs powerless position

by Catharine Hudec

**W**hy are we more appalled at blacks when they pick targets and commit violence, from a powerless position?" asked Iona College chaplain Rev. Murray MacInnes.

MacInnes spoke at a public meeting on Human Rights in South Africa presented by Amnesty International and hosted by Iona College, Tuesday, May 20.

The evening began with a video provided by the South African Council of Churches, entitled *The Struggle From Within*. MacInnes spoke about his impression of South Africa

based on a trip he made to neighbouring countries in 1985.

Blacks are soft targets said MacInnes. Their relatively powerless position allows the South African government to subjugate them. "But it's not called terrorism!" he said.

MacInnes expanded on the position of blacks sent to relocation camps, a theme of the video. He said the two camps he visited were very poorly run and full of corruption. He said the people who were forced to live there were enraged because they were where they didn't want to be.

"Most of all they felt humiliated." No matter how well a person is treated physi-

cally, they will be discontented by humiliation, MacInnes said.

The policies of the Botha government are bankrupt, he said, predicting "we will see more and more people imprisoned on trumped-up charges...it will be tougher to support them."

The difficulty lies not only with increased numbers of prisoners, but also because many more arrests will be complicated by acts of violence.

Much of MacInnes' talk focussed on possible motives for the raids carried out Monday by the South African Defense Force against the frontline states of Zambia, Botswana and Zimbabwe.

MacInnes said South Africa made the raids "to divert its own people from its inner mess. The impulse and energy of ideas has moved from (South African President) Botha to the ANC (African National Congress)." The raids were a kind of tactical diversion used by the South African government to convince the white electorate that it is still powerful, he said.

"The raids will make it more difficult to work and do things," said MacInnes. He believed that the secrecy practiced by the ANC would have to be increased, even beyond the levels practiced during his 1985 visit. □

## Salvadorean stresses hope for his war-torn country

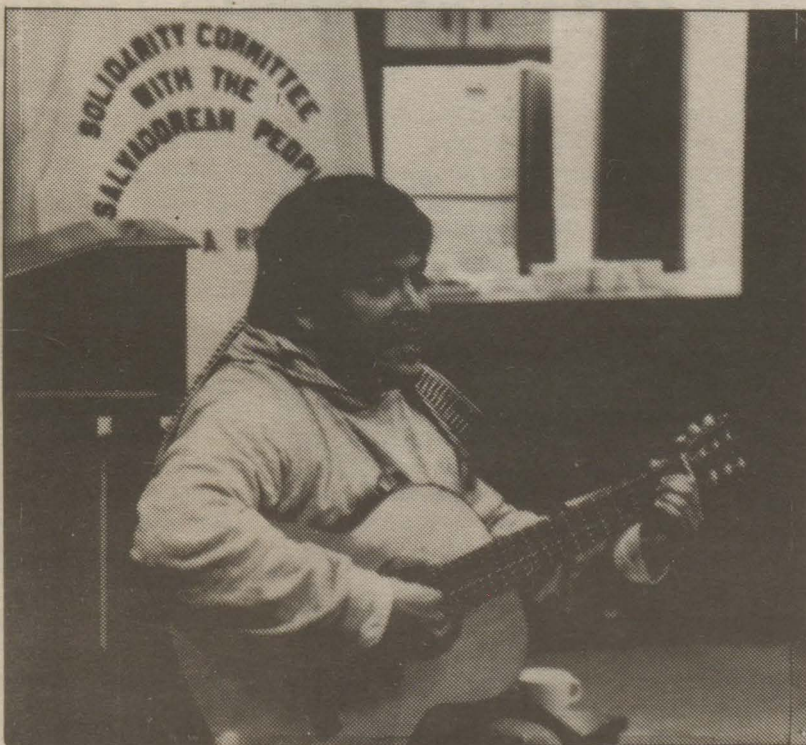
by Margaret Romain

**W**ednesday, May 21, a group of about 25 people was asked to imagine the following scenario:

"University classes are suddenly interrupted by the sound of helicopters. Seconds later, armed soldiers are ordering horrified students to lay on the floor. Those who do not obey are killed, while the others watch their fellow students being randomly shot in the head."

This describes the forced shut-down of the University of El Salvador by the National Guard in 1980. Armando Paredes, a representative of the University Students Association of El Salvador (AGEUS), was there.

Sponsored by the Oscar Romero Committee, the Windsor Central American Support Group, and others, Paredes told the gathering at Iona



Armando Paredes sings.

Lance photo by Matthew Romain

College about life as a student in his war-torn country.

The government uses "tanks and armies against students whose only weapons are books," he said.

According to Paredes, one of the founders of AGEUS was Farabundo Marti, the 1920's activist for whom the FMLN (the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front, a major rebel group) is named.

"You'd laugh if you saw our infrastructure," he said, but the student union gets a lot done.

The union works closely with the professors, who make many sacrifices to be able to teach. Many must hold two jobs, because their salaries are so low, said Paredes.

Education is seen by the government as subversive. Literacy campaigns launched by the universities and church communities are discouraged. He agreed that the Duarte government could be termed a "dictatorship".

"All the military power is used against those with an opposing point of view," he said.

The government fears that literacy will fuel the spread of Marxism, said Paredes. Following the invasion of the university, thousands of books were destroyed, including such "subversive" material as medical, economics, and law texts.

During his involvement with the literacy campaigns, however, "the peasants weren't the only ones learning." He gained a sense of appreciation for the love between the rural Salvadoreans and the land they work.

Although he stressed the need for international support for his people's struggle, Paredes remained optimistic.

"People think we are wierd creatures. They wonder how we can enjoy life, sing and be happy."

Smiling, he added, "I'd like to leave a message of hope. Hope and faith in the unity of the people." □



## THE SUMMER Lance

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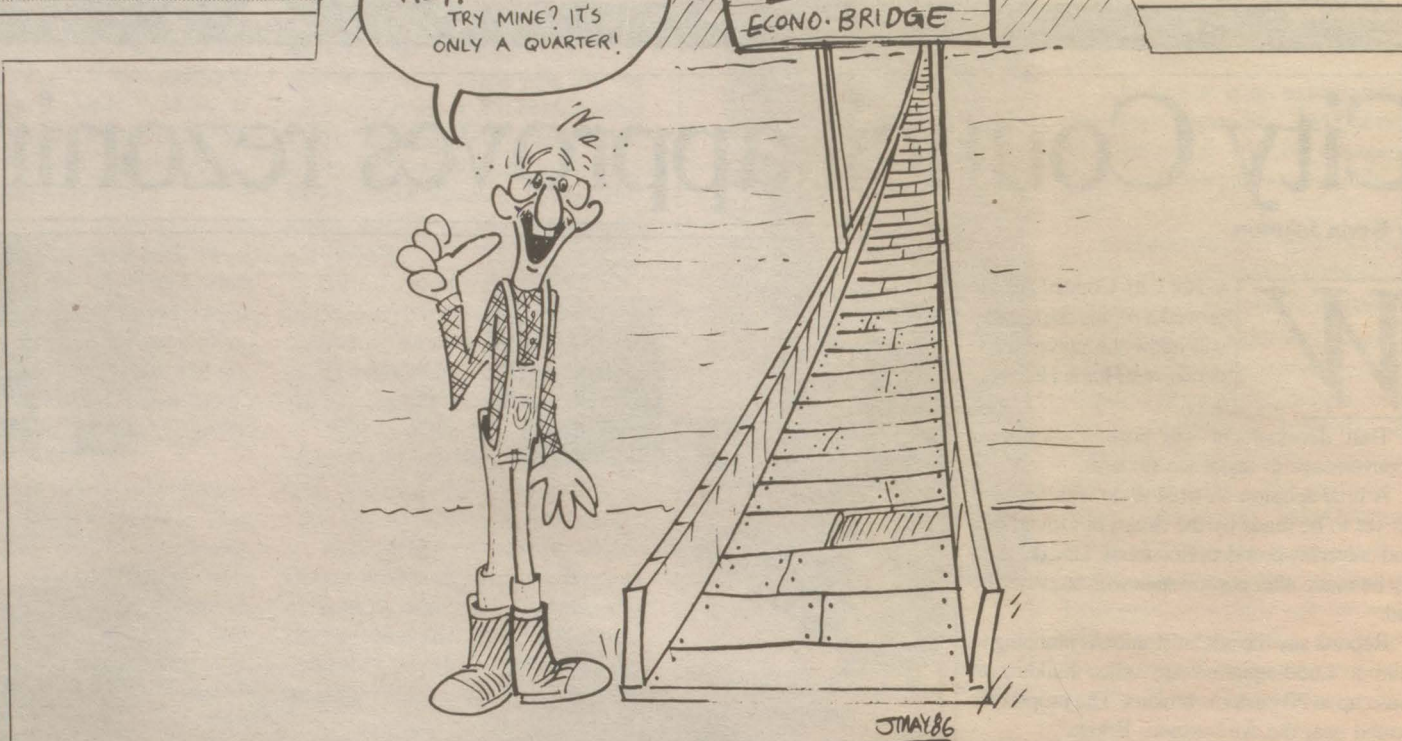
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## Getting around

Fear not.

Although the bus drivers were locked out, discommoding hundreds of people, turning our city streets into rolling parking lots, and making for good excuses, the lockout is not the subject of this editorial.

Neither will this editorial concern itself with the criminal increase in bus fares. Of course, when them buses aren't running the price of a ride is a bit moot.

One could argue the new price of 85 cents is an awkward sum, one that seems designed to pester people into paying a full buck. Still, we'll leave Transit Windsor alone this week, so they can get down to the business of putting the buses on the road again. They're losing support and customers every day.

VIA Rail isn't the subject either, although people forced to ride from Toronto in a GO train might appreciate a word on their behalf.

We won't even discuss the deplorable state of bicycle paths, and the road conditions that make bike riding a mortal threat.

As for those few who can afford the lifestyle of the jet-setters, you're not going to find any sympathy here.

Having exhausted much of this editorial explaining what it will not be about, we finally broach its real subject: tolls on the Ambassador Bridge.

From the campus, the bridge seems to loom, heavy and powerful, dominating the skyline.

At night the lights transform the bridge into a fairy-tale structure, a chain of winking lights that has to be shared to be appreciated (nudge, nudge).

The static interference it induces in radio and television sets, the carbon monoxide billowing from the long lines of trucks, and the wailing of ineffective starting control sirens make the bridge inextricably linked with the "university

experience."

So it's not surprising that we start to feel as if we have some sort of rights over it.

That's why the announcement of toll increases of up to 66 per cent hurt so much. What hurt even more was the refusal of bridge company president Roy Lancaster to give any explanation for the increase.

Commuters and others who use the bridge weren't necessarily looking to the company to justify the raises, just somehow account for them. We've had no promises of improved services, or a plea of poverty. Except for the blazing red lights atop the structure, which proudly proclaim M S DOR R DGE, the bridge seems in good shape.

Instead, Lancaster has even refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Canadian Transport Commission to regulate the tolls, thus displaying a shocking ignorance of Canadian law. Well, since MP Herb Gray has appealed to the CTC to investigate the increases, he may learn law the hard way.

Maybe some people will take their business elsewhere. It's not easy when the tunnel is so crowded, and a Transit Windsor labour dispute has removed the option of the tunnel bus.

And of course for commuters, the bridge offers easy access to Detroit expressways, in marked contrast to the tunnel. A 66 per cent jump in ticket prices is gonna be a bit tough to swallow for people who rely on the bridge to get to and from their places of business, and there are a number right here at the university.

It's hard to accept when the only visible rationale for the increase is the desire of someone along the line to move into a higher tax bracket.

Having a monopoly must make them cocky.

Too bad it makes them rich, too.

## home cooking

john may

## Half-baked reflections of an avid shade-worshiper

I won't do it.

Not this summer, anyway. For once, I'm going to consciously avoid suntanning.

Not that I was ever an avid sun worshiper as it was. Even as a kid I was always just as happy to be indoors on a hot summer day as outside sweating and squinting. It wasn't until I started comparing my pallid flesh with the bronzed torsos of my peers that I realized that I looked more like a moleperson from Inner Earth than a healthy teenager. When my parents bought me a scythe and a long black robe, I knew I had to do something.

Now, I'm sure there are people that consider lying in the sun an actual activity. My mother could do it for hours. She'd lube herself up with whale blubber (or something), stick cotton balls on her eyes, and lay there—for hours. It looked easy enough. So I'd set up a little station in the back yard: a radio, three Cokes, a towel to lie on, and my watch perched right beside my head. I'd lay there, feeling the sun stroking my skin, knowing the tannin was racing to the surface of my epidermis, for what seemed like hours. I'd look over at the watch, and whaddya know, a big five minutes had passed. By the time fifteen minutes of eternity was up, I'd give up, go in the house, and wait for the blotches to form.

The only way to do it, I found, is to either fall asleep while you're lying there, or get up and do something.

Falling asleep is out. I'd usually flop my arm over my eyes to shield the sun, then wake up looking like an inverse raccoon. Or if, you fall asleep on your stomach (after having first been lying on your back), you'll wind up with a wacko racing stripe running from your armpit. (The "formula one" look.)

Getting up and doing something is out, too, at least for me. Y'see, gravity and my torso don't get along so good. When lying on your back, everything sort of evens out. But when you get up, things tend to shift, and settle a little less flatteringly. That's why I've perfected the "surf dash". that's when you go to the beach, socialize a bit, then, when nobody's looking, you whip your T-shirt off and run into the lake as fast as you can, and spend the rest of the afternoon with water up to your neck.

My problem is simply that I was born in the wrong century. Back in feudal days, if you were bronzed and lean, it meant you were some greasy peasant who had to work in the fields under the blazing sun. On the other hand, if you were a lump of pale, corpulent flab, it meant you were well off. Only the upper crust could afford to stay inside all day, playing

backgammon and munching down pheasant legs. Fat and white was vogue. Lithe and browned was embarrassing.

I like that.

Of course, now the tables have turned. If you have a year round permaman these days, it means you can afford to jet down to California in the middle of winter to roast your flesh, or that you can cook yourself on the deck of your yacht. That's why I have to conceal a perverse glee everytime I see another news report announcing new dangers of sunbathing. By now, it's no secret that constant tanning will turn your skin to leather. But it's also common knowledge that lying in the sun is the same as begging for skin cancer—hell, if you're a big tanner, you might as well go to the Ukraine and enjoy a nice fruit salad. At least it'll be quicker.

But more and more dangers are becoming known as a result of our skin roasting habits (if you caught any of last week's news reports). I've heard that of all the bodies that you see lying on a busy beach on a Sunday afternoon, a good third of them are already dead. At sundown a crew of lifeguards walks down the beach after all the live people have left to gather up the leftovers.

At least that's what I've heard.

And it's a rumour I'm spreading as fast as I can.



# Let us support the Azanian struggle!

by Dale Woodyard

There are few causes which enjoy broader or more sympathetic support than the just struggle of the oppressed black people of Azania against the hated South African police state and against the system of institutionalized racism known as apartheid.

The Pretoria regime remains in power, however and continues to attack and suppress the people because it enjoys the active backing of imperialism in general and the financial and political support of U.S. imperialism and British colonialism in particular. The Canadian bourgeoisie and Canadian government are actively doing their part, as well, in maintaining this instrument for foreign exploitation.

But the struggle of the Azanian people continues without a day passing where a demonstration or some form of protest is not launched against the regime. The courageous defiance of the youth of Azania and the vicious suppression of their rights and continued denial of the right of universal suffrage is a reality that even the limited North American news accounts have not been able to hide.

## WORLD IMPERIALISM: MENTOR OF THE RACIST REGIME

The struggle of the Azanian people cannot be detached from the imperialist system of exploitation headed by the two superpowers—the U.S. imperialism and Soviet Social imperialism. The struggle in Azania can be seen as part and parcel of the anti-imperialist struggles taking place all over the world such as in El Salvador, Afghanistan and against the Zionist state of Israel. Apartheid South Africa is an instrument of imperialism's attacks on the people of the region. A representative of the apartheid regime stated that the invasion of neighbouring states two weeks ago was "no different from the U.S. strike on Libya." While U.S. state department spokesmen tried to squirm out of that confession, the fact is that the aggressive unprovoked strikes are the same and are part of the escalating attacks on peoples and oppressed countries which are carried out by imperialism.

## NATIONAL LIBERATION VERSUS TERRORISM

Terrorism is complex and has many causes but the chief organizers of terrorism in



the world are the two superpowers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Terrorism is a weapon against the people. It is not an instrument of the peoples fighting for national and social liberation. The imperialists and social imperialists are exploiting the just indignation and hatred of the people for terrorism in order to justify a crusade against the peoples fighting for freedom. Since it is a tool of imperialism, it is no accident that the apartheid regime attacks the people on the imperialists' pretext of fighting terrorism.

## UNIVERSITY OF WINDSOR STUDENTS AND FACULTY OPPOSE APARTHEID

For a number of years now there have been on-going efforts on campus to express support for the just struggle against the racist regime in South Africa through demands for boycotts and disinvestment. While it must be recognized that these demands are very limited and only a form of indicating support for the struggle, the students voted in a large majority for total boycott and the faculty by a 60% majority to withdraw all their pension

funds from any South African-related investments. The militant demonstrations and many conferences and meetings organized by the anti-racist students in 1985-86 provided a big impetus on the campus to insisting that these limited demands be carried out.

But the issue is far from resolved, in fact, even the limited demand to divest pension funds has been met with bureaucratic and legal obstructions and a lot of chatter but no action by the responsible authorities. Rather than implement the demand for immediate divestment of pension funds a diversion was organized and it is being proposed to have the matter shelved till the fall. At a time when the fighting peoples of Azania are inspiring justice-loving people all over the world with their self-sacrificing efforts it is quite an ugly joke to hear the whinings of a few self-serving backward professors fearing that their pension funds may not get the greatest rate of return unless the portfolio includes the blood and sweat of the black people in the mines of South Africa! Equally disgusting are the apologists who

cannot take action for fear of offending such bigots!

The struggle for concrete demands to weaken and isolate the hated regime in Pretoria further exposes who supports this detested colonial anachronism. Racist exploitation has been declared anti-democratic time and time again but the imperialists, the financial oligarchs, the monopoly capitalists who benefit from the super exploitation of the peoples and nations on the basis of sex or colour of skin, have never agreed to dismantle any more than the barest "appearances" of such a system.

## NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR CELEBRATION

I strongly feel that now is not the time to be celebrating. The fact remains that it requires an act of considerable defiance and risk to even attend a funeral in Azania as thousands have been beaten, arrested or shot while expressing their grief for their fallen martyrs, murdered by the armed forces of the racist regime. We must persist in our struggle against that regime, to implement the just demands for total boycott and disinvestment and to expose all those who are maintaining links with the regime. As well, we should expose all those who are the ardent apologists for imperialism because it is imperialism which is the architect and current mentor of the racist regime of Pretoria.

The Canadian bourgeoisie and its representatives in government and other Canadian chauvinists are very vocal about "deploring" and "abhorring" apartheid these days. But they are silent on their own one thousand and one ties with world imperialism, their own imperialist aspirations to exploit and dominate according to what they call their "vital interests" internationally, etc. Our support for the fighting people of Azania is first and foremost a struggle against our own exploiters, against Canadian chauvinist positions and for the end to exploitation, foreign domination and aggression everywhere! □

*Dale Woodyard is a professor at the University of Windsor; a member of the People's Front Against Racism, Facism and Imperialism; and is a supporter of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist).*

# Amnesty International's position on South Africa

by Geoffrey Reaume and Amnesty International

Amnesty International (A.I.) has worked for over 20 years on behalf of thousands of victims of human rights violations in South Africa. Recently, in the wake of wide-spread black protest against apartheid, political imprisonment, detention without trial, banning and banishment and torture and ill-treatment have increased dramatically. Deaths in detention, abduction and murder of government opponents, and the use of the death penalty have also dramatically increased.

Since September, 1984, at least 1200 people have been killed by government security forces, most of them blacks shot by police. A.I. is conducting a world-wide campaign on behalf of persecuted South Africans. A few of the concerns of the human rights organization are noted below.

## Banning and Banishment

The South African authorities use banning and banishment to restrict and silence their opposition without having to justify those actions before the courts. Banned people may not communicate with one another in any way, be quoted in public or private or attend any political or social gathering (that is, meeting of more than two people). They may not move outside the area to which they are restricted or enter any educational institution or factory without special permission. Banished people are restricted to places often



hundreds of miles from their homes and their previous workplaces.

## Torture and Ill-treatment

Detainees are reported to have been hooded, beaten, and given electric shocks. Some have been threatened with execution, with pistols pressed against their temples. Others have been subjected to the "helicopter" torture, partial suffocation, beating with sticks, whips and other implements, being forced to

stand for long periods holding heavy objects above their head, exposure to extreme cold, and prolonged sleep deprivation. Detainees have also been subjected to deliberate humiliation and degradation through denial of toilet or washing facilities and by being interrogated while naked. Emergency regulations grant immunity in advance to all law enforcement officials for any actions committed "in good faith" in this exercise of their powers.

## Amnesty International's reaction to the abolition of the pass laws

On April 18, South African Botha declared a moratorium on arrests of blacks for "pass law violation". Previously, all black South Africans above the age of sixteen had to carry a pass book which identified the bearer and where he or she lived and worked.

Literally hundreds of thousands of blacks were arrested each year for not being in possession of their pass books. The pass laws are to be replaced by what President Botha said will be a "non-discriminatory system of orderly legislation." Passbooks now carried by blacks will be replaced by a uniform identity document for people of all races. Amnesty International is concerned that the government will simply substitute one form of control for another. There are no plans to abandon either race classification or the Group Areas Act which determines in which areas members of each racial group must reside. Hence if people of all races are required to carry passes, there could still be

restrictions on movement. The new legislation and how it is applied will have to be monitored carefully.

## Abduction and Murder of Government Opponents and the Death Penalty

A.I. has called on the South African government numerous times to investigate the attacks on and murder of opposition organizers. This has included the abduction and murder of anti-apartheid teachers, community leaders and lawyer Victoria Mxenge who, at the time of her murder in August, 1985, had been defending sixteen members of the united Democratic Front who had been charged with treason. As far as the death penalty is concerned, a disproportionate number of Africans and "Coloureds" are executed in South Africa as compared to the population ratio between these groups and the white and Asian minorities. This has been a persistent pattern over many years and has given rise to charges that the judicial system is racially biased.

NOTE: The local Windsor Chapter of A.I., Group 22 is organizing public meetings on the situation in South Africa with a video presentation and what individuals can do on their own time to help in this campaign. For more information, call 258-3703; 252-3998 or 252-1517. □

*Geoffrey Reaume is a former chair of Amnesty International Group 22.*



# POUR IT OUT

## A Celebration of Women's Gifts

story and photos by sarah atkinson

You don't have to call yourself a feminist to be interested in women's issues; there are those truly hep women who avoid the word "feminist", in whose circles "women" has not become "wimmin", and among whom militancy, whether in word or deed, is consistently being given the ploughshare treatment. Emancipation? A tough fight got us that? Yeah, and the western world is such a better place now that women have the right to vote. Sure.

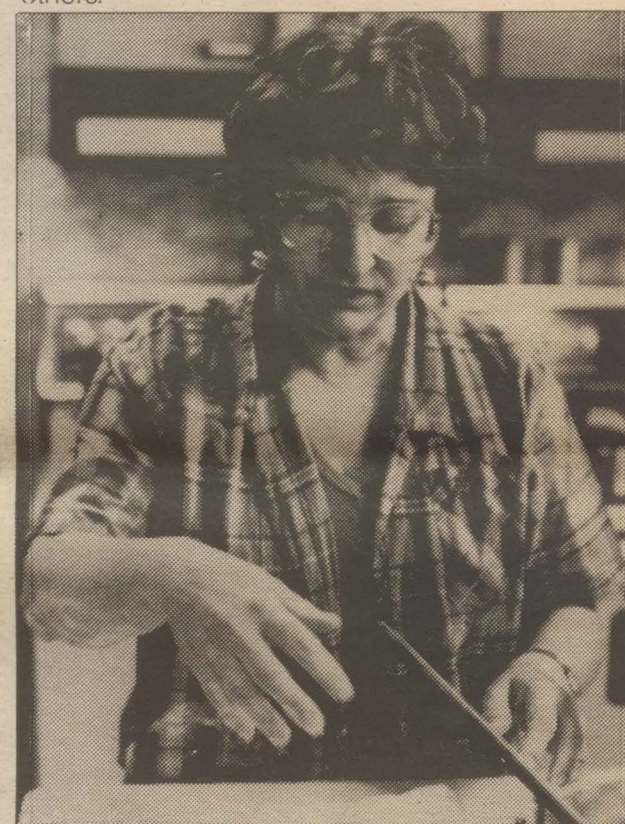
Social cynicism aside, women's interests have been long in need of a transformation, and one group that's hoping to help effect that change is the Hamtramck, Michigan-based Women's Sources and Resources. Marcia Burrows, one of its founding members, hesitates to call the group an "organization", choosing rather to characterize it as an "umbrella", a

middleground offering women opportunities to make connections with each other in a positive and nurturing atmosphere. While the drive for equality has landed many women in a working world that has little consensus within it about equality and no particular regard for creativity and the affiliated things that make life worth living, Women's Sources and Resources are taking an approach that defies the dictates of a hostile and dehumanizing business arena. (Let this not be mistaken; I believe it's very important that women have active participation in the workings of a necessary social monster. But I also believe that the unrelenting hunger of this monster often results in many being eaten up—unpacking this metaphor, the attempt of women to take part can end up being a self-defeating project. But better they get a job than get married—if it's just get away from home. But all this is very much aside, and very much controversial, and very much bigger an issue than I have space or time for here and now.)

One thing the group wants to offer to women is a recess, not an about-face, from the struggle that so often accompanies the deliberations of the woman activist. The liberation of women, after all, involves more than fighting. Out of this attitude grew a two-day event descriptively called "Pour It Out: An Open House Celebration of Women's Gifts". Marcia Burrows and Kathleen Mocerri were the event's main co-ordinators. Says Marcia: "We wanted to have an event that would be celebratory, joyful. There was a common thread of interest—creativity—so when we had the available space, 'Pour It Out' is what happened." The space was a Kingsville retreat house owned by some Michigan nuns. Those who chose to attend were encouraged to bring with them something to share, "something they have created"—a skill, a craft, examples of art work, books, poetry.

I arrived on the Saturday (May 10th) with: my mother, armed with bread-baking gear and a

burgeoning basket of buns; my sister, who, besides toting her seven-month old son, hauled a large green plastic bag of her puppets; my camera, and a notebook. The day centered around a series of demonstrations and workshops by those who had brought something to share. What transpired was one of the most peaceful afternoons I have ever spent, alone or with others.



Mary Atkinson "kneading is 'giving'"

Many of the women in attendance were mothers and were glad enough to have this time off from familial demands. "This is my Mother's Day. Tomorrow's the obligation," said one.

Michigan-based poet Annika Fjelstad gave a workshop, then encouraged the group to spend a short time composing something of their own. The results weren't exactly Whitman or Webb, but what was important was the opportunity given to reflect, and to express

"We wanted to have an event that would be celebratory, joyful. There was a common thread of interest—creativity—so when we had the available space, 'Pour It Out' is what happened."

some of that reflection in words. Annika also gave a reading of her own poetry which reflect the sentiments and experiences of an introspective woman.

I cannot pretend to be unmoved by that day's events (despite a masculine intellect which I have long cultivated to be more so) and I can't help but remain convinced that (and please forgive the proceeding tackiness) real women do bake bread.

two  
poems  
by  
woman  
poet  
annika  
fjelstad

### Grandmother Wisdom

Days sat patient waiting for telephones,  
for tomorrow, for thanks, for tears.  
I dream to run, run around, run away, run the show  
forgetting that grandmother wisdom  
does not ripen in ratraces  
even the young know well,  
but in the daily throb  
of working, washing, wishing, worrying,  
picking corn, hauling water, cooking dinner,  
I wonder, wait, watch dreams and washtubs  
fill and drain, fill and drain, over and over  
and over, always filling, never filled,  
always draining, never drained,  
rhythms painful patient as the toughening of trees  
nurtured by time and salt of tears.

### The Awakening

Nightrise lights the crescent moon,  
sky daughter tracing time in tides  
that ripple orange toward the twilight  
blurring islands, sunset, self  
as Superior sleeps gentle into night

Centered in a skyline circle  
skin and soul ache joyful in the loon call chill,  
fierce Goddess kiss, waterweb, woman, spirit  
in the rhythm of whose heartbeat  
I discover myself, the lover and the dance



Margaret Romain and son Kevin—"something she created"

Women's Sources and Resources is a non-profit organization who describe themselves as:

"a circle of individuals connected by a common desire to draw forth and nurture the seeds of growth germinating within ourselves and in all women."

The group organizes seminars, projects, and programs for and about women.

For information concerning Women's Sources and Resources write to:

P.O. Box 12296  
Hamtramck, Michigan 48212,  
or call 1-313-873-1703.



Poet Annika Fjelstad with "Pour It Out" co-ordinators Kathleen Mocerri and Marcia Burrows



# Area high-schoolers play volleyball

## Regionals...

by Catharine Hudec

The first cut is the deepest.

Only nine of a total of 43 local high school students made the first cut for the regional volleyball team. The try-outs were held Saturday, May 17th at the St. Denis Centre. Windsor's region includes Kitchener, Hamilton, and Niagara Falls.

Of the 23 women competing, seven will travel to Brock University for the finals: Antonella Siggia (Brennan), Stephanie Blonde (Brennan), Michelle Daignault (Assumption), Michelle Momeau (Brennan), Jennifer Jurakofsky (Herman), Sandra Lee (Centennial), Kelly Brentigan

(Massey).

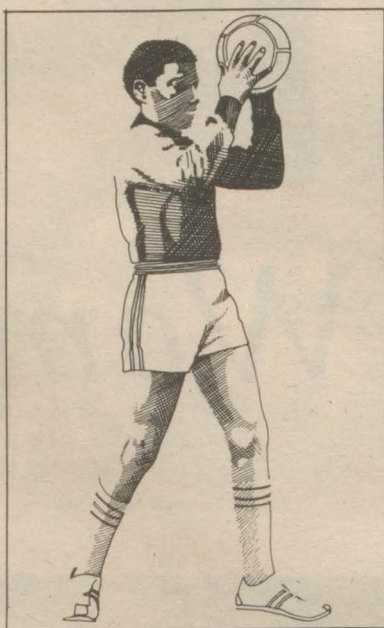
Only two of the 21 men who tried out survived the initial cut: Raymond Lui (Assumption), Paul Sheller (Sarnia Northern).

They will compete in Guelph for a spot on the team.

The 12 students of each sex who make the final cuts on May 25 will compete against the five other regional teams in the Ontario Summer Games at Trent University July 17-20. □

## ...an update

The final cuts for the regional volleyball team were held on Sunday May 25. Antonella Siggia and Stephanie Blonde made the final cut at Brock University and are now members of



the regional team.

At the final tryouts for the men's team Paul Sheller became a member of the regional team. Raymond Lui was one of four setters picked for the team, but not all the setters will be kept. His position is tentative until June 8, when a final decision will be made. □

## Triples

by Lance Sports staff

The volleyball Lancerettes hosted the ninth annual "Salute to Spring" triples volleyball tournament at the St. Denis Centre Sunday, May 18.

The tournament matched 26 high school teams from as far away as Wallaceburg and Blenheim.

Windsor Sport Information Officer, said the event helps the university "keep in touch with the rest of the community."

The games are less competitive, and the emphasis is on fun, she said.

In triples volleyball, each team is allowed only three players on the court. When a set time period expires, the team ahead at that point wins.

This year's champions were the Brennan Jacks-1 in the women's division, and the Centennial Bermuda Circles for the men.

The Jacks-1 defeated the Assumption RJMP's two straight games to win the best-of-three final series. After dropping the first game of the finals to the Blenheim Beachcats, the Bermuda Circles rallied and came out on top. □

# Comm. studies students twomp staff

by Chris Edwards

Communication studies students avenged last year's dismal performance, handily defeating the staff, 19-7, at the second Annual Comm. Studies Baseball Match, held at the South Campus diamond Friday, May 16.

Over 30 participants enjoyed the affair,



organized to encourage staff/student interaction.

The students, coached again this year by Rob (Warning Track) Pearson, were out for blood. Their assault began with a four-run burst in the first inning, and they never fell behind.

The staff, for their part, displayed a few fireworks of their own, such as Tom (Cathode Ray) Fuerth's monster home run smash, the Chaplinesque fielding of Drs. Selby and

Cuthbert, a fleet-footed display by Dr. Lewis, and outstanding individual efforts by staff secretaries Sheila, Ann and Karen.

Staff coach Dr. Stu (Swat) Surlin was nowhere to be found, but he was rumoured by one source to be in Ottawa working with Prime Minister Brian (Roger Ramjet) Mulroney on the PM's much-needed "public-image" campaign. Dr. Surlin was, however, heard to remark, "We'll beat them in the rubber match", scheduled to be played next year.

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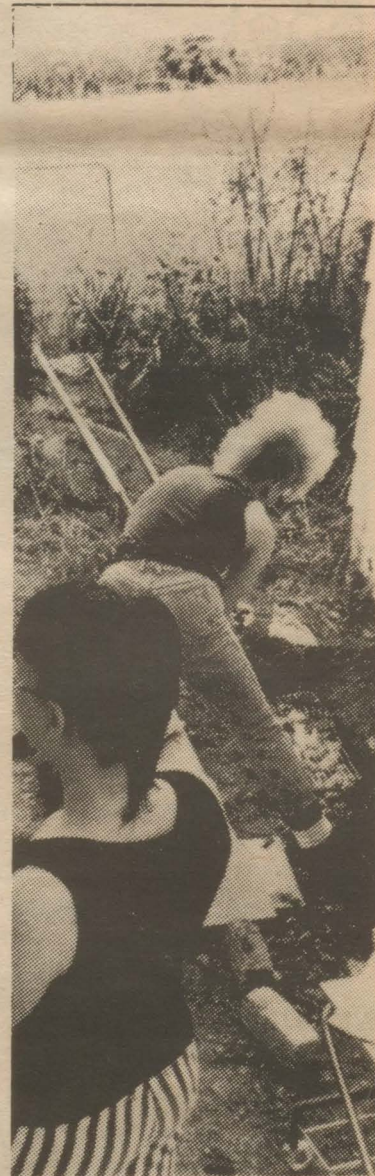
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# Alcoholic pathos at the Rep

by Lorenzo Buj

Detroit Repertory Theatre (13103 Woodrow Wilson) is currently in mid-run with Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*, a play that was supposed to be part of a nine-play cycle on an American family.

The Rep dares to do this story of an Irishman and the tempestuous swathe he cuts through his 1828 Boston tavern, with a mixed cast. But one looks past the initial peculiarity of blacks in the main roles (Fran and Von Washington as daughter Sara and father Con, respectively) and rivets to their performance.

Luckily for us, they're an accomplished match in a play that is, after all, typical O'Neill: long, talkative, with its emotional heat both ruefully and edgily sketched.

We're subject to a deep and rather involved study of Con Melody as he struts about his tavern, proudly refusing to humble himself to the blood-level link he shares with the grass-roots Irishmen who drink in his establishment. This issue of origins and social status is stormily brought to the fore as he lashes out at faithful, solid wife Nora (Barbara Busby), and clashes with the intense and purposeful Sara, who is the very product of a marriage 'beneath' him.

In classic theatre tradition, much of the pivotal action takes place off-stage and is related later. For example, we get only the play-by-play of Sara's love affair with Simon, the young Yankee poet who's run off to taste American nature but is currently laid up at the Melody tavern, never to appear on stage.

Washington glows in her re-telling of the consummate pre-marital glory of their love, especially as it leads to the realization that "in one way he doesn't count at all, because it's love, your own love, you love in him, and to keep that your pride will do anything." Pride's the key word, for it marks an essential link between daughter and father. When Con comes back from an attempt to do battle with the young Yankee poet's businessman-father who refuses to validate the betrothal, Washington is the very epitome of a man beaten into submission. He is clubbed, bloody, withdrawn, and sits by sunk in stunned silence as his old warpal under Wellington, Jamie Cregan (played by a swarthy, amiable Nelson Phillips) relates the whole thing.

In general, Washington discharges his Con Melody (the name alone is appropriately pregnant with pun, wry critical insight, and provides ample deconstructive fodder in relation to the character; indeed, to O'Neill's own 'poetry' at mid-career) with a seizing and, not surprisingly, likable display of ire. In fact his is the first ever professional portrayal of Melody by a black actor. He gives us the soldier, the poet, the aristocrat, and drunk in an uneasy and intriguing mixture. I say uneasy because the drunkenness, for one, never really comes across; and I say intriguing because his stiff, upright carriage lends itself well to his raging, though sensitive, gravity and the Napoleonic authority of his right hand cutting the air.

Bruce Millan's dark, brown, wood-hewn stage plays a strong complementary role in all this. We get the feeling that this small, confined space cannot possibly be large enough to hold in all that pride and passion; but we soon realize that this claustrophobic little realm will withstand all his heated



L to R—Fran Washington, Nelson Phillips, Barbara Busby, seated—Von H. Washington

exhalations.

In counterpoint, Busby's Nora is humble, domestic, understanding, but with a differential strength that's more than just a sensible capacity to stand by her man.

Meanwhile, Fran Washington's Sara hounds mercilessly. The fact her father's pride is also hers never once surfaces, with any semblance of tenderness. Washington is quick, cutting, agitated, often making it seem as if passion is best realized as a function of angry energy.

But this is no drawback, for it links daughter and father more intimately than any straightforward affection ever could. Indeed, it is one of the instructive parallels O'Neill means us to see in the play. And it is a play full of parallels, almost all of them leading back to Melody, who I want to focus on in closing since he is the problematic locus of the American Dream in all its glorious failings.

If you read this without having seen the production, then I hope it could serve as an instructive little blurb on what to watch for.

The dream is shown as an uneven dialectic tension between poetry and pragmatism, money and meter. Melody

stands before his mirror repeating a stirring creed from Byron's *Childe Harold*, but his true test comes in the whole complex aftermath of his drunken pass at Deborah Harford (done to cool self-possessing exactitude by Kimberley Newberry), the Yankee's wife.

When he eventually falls to the distasteful task of humbling himself, we see the dream is nothing but a devouring backdrop for the inner agon that has already eaten away from within. The moral is that if you're a blustery romantic past your prime, you fail to grab the dream by the throat, and it rolls on, assimilating you.

By the time the next play, *More Stately Mansions*, starts, the dream—in the form of the ill off-stage poet—will mercilessly defeat the daughter.

and perhaps that's what the title's getting at: a more touch of the poet isn't enough, not in a vast Emersonian America with railroading on a grand scale still to come.

O'Neill knows—one must be a poet capable of creating oneself wholly out of nothing. Failing to do that, the all-too-human result is an engrossing, but finally unfulfilling legacy of alcoholic pathos.

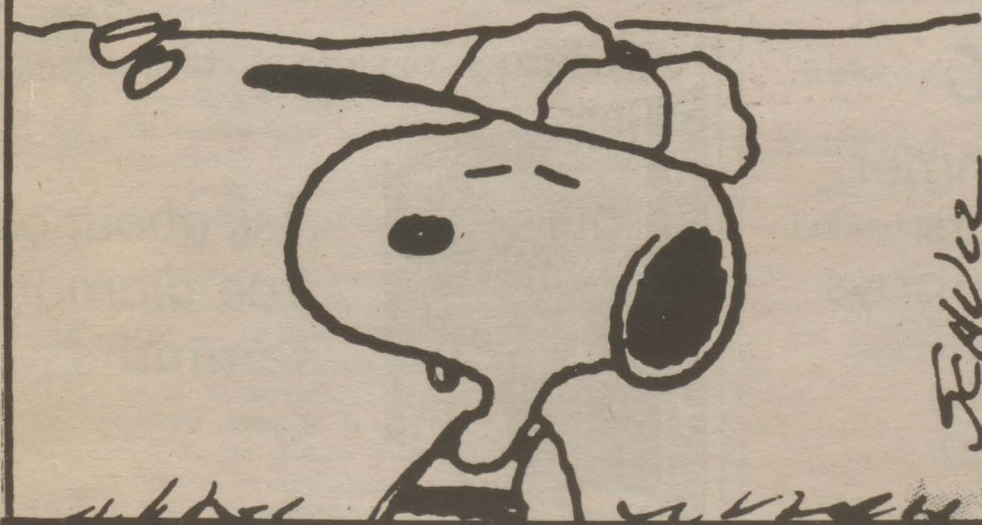
# You're a good wimp, Charlie Brown

by Kevin Atkinson

The School of Dramatic Art is currently presenting Charles M. Shultz's children's play, *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* at the Faculty of Education. Although the production is geared to a child's sensibilities, the fact doesn't excuse the often simplified and one-sided characterizations that most of the players (apparently abetted by director Robert E. Dorrell) adopted.

This approach is particularly fatal to Shultz's characters, who often have two distinct, and often apparently contradictory traits. For example, Linus (at least in the comic strip—and this is the bias I speak from, based on a long and casual familiarity with it) displays at least two incongruous elements: the insecure infant, and the wise sage. John A. Shellhorn fulfilled the former requirement almost too well through a combinations of a naturally pudgy, baby-fat physique, and an admirable mimicry of pre-schooler elocution. But I saw none of the comic strip Linus' philosophic resilience and meditative bent. Thus the "enigma" episode remained more

IT'LL BE A SELLOUT!



or less just that.

Pamela Martin's Lucy was similarly flawed. The comic strip Lucy's dual nature, which

we shall designate strident-wily, was evoked only in the former term of that oxymoron. Martin merely shrieked and shrieked (albeit

with a appropriately infantile disregard for sensitive ear-drums).

Brad Toulouse's Schroeder was a rare but unremarkable synthesis, attained perhaps only because the two traits he united (if we insist upon continuing the Schulz-schism thesis)—temperamental artist and pouty six-year old—are so similar anyway.

Charlie Brown represents in this fragmented pre-school cosmos the unstable dialectical figure, seeking heroic self-affirmation in such specious and meretricious theses as the airborne kite and the Little-Red-Haired-Girl. He is a wimp. W. E. Mark Stacey sported a suitably wimpy posture, but an unfortunately concomitant blandness of performance.

The school-children who were bussed in for the even didn't catch on at first to the style of the show, but gradually came to appreciate its brand of humour and learned to complete its spare stylized sets with their imagination. By the time the true showstopper rolled around—Snoopy's frenzied Suppertime frolic (Michael Pare deserves a hand here)—the auditorium roared with the din of pre-adolescent approbation.



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# Pop : Topper bops

**WAKING UP  
Topper Headon  
(Mercury/Polygram)**

Topper Headon's first solo album comes as a pleasant surprise. I say surprise because of my disappointment over releases from other Clash alumnae. Last year saw Mick Jones' Big Audio Dynamite, a dance band which with more hype than substance fizzled without a bang, as well as Joe Strummer's and Paul Simonon's (a.k.a. the Clash) joint effort which only succeeded in showing that they share a common problem with John Lydon— it's hard to be a convincing frontman once you've gotten rid of your band. Headon succeeded where these others failed because he was able to shed a past which had become too burdensome and instead assemble a dance band which without pretension can really rock. Like Paul Weller who also began afresh, Headon's band is heavily soul influenced, coming complete with a brass section. Standing out for him are Jimmy Helms, a fine vocalist who practically shouts instead of singing, as well as keyboardist Mickey Gallagher who may be remembered from the Clash's Sandinista! and London Calling albums. Musically, the band has assimilated other diverse influences besides soul such as jazz, big band, and funk, though whatever the style their songs are always extremely danceable. Headon is most responsible for this because of his drumlines which are always kept in the forefront. Apart from eight of their own compositions, they do two covers, big band drummer Gene Kupra's *Drumming Man* and Booker T. Jones' *Time Is Tight*. The latter seemed a bit redundant because of its familiarity. Before finishing, I should put any doubters to rest who may be wondering whether as a drummer, Headon deserves star billing. Without a doubt he does because the band is very much his own creation; along with the drumming, the album credits him with the responsibility for all writing and arranging.



T. Headon hugs himself

— Peter Burton

## social gaffes

**NEWS**

**Friday, June 6**  
— Multicultural Council of Windsor and Essex County is sponsoring Carrousel of the Nations '86. For information call 255-1122.

**Saturday, June 7**  
— BANA the Bulimia Anorexia Nervosa Association-CAN/AM of Windsor is sponsoring a conference on Eating Disorders. For information call 253-7421.

**MUSIC**

**Friday, May 30**  
— Meat Puppets with Sleep at the Graystone. Show at 9 p.m. admission \$6.00. For more info. call (313) 581-1000.

**Friday, June 6**  
— Jane Siberry at St. Andrews Hall, Bricktown. For further information call (313) 996-2747.

**Friday, June 13**  
— The Windsor Coalition for Disarmament presents Charlie King with Len Wallace at the Windsor Press Club, 83 Riverside Dr. Admission \$5.00, concert at 8 p.m. For more information call 973-3981 or 252-1517.

**ART**

**May 29 to August 17**  
— The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of Francois Boucher. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people. Advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7884. Public tours 1 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday.

**Ongoing**  
— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of 170 vintage photographs of 19th and early 20th century Canadian from the William Notman & Sons Studio. Exhibit runs until June 1st.

**May 29 to June 6**  
— The School of Dramatic Art will present the musical "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" at the Faculty of Education. Runs May 27 to May 30 and June 2 to June 6. Tickets \$2.00 or \$1.75 for groups of 10 or more. For reservations call 253-4232 ext. 2804.

**Ongoing**  
— The Birmingham Theatre presents "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat," an Old Testament musical. Runs through June 8. For further information call (313) 642-1326.

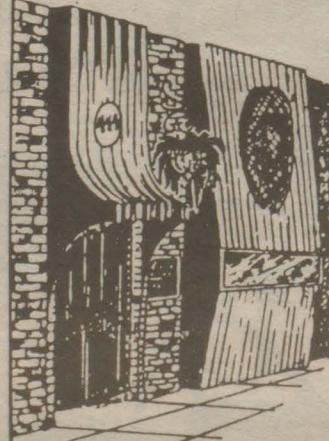
**May 30 to June 1**  
— Chris Jaszczak presents the Sankai Juku Dance Company at the Music Hall Center. Show at 8 p.m., tickets \$17.50, \$15.00, and \$12.50. To make reservations call (313) 963-7680.

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Monday - Thursday 8:00 am - 11:45 pm  
Friday 8:00 am - 8:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 8:00 pm

Monday May 19, 1986. Victoria Day. Closed.  
Summer Recess - Friday June 20, 1986 - Tuesday July 1, 1986

Monday - Friday 8:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 5:00 pm

Tuesday July 1, 1986. Canada Day. Closed.  
Summer Session - Wednesday July 2, 1986 - Tuesday August 19, 1986

Monday - Thursday 8:00 am - 11:45 pm  
Friday 8:00 am - 8:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 8:00 pm

Monday August 14, 1986. Civic Holiday. Closed.  
Fall Recess - Wednesday August 20, 1986 - Sunday September 7, 1986

Monday - Friday 8:00 am - 6:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday 12:00 noon - 5:00 pm

Monday September 1, 1986. Labour Day. Closed.



# New Music

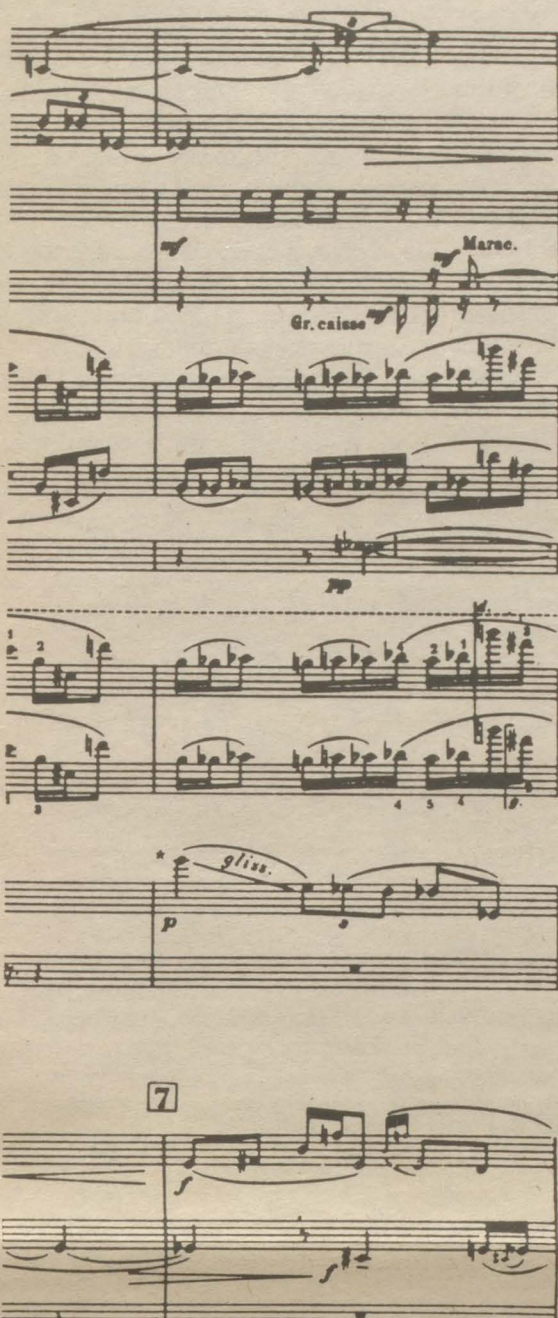
## Composers not dead yet

by Kevin Atkinson

The Essex Winds last Wednesday (May 21) gave a diverting, if occasionally technically marred, concert as part of the Largely Canadian Series' May Festival, which, for the most part, refreshingly featured the works of composers who are still alive.

The evening opened rather unremarkably with Canadian composer Dirk Keetbaas' transcription of Georg Philipp Telemann's *Suite in B minor* in what was perhaps an attempt to maintain the self-conscious eclecticism that has characterized the Largely Canadian Series so far. The necessity of playing a transcription illustrated the woeful scantiness of the repertoire for woodwind quintet, and this particular transcription further illustrated the woeful scantiness of *good* (a term which should refer to something a significant degree above the merely passable) transcriptions. The individual characteristics of the instruments, far from being employed in any aesthetically augmentative role, often pointlessly obtruded themselves. Telemann's music admittedly allows little ground for experiment in this direction, contrapuntally oriented as it is, and its orchestrally conceived sound (that conceptual orchestra being, of course, of diminutive Baroque proportions) often came across as somewhat frail and thin. The aesthetic guidelines adopted by arranger Keetbaas are unavoidably prosaic matters of clarity and voice range (rather than tone colour, for example). The execution by the Essex Winds was correspondingly drab—they all demonstrated proficiency rather than virtuosity, common sense rather than inspiration—except for a few sections of unusual lightness and vigour.

The concert took a dramatic change of pace in aesthetic orientation, if not in technical finesse, with the premiere of Edmonton composer Malcolm Forsyth's *Quintette for Winds (or...)* (its commission being further testimony to the aforementioned paucity of quintet literature). In his piece Forsyth indulges his two musical preoccupations ("...one of which is Hemiola and the other is NOT") with imagination, rhythmic complexity, and very little pity for the unproficient player. Forsyth's piece is very difficult, and he explores, according to the typical 20th century composers wont, all frontiers of the medium—harmonic, contrapuntal, rhythmic—with an often blithe disregard for the possible technical limitations of the performers. The most difficult part was apparently that assigned to the clarinet (Blake Stephenson)—although this judgement is largely based on the fact that it is from that quarter



(or fifth, as it were) that the most egregious, and most raucously announced, errors arose. Apart from these odd moments, the execution ranged from passable to admirable.

The concert continued its 20th century post-war vein with a performance of the *Sechs Bagatellen* (1953) by György Ligeti (b.1923). Ligeti displays here a stylistic anonymity that is not at all like his very distinctive and progressive work of later years. The piece is retrospective in style, adopting, mask-like, in its various movements a number of different influences in 20th century music (typified in such diverse composers as Stravinsky, Bartok, Poulenc, Sibelius, and Prokofiev) with a sense of taxonomic tidiness, with each movement being very stylistically insular from its mates.

The last piece listed on the program was the *Dix-Sept Variations*, Op. 22 of Jean-Michel Damase (b. 1928), which, like the preceding Ligeti piece, was not emphatically progressive in conception, but proved to be eminently listenable. In this and the previous piece the Essex Winds played well, attaining a technical apogee in Leslie McGowan's humorous bassoon solo, and a forgettable nadir in a flute and oboe duet (played by Jean-François Rompré and GERALYN GIOVANNETTI respectively—both of whom usually example their talent with much greater finesse. Incidentally, since I haven't mentioned it elsewhere, Anne Marie Monaco was the horn player, a post she filled with unostentatious proficiency.)

The Essex Winds concluded the evening with a brief encore, a burlesque version of the folk tune "What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?" by a 20th century British composer whose name I have unsuccessfully wracked my brains to recall. It turned out to be the best performance of the evening having the audacity and colour the others lacked.

It was, all in all, the kind of performance where I was tempted to take an academics reductionist license and label it with a big fat letter grade (B minus to B plus range) and be done with it, rather than strain my critical faculties in noting every passing blunder and flaw as they mounted in number to form a statistically verifiable mediocrity. It was typical of the best of rw.03 Windsor classical music offerings: a core of proficiency, or even artistry, whose potential radiance is lamentably obscured by a haze of imperfections, like the sooty gloom that mars this city's horizons on even the brightest days. Windsor is, alas, but a dusty sidetrack among the foothills of Parnassus.

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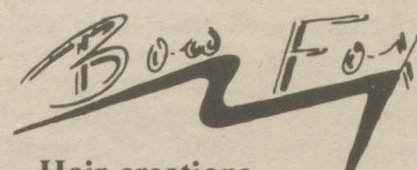
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# ARMS FULL OF SOMETHING

by sarah atkinson  
photo's by chris mcnamara

What was it that attracted such ample attendance to Artcité's "Artists and Models: A Gala Evening of Art Fashion", held at Mackenzie Hall last Friday night? Was it that incendiary term "fashion" that coerced these petit patrons to dig into pockets, quilted pouches, and snakeskin clutch bags alike to retrieve a steepish \$15.00 admission fee? Along with, perhaps the promise of free food, a cash bar, a dance party, and an auction — yes, an opportunity to partake dynamically in Windsor's avant-garde couture scene and walk away with arms full of something that most of Mackenzie Hall's (or, for that matter, Karen Hall's) neighbours wouldn't be caught dead in.

Things got off to a late and awkward start, but after what sounded like a wiring short-out had been taken care of, and background music flowed like new wine from old skins, master of ceremonies Glyde Sterart talked her audience through the vital and no-so-vital stats of several dozen haute and not-so-haute outfits. Believe me, I did try to make this event remind me of those days of Parisian glory when Sonia Delaunay (artist wife of painter Robert Delaunay), not Chanel, used the domestic female body to

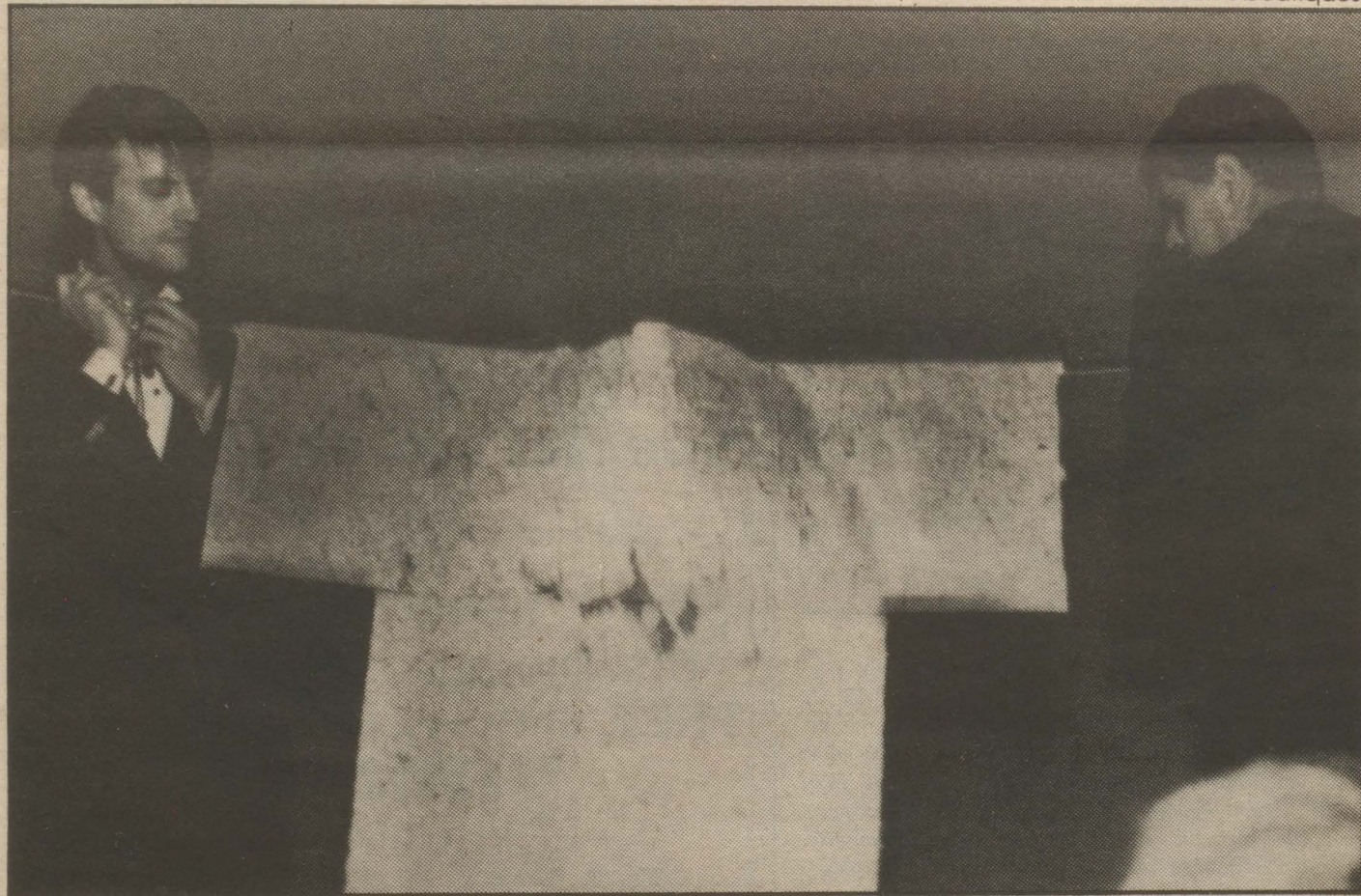
those who write for a readership who avoid the Goodwill because of the diseases they might catch (they obviously don't know the role of Lysol in such establishments, and besides, come on, as if.). What I would like to know, on a slightly more technical level is: where are the bellbottoms that the fashion avant-gardists have been promising us for two years? Is this hippie revival thing (already fingertip knowledge of the dowdiest housewife) a selective resurrection? Who of these gumptious designers has the guts to see it through to its bitter and ridiculous end? I've never been one to favour this concept of style or era revival, and maybe it's just the infernal need of trend-setters and trend-followers alike to resort to labelling to mask a lack of any particular justification. The labelling of a "revival" as such in turn spawns a variety of extraneity — but wait, maybe that's the answer to my question about bell-bottoms, i.e. no one wants them because everybody thinks they're ugly; so, it isn't really much of a revival if a most elemental part is simply being avoided, is it?

And then there are those mainstream fashion terms like "hippie look", "Indian influence", "60's ensemble",

On the other side of pretentiousness were the simple and draped articles by Jerome Desmarais, who appeared, monk-like, in a sarong, bringing new hope to the cause of male liberation from bifurcation. The works of Mark Sikich, Susanne Konyha, and Clara Deck were painterly enough to be excluded from the slew of aforementioned criticisms; clothing creation is, I assume, for these three artists a side interest, which is true of many of the participation designers. I think, or hope, that it's more than

*'I charge thee  
to return and  
change thy  
shape. That holy  
shape becomes  
a devil best...'  
marlowe*

hard-core socialist tendencies that cause me to come down so mercilessly on the offerings of two bourgeois establishments — Windsor's boutiques



serve art and design; but the atmosphere that I found descending upon me was a hybrid of watered-down Dada socio-sentimentality, faked-hippie trendyism, and Dior wanna-be susceptibility. The initial prancings of sundry youths in boutique beach wear seemed overdone in its attempt to mimic the hard-nosed pretension of real commercial fashion shows, but several minutes of teeth-gritting perserverence were relieved by the meta-strut of the darling of Windsor's sub-culture Trev Malcolm, whose cello-taped features upstaged the relatively bland trendy teen garb that Trevor and his (also tape-faced) friends sported.

It would make dull journalism to harp on the "outlandishness" or the "creativity" of the show's motley wares; that kind of treatment is best left for

that betray the inherent superficiality of the world of mainstream commercial (no matter how "avant") fashion. And one must always question the sincerity of the "neo-".

Without tongue-in-cheek-ness (or tongue-taped-to-outside-of-cheekness as model/artist Mark Sikich graciously demonstrated), fashion, the fashion show, and life in general, lose a vital element. I would interpret any individual's grovelling over an astro turf bikini as the expression of an inner thirsting for a few drops of that sarcastic and cynical sensibility that doesn't come easy to just any would-be open-minded fashion devotee. ("Artists and Models" did feature a bikini of astro turf — the work of Windsor artist Anne Marie Beneteau, who outdoes Gaultier for wack-value and seaside social statement-making.)

"Two of Us" and (how many can't wait til it opens) "Hyper Hyper" (bound to be a sickly fragment of Kensington High Street's massive original).

Friday's event was indeed well attended — well over a hundred people showed up — and financially successful: besides admission charge and bar takings, several hundred dollars were raised for Artcité through the nimble auctioneering talents of the School of Fine Arts' Joe DeAngelis (he was told he was not to joke, and thankfully kept veering from obedience), who, proving the birth-rate of suckers (okay, so at least they're supporting the arts), managed to sell his own creation, and evening gown of video tape for 20-odd dollars, as well as the aforementioned bikini, and a considerable amount of the other available stuff.





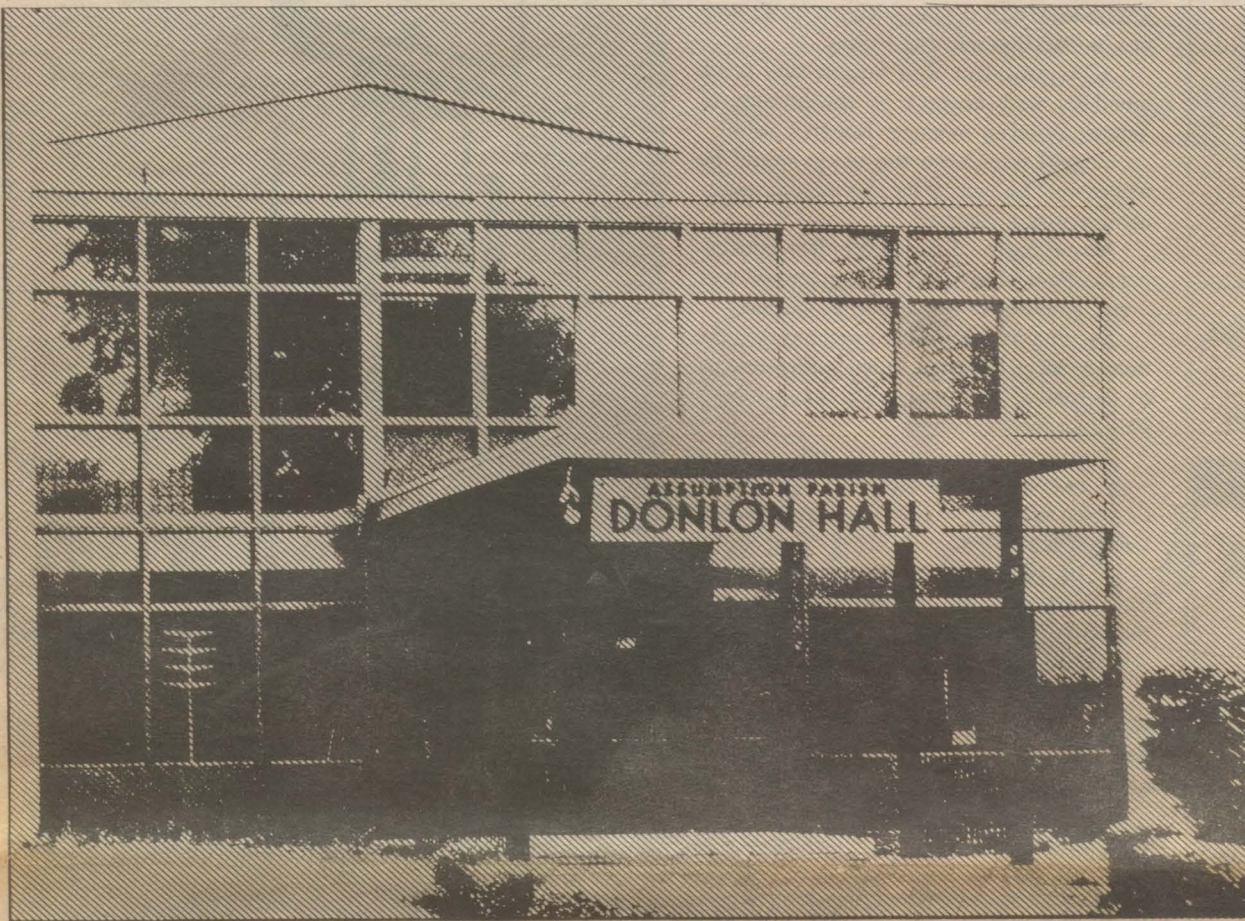
# THE · SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 3, June 12, 1986.



## Donlon Hall an option for students

by Susan McIlveen



Donlon Hall: now a gymnasium, soon to be luxurious, spacious, and affordable student housing.

Lance photo by Sukanya Pillay

## Developer also administrator

by Susan McIlveen

**O**ne employee of the university stands to make money if the university moves residence space into Donlon Hall.

Donlon Hall is currently under consideration by the university as alternative housing for students temporarily displaced by proposed construction to Huron Hall.

The property is being developed by Goudreau Family Holdings, a private Windsor holdings company. One of the members of its board of directors is University of Windsor Assistant Director of Finance Robin Goudreau.

Goudreau has been at the university since February 3, 1986, and says he has known about the plans for Huron Hall since his arrival.

"They've been talking about the project as long as I've been here," said Goudreau.

However, Goudreau said it was not discussion of the Huron Hall development project that led Goudreau Family Holdings to make an offer on Donlon Hall.

"I had the idea (to develop a student residence) long before I came to the university," said Goudreau.

Pete Goudreau, father of Robin Goudreau and chair of the board of directors of Goudreau Family Holdings, managed the Donlon Hall property for Assumption Church for 15 years, and knew that the owner, the Roman Catholic Episcopal Church Diocese of London, would be willing to sell.

"They sold the property for a number of reasons, but mainly it wasn't financially feasible for it to remain open," said Pete Goudreau. "No one was making use of the facilities. It cost (the London diocese) between \$20,000 and \$25,000 a year just to keep it open."

Jerry Haggarty, financial advisor to Assumption Church in the sale of Donlon Hall, said the property was listed for sale with a local real estate firm in January. Goudreau Family Holdings approached the church with an offer to buy the property in early March, and Haggarty referred them to the real estate agent.

An offer was put on the property in mid-March, and the sale was finalized May 1.

Donlon Hall has been publicly discussed as a possible alternate housing arrangement for Huron Hall residents since mid-April.

According to Robin Goudreau, his knowledge of the university's proposal to rezone the Huron Hall property had no bearing on Goudreau Family Holdings' initiation of the purchase of Donlon Hall.

"(The proposed construction to Huron Hall) certainly didn't hurt me much, but we had the plan conceived before Huron Hall was announced," said Robin Goudreau.

Even if the university doesn't contract Donlon Hall for its displaced students, Robin Goudreau is confident all available rooms will be filled.

"We know that there were at least 100 people on a waiting list for residence last year," said Robin Goudreau.

Vice-President Finance and Services Terrence H. R. Parkinson does not think this is a case of conflict-of-interest.

"The university is not involved in Donlon Hall at all. I'd make sure that (Robin Goudreau) is not involved (in the Huron Hall project) from a university point of view," said Parkinson. □

**T**hough plans for the development of the Huron Hall property are still in the works, the university is discussing Donlon Hall as a possibility for temporary accommodation for the displaced students, said Director of Student Services David McMurray.

Donlon Hall, located on Detroit Street, is "the strongest possibility," said McMurray. Formerly a basketball court and reception hall owned by the Roman Catholic Episcopal Church Diocese of London and managed by Assumption Church, Donlon Hall has since been purchased by a private Windsor holdings company. Goudreau Family Holdings purchased the property May 1 for development into student residences, and has already begun construction on the building.

"We're going to have a dorm that will hold 72 students," said Pete Goudreau, chair of the board of directors of Goudreau Family Holdings.

Renovations are being made in preparation for the upcoming academic year.

"We hope to have our grand opening on August 15," said Goudreau.

McMurray said although the possibility of Donlon Hall as a temporary residence has been acknowledged, it was not the deciding factor in the February 25 Board of Governors decision to proceed with plans to rezone Huron Hall. However, he did say no development plans will be implemented until alternative arrangements have been found for the students affected.

"Before anything happens, we will find a place for them," McMurray said.

Throughout the negotiations surrounding the Huron Hall property, McMurray has emphasized communication with the students, resident assistants and members of Huron Hall House Council in order to ensure reasonable satisfaction for all parties involved.

McMurray has cited Donlon Hall as a possibility since April, yet Pam Seaman, Head Resident of Huron Hall knew nothing of Donlon Hall as an option.

"We have been told the university owns quite a bit (of property), and they have numerous options, but they didn't mention any one place," said Seaman.

Seaman also said she is not anticipating a move for Huron Hall students in the 1986-87 academic year.

"As far as I know we're going to be here for the academic year. The earliest that we would have to move is May 1987," Seaman said.

Nevertheless, McMurray indicated that if plans for the Huron Hall property were approved by the Board of Governors, negotiations for Donlon Hall would have to begin soon.

"We've discussed the possibility with (Goudreau). We can't expect him to wait too long," said McMurray. □

## OPUS: No walruses allowed

by Catharine Hudec

The new executive of the Organization of Part-time University Students (OPUS), is concerned with their constituency's special academic needs.

They are trying to keep the university's budgeting problems away from reducing night classes.

The relatively few classes offered in the evenings "makes it hard for (part-time students) to finish their degrees," said Diane Fleming. Many part-time students work during the day and cannot attend classes then.

OPUS is also trying to implement a formal system of long-range course planning. There is presently a counselling system in place at the university but it is not used extensively by the students.

The counselling would help the students plan their schooling so that the lack of a

particular course would not suspend their academic careers.

"Realistically, I would prefer that every student would avail themselves of counselling," said Eric Dobbs, OPUS president.

Dobbs, a political science student, was returned to his post last term. Sue Dufour is vice-president, and Fleming, currently enrolled in the Faculty of Arts, continues to fill the position of Secretary/Treasurer.

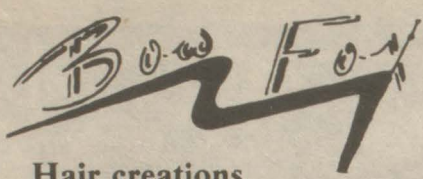
The executive is also trying to solicit greater involvement among part-time students not enrolled on the Windsor campus.

According to Dobbs, students enrolled off-campus need more activities aimed at involving them with student at Windsor.

OPUS represents 4,700 part-time students at the University of Windsor, including 900 at the Chatham campus and about 350 students in Sarnia. □







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# Agreement ends lockout City buses hit the road

by Catharine Hudec

**T**ransit Windsor management and workers reached a settlement Sunday that put the bus system back in business.

Transit Windsor management had locked out its workers May 26, stranding the 25,000 to 27,000 passengers serviced by the buses each day.

The agreement ratified Sunday differed little from the earlier agreement rejected by the union membership.

The two parties struck a tentative agreement with provincial mediation Wednesday, but the 202-member Amalgamated Transit Union local 616 defeated it by a 90-91 vote at a ratification meeting Friday.

ATU president Ron Seguin said some members were angered by the attitude of Transit Windsor manager Robert Coghill.

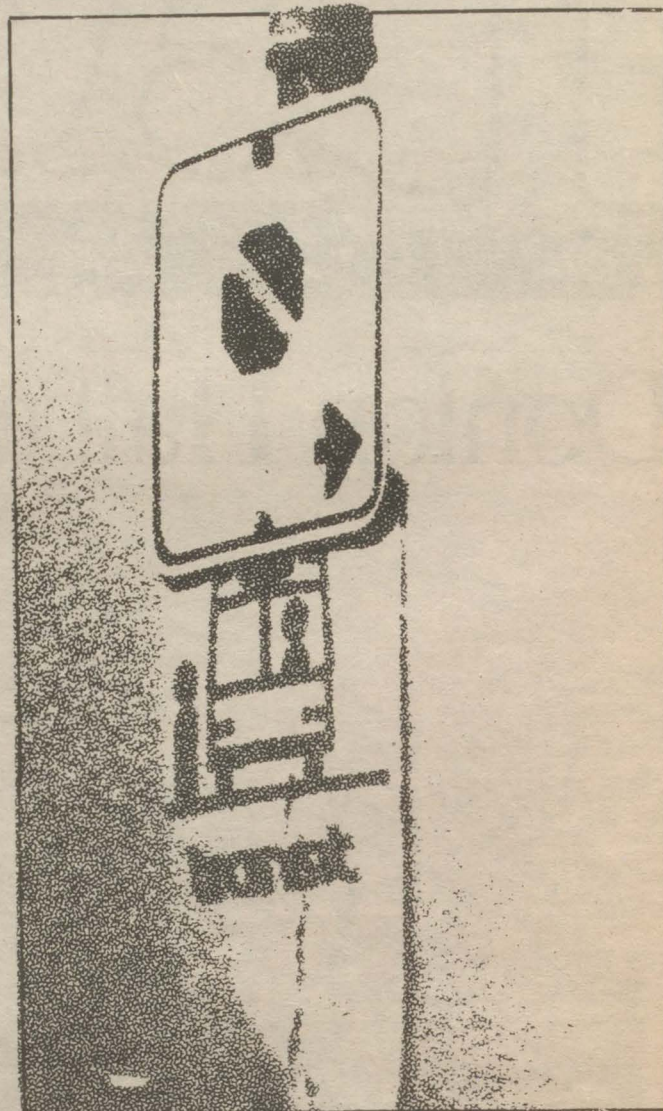
Coghill threatened the union would be locked out "forever" if the Wednesday agreement was not accepted.

According to Transit Windsor spokesperson Paul Logan, the new agreement was "only a matter of juggling what existed."

Seguin said there were few changes in the final package. Those included improvements to the dental plan and a 25 cent-per-hour premium for mechanics.

The agreement gives the employees a wage and benefit increase of 4.1 per cent the first year and 4.4 per cent the second year of the two-year contract.

"The company was bound—it had no more money, so we (the executive) recommended the new agreement more strongly," said Seguin. □



Buses stop under this sign, among others. They then continue on their way. That's the life of a bus. Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

## BANA Conference a Success

by Lisa Gaffan

Although many people recognize the term Anorexia Nervosa, only those who have come into contact with the disease can fully appreciate the horror that it entails.

Anorexia Nervosa and its "sister" disease, Bulimia were the subject of a conference that took place on Saturday, June 7 in the Moot Court at the University of Windsor.

The Bulimia Anorexia Nervosa Association of Windsor (BANA) presented the day-long conference. BANA is an organization designed to educate the community about Anorexia and Bulimia through research and educational programmes for schools and seminars. They provide self-help and support groups for the victims and for their friends and family. The conference was aimed at promoting better awareness of both Anorexia and Bulimia and developing self-help, intervention

and coping techniques to battle the diseases, the conference also featured stress management.

Anorexia Nervosa is an emotional disturbance, which causes its victims to imagine themselves grossly overweight. As a result of this self-image and the lowered self-esteem which accompanies it, they proceed to starve themselves—sometimes to death.

In the course of the conference, one lady described how her daughter often became violent and threw household objects if she found food in the house. An opposite extreme was finding a week's worth of groceries ravaged by a daughter on a binge.

Anorectics are characterized by significant weight loss, avoidance of food and introversion. They are convinced their weight is more than it actually is.

Bulimias are generally extroverted, and do not see themselves as too fat or too slim. Their actual weight

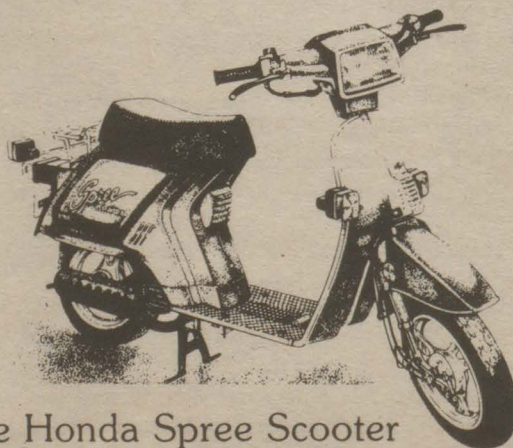
remains within 10-15 lbs. of their ideal weight.

Bulimics are known for their binge-eating. After cramming down large amounts of food, bulimics use a selection of weight control methods to rid themselves of the guilt of having consumed so much. In addition to vomiting, diuretics and laxatives may be used.

Morning and afternoon sessions at the conference involved roundtable discussions on self-help, support groups, intervention techniques and coping strategies.

The evening session consisted of workshops, where participants were shown ways of handling the stress which accompanies the disorders. Sessions in art, dance and music therapy, fitness and relaxation, body image, self-esteem and assertiveness gave those who attended the conference hope for a healthy and promising lifestyle. □

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# PAC inoperative over summer months

by Kevin Johnson

**T**he University of Windsor's Performing Arts Centre will not operate this summer.

A dispute between the university and the centre over the commitment of resources has resulted in a suspension of the theatre group's season.

PAC Director George Nielson said the cancellation was due to "circumstances beyond our control."

According to Nielson, the university breached the Memorandum of Agreement which governs the operation of PAC.

The Memorandum guaranteed the centre "fair and equitable funding," which Nielson said was withheld.

University president Ron Ianni defended the university's position.

"No one on campus is against having summer theatre," but priorities must be set with regard to academic programs, he said.

In light of the general budget problems of the university, "we have not agreed to support him at the same level," as previously, Ianni

said. Like the rest of the university, PAC was expected to accept some cutbacks.

Nielson had a differing interpretation.

"Cuts imply there is less than before, but still something left," he said. However, it was not until April 30 that PAC received official confirmation they would have any money to work with at all.

One drama student, who asked not to be identified, said many students were left in the lurch when summer jobs at PAC became unavailable. 15 students would normally have been hired.

"A lot of people gave things up," the student said.

"They (PAC) had the grant money, they could have done something, and they chose not to do anything."

Finances were a minimal part of the dispute, said Nielson. A larger problem was that technical staff, including set and costume designers, were not made available.

A number of the technical staff were given leave this summer and freed from any obligation to work for the centre, said Nielson.

Many of the rest worked on the School of

Dramatic Arts' presentation of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," at the faculty of Education.

According to Nielson, this made it impossible for PAC to stage its first production of the season, traditionally a children's show.

"Charlie Brown," largely intended for elementary school groups, was originally scheduled to play in the Essex Hall Theatre, but Nielson grieved it, saying the Memorandum of Agreement promised the theatre to PAC for the summer months.

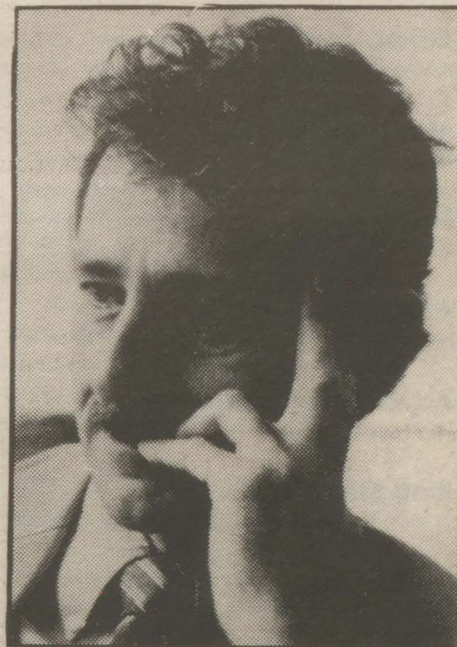
The show then moved to the Faculty of Education. Ianni pointed out the School of Dramatic Arts and the university incurred an expense in the move.

Although Nielson did not use the facility "he would not give us permission to use Essex Hall," Ianni said.

Nielson called the issue a "red herring."

A June 3 meeting between Nielson and Vice-president Academic Gordon Wood failed to arrive at a concrete conclusion.

While PAC will be inactive this summer, Nielson said he is optimistic that he and the university will be able to find a solution to



**George Neilsen.** their differences. He expects to resume normal operation next year.

Wood could not be reached to comment. □

# Innovation Centre aids local inventors

by Andrew Haggert

Necessity is the mother of the Innovation Centre.

The Innovation Centre staged

its official opening Wednesday, May 28th. The Centre is intended to assist local inventors to market their ideas professionally.

The \$500,000 cost of Innovation

House, located at 360 Sunset Avenue, will be split by the university and the Ministry of Industry, Trade and Technology. The Centre is associated with the Faculty of Business Admin-

istration, and is one of 22 across Ontario.

According to Director Frank Smith, they will provide business and technical assistance to local inventors.

When an idea is brought in, it is confidentially discussed. From there, research pertaining to the existence of patents and or registrations of similar products is conducted. After this, an assessment of the product is then discussed in terms of real production and real costs. The Innovation Centre has correspondence with local, national and international businesses who can realistically tell a client actual costs of production.

Other services provided include guidance in marketing, patenting or commercialization of the invention.

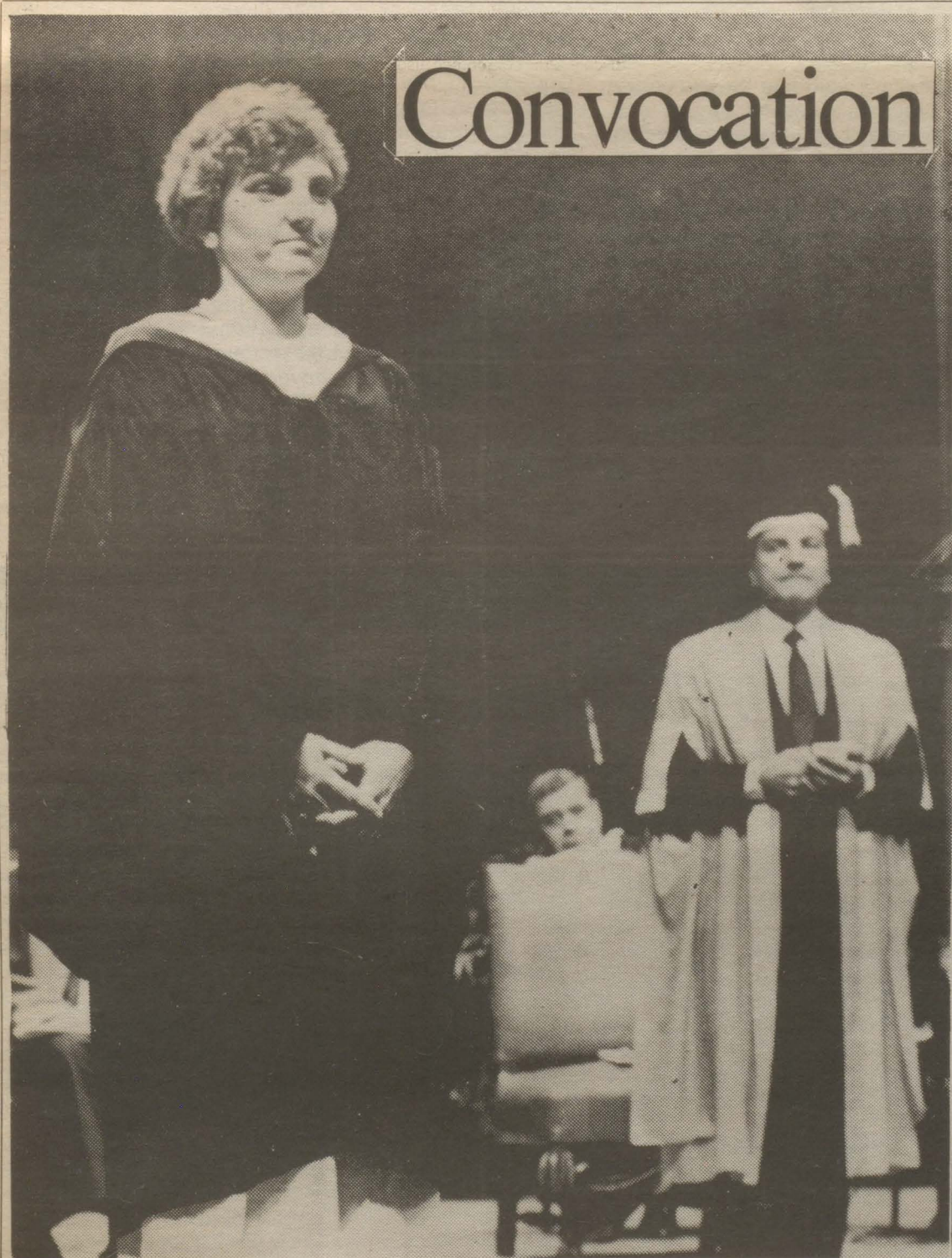
The applicability of University of Windsor research will be tested, as faculty will be asked to participate in technology transfer.

Unlike the Innovation Centre at the University of Western Ontario, which has specialized in statistical quality control, Windsor has a general interest in all forms of innovation.

"This centre is almost the ideal model of what an innovation centre should be," said Smith, "because we are not limiting our services to one area."

The Centre is operating on a three-year trial period and intends to cover its costs before that time to become self-supporting.

The Centre is a free service for the community and the surrounding area. □



## Convocation

The University of Windsor held its Spring Convocation June 1 and June 8 at Cleary Auditorium. Above, International Relations graduate Margaret Beddoe receives the President's medal from President Ron Ianni.

Lance photo by Andy Moro

## Typewriters stolen

by Kevin Johnson

Two electric typewriters were stolen from the University Centre desk after closing hours, Saturday night June 7th.

"They were here when the student (desk manager) left at 1:30," said Centre manager Mary Lou Thibert. She estimated the typewriters' value to be \$800.

Thibert refused to speculate on who the thief might be.

"It had to be a couple of people," she said. "It's not something you can slip under your coat."

She noted Students' Administrative Council, Lance and CJAM staff members have keys to the

University Centre's doors. As well, people remained in the Subway past closing time.

Pub manager Chuck Blewett said no customers remained later than 1:30. There were only people closing up, he said.

"I hate when that (a theft) happens, because almost inevitably folks blame the pub," Blewett said.

According to Lance staff member Andrew Haggert, the Centre's doors are not always locked promptly at 1:00.

"I've come here later than that and found the doors still open lots of times," he said.

Campus Police are investigating the theft. □

## CJAM to go 24 hours

by Catharine Hudec

Windsor—the city that never sleeps.

Beginning June 24th, CJAMfm will broadcast 24 hours a day, except Monday mornings between the hours of 2:00 and 6:00 a.m.

The extended hours of operation will be used to expand campus radio's cultural and community access programming.

"Windsor is a shift town. People are up 24 hours a day," said CJAMfm promotion director Michael Murphy.

The Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) granted the amendment to the station's license May 28.

Despite the unusual hours, Murphy said the midnight shift is sought after by disc jockeys. Because the CRTC has no restrictions on early morning broadcasting, these hours will consist of free-format D.J. shows. □



## THE SUMMER Lance

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Opinions expressed in The Summer Lance are not necessarily those of the University of Windsor, or the Students' Administrative Council.

The Summer Lance is a member paper of the Canadian University Press (CUP) and the Ontario Community Newspaper Association (OCNA).



## Double time

Public institutions and private investments. There's no law against either. As a matter of fact both thrive in Canada and both are encouraged by the Canadian public.

But there's something a little odd about an administrator of a not-for-profit institution making a buck off the very people that institution is designed to serve.

The controversy in question is the suggestion of Donlon Hall by Director of Student Services David McMurray, as the "strongest possibility" as an alternative for those residents of Huron Hall who would be temporarily inconvenienced by the proposed construction on the residence.

It just so happens that Donlon Hall is owned by Goudreau Family Holdings. And it just so happens that Robin Goudreau, who sits on the board of directors of Goudreau Family Holdings, is the Assistant Director of finance for the University of Windsor.

A little odd?

What's even odder is that Goudreau, who has been with the university since February 3, said that he has known about the Huron Hall proposal since he began here. Goudreau Family Holdings didn't initiate their investment in Donlon Hall until March 15, when they put an offer for the property in with a local real estate company.

Was Goudreau Family Holdings acting on information obtained by Robin Goudreau at his place of employment?

Real estate is rarely a bad investment, whether it's going to be contracted from the owner by a university or not.

Students will always need housing, and, as any student who has ever looked for an apartment close to campus will find, the pickings are mighty slim. It is almost certain that Donlon Hall will be filled for the upcoming academic year, with or without the university contract.

And we are not saying that the university should not contract Donlon Hall for the displaced Huronians; both

administration and students have acknowledged that before any plans for construction on Huron Hall are finalized arrangements must be made for the inconvenienced students. Donlon Hall is close to campus, and, according to Goudreau Family Holdings, will be in a price range similar to residence fees.

The issue is conflict-of-interest.

The University of Windsor is a not-for-profit organization whose aim is education, not investment.

Can one person be part of a company that makes money off of students and part of a non-profit institution that serves students, and do both jobs faithfully?

As a public institution, the University of Windsor must be extremely sensitive to the possibility for conflicts-of-interest among its ranks. Students spend a lot of money on their education, and nobody knows more about how students spend money than those who are part of the university setting. This includes administrators.

Donlon Hall may not be a case of conflict-of-interest. Goudreau Family Holdings may have been negotiating for the property long before Robin Goudreau came to the university. But either way, conflict-of-interest or no, there are still questions that remain unanswered. What was it that finally convinced the Board of Governors that it was feasible to go ahead with the Huron Hall proposal? What was it that finally convinced Goudreau Family Holdings to go ahead with their idea for a student residence?

Why were there no other bidders on Donlon Hall? Why are there no other bidders for the potential residence contract if Huron Hall construction is finally approved?

And why have all of these developments happened since Robin Goudreau arrived February 3?

The point is, if there's nothing suspicious, we should be able to get straight answers. By trying to keep a lid on the decision-making process, the university casts doubt on the whole institution.

Letting in a little air and light couldn't hurt.

## home cooking

## john may

# Canada goes scoreless in World Cup soccer action

The thought just kind of floats there, bobbing beneath the level of consciousness, surfacing just often enough to keep the terror in place.

It surfaced again a few days ago, over a pitcher of Stroh's in a Detroit bar. The conversation began when a buddy of mine told us about the big bang he heard a couple of days before. He was sure it was The Big One.

"Y'know," he said, "Detroit's gonna be one of the first to go. I sure as hell hope I'm in the middle of it so I don't even know what hit me."

"Not me," I said. "I kind of want to see it. What kind of scale will it be? Will it be just a little cloud on the horizon, or some giant, all consuming mushroom that fills the sky? Will it be black, or grey, or brown, or what? I sort of imagine all these nice pastel pinks and reds."

"You're nuts," said another fellow. "I just want to get blown away. Can you imagine dying from radiation poisoning?"

"Yeah. Running your fingers through your hair and pulling out clump after clump."

"And huge sores that never heal."

"Awww—can't we talk about soccer or something?"

So we did. But the thought still lingered.

Such is the curse of our generation. We baby-boomers

have had the good fortune to live in domestic peacetime, but we've also been forced to grow up under the constant threat of instant annihilation—at the mercy of unseen hands. The worst part is that there's not a damn thing we can do about it.

Some of the more conscientious among us have formed peace groups, staged rallies, written letters. I'm sure on of the priorities of these groups is to solicit members to stop this insane escalation. Obviously, a basic strategy is to create a large enough opposition to arms to overturn heavily ingrained policies that maintain "deterrence" is panacea for war.

So, since we're all in this together, why doesn't everybody belong?

After all, we're all terrified. Every time you hear a whistle in the air, an unusual siren, or a tire blowout in the distance, what's the first thing you think of?

Or, when Ron pumped Libya full of TNT (just to prove, as one comic put it, "that Grenada was no fluke"), had you decided what to do with your last few hours?

There's a maggot in your brain that's telling you that you could be dead in seven seconds.

At the same time, it's inconceivable. Such a large-scale occurrence goes beyond the scope of comprehension. It's still the stuff of movies, where big-time tragedy is more a

testament to special-effects wizardry than political stupidity. I told my roommate about the plot of the film *The Quiet Earth* the other day, wherein everyone on the planet is wiped out save three survivors. He said "Oooh, I love movies like that."

And it's hard to take latent terror seriously since it's hard to imagine any human being, however unreasonable, would actually be dumb enough to start WWII, knowing full well he'd be blown away eventually, along with the rest of his countrymen. Despite the powerful crazies in this world and their launches of terrorism against the travel industry, I'd like to think that's a reasonable assumption.

And technology...well, technology is unflappable. With the failsafe mechanisms the military has created, there's no way a missile could fly accidentally. And there's no way a billion dollar space shuttle could blow up a nuclear plant could poison its customers.

But even as the maggot in the brain grows larger and hungrier, it's still easier to worry about comfy careers, about a forty-thou-a-year job, about accumulating "stuff", since that, apparently, is about all there is to live for when we get to be this age.

The maggot is whispering that it's too big, or too late for hope. All that's left is resignation.

Let's talk about soccer.



# An introduction to 20th Century man

by Michael Panontin

Let me introduce you to the 20th Century Man. Now the 20th Century Man comes in many different manifestations but is ultimately a product of the industrial and computer ages.

The 20th Century Man is the man who spends his spare time fixing and repairing his gas-guzzling muscle car. The 20th Century Man is the Christian who believes that it is God's will that we exploit nature for the benefit of Humankind. The 20th Century Man is the pot-bellied university professor who spends meal after meal obliviously munching a juicy one-third pound burger. The 20th Century Man is the housewife with a kitchen full of electric can openers, electric egg-beaters, microwaves, etc.

The 20th Century Man views himself as the king of beasts. In his "infinite wisdom", he has developed the technology to completely separate himself from the "harsh confrontations" of the natural world.

The 20th Century Man views himself as the highest manifestation of civilized society and offers the Cadillac, pesticides, nuclear power, the electric snow thrower and veal parmigiano as symbols of his true refinement.

But if there is one aspect of the truly civilized person that is lacking in 20th Century Man, it is foresight. Not the collective foresight of nations or academic disciplines in the form of economic, technological or behavioural predictions—but the foresight needed to hold oneself responsible for one's individual behaviour—i.e. a personal ethics.

When pressed for an ethical system to guide one's life, most people can only come up with something feeble like: do what you like as long as you don't "hurt anybody"—hurting somebody denoting something along the lines of slicing a person's throat or bombing someone's house.

Back in high school, we used to sit around and taunt each other with the seemingly unanswerable query "How do you justify your existence?". The more I think about this question the more it becomes clear to me that its answer is indeed not metaphysical, as we stoned quasi-philosophers thought back then, but ethical.

The truly civilized human being is one who can fully comprehend the principle of cause and consequence. If one views the world as a vastly linked network or system, then it becomes evident—sometimes painfully so—that human behaviour produces conse-

quences far beyond the immediate time and place in which it occurs.

In short, the truly civilized human *can* justify his existence by justifying his individual actions in terms of their consequences.

The truly civilized person has the ability to foresee the potential consequences of his behaviour farther off in time than the immediate present and farther away in space than the immediate field of vision. Events that appear harmless when considered within a limited time/space framework become disastrous when examined from a long range/global perspective.

## Terrorism- all the world an accomplice

by Michael J. Temelini

Terrorism has become a very familiar term these days, but it is quite disturbing how the term is misused by powerful industrialized states in describing the external behaviour of particular developing nations. "Terrorism", however, is a universally applicable term; it can refer to any state, individual or group regardless of political persuasion or economic status. The danger lies in the fact that due to various factors, such as technological advancement, economic well-being, or political disposition, some individuals or states are perceived to manifest certain qualities or represent certain values which may in fact be gross misrepresentations. This is the case when powerful nations accuse less powerful nations of "terrorism" for one reason or another, while similar actions by the powerful states are defined in other terms.

It is interesting to note, for example, that earlier this month the seven most industrialized nations issued a statement after their meeting in Tokyo, which vehemently condemned one nation for acts of violence, yet these same nations remained silent on the state-sponsored terrorism carried out by one of their own allies. That is, the joint communique condemned Libya on the grounds of mostly circumstantial evidence but did not also condemn France for its self-confessed act of terrorism against New Zealand and Greenpeace in the bombing of the Rainbow Warrior.

Libyan terrorists are accused of murdering innocent people without warning through surprise bomb attacks; the bomb which sank the Rainbow Warrior came without warning and killed an innocent unarmed civilian. Libyan terrorists are accused of

For example, electrical appliances seem harmless enough—clean, efficient and safe—until we consider the huge thermoelectric plants gobbling up natural resources and polluting the environment in order to produce that "clean, efficient" electricity. And the juicy burgers that we consume spell doomsday for the hundreds of thousands of cattle whose paltry existences consist of a few short years in over-crowded meat factories designed and existing solely for our dining pleasure.

And the issue is far from being only an ecological one. How many of us consider whether we have the *right* to increase the risk

of pedestrians and other drivers when we speed? How many consider that we are denying deserving persons of a job when we hire or get hired on the grounds of nepotism?

How many consider the type of institution/organization our money is supporting after we spend it—whether it be investment abroad in South Africa or exploitative labour at McDonald's?

When 20th Century Man finally becomes civilized, i.e. when we abandon our localized myopian mindset and learn to live in the global community, we might start finding real solutions to the world's problems.

violating nations' sovereignty by attacking nationals in third nations; the French bomb violated New Zealand's sovereignty and killed a Portuguese citizen. Nevertheless, in the eyes of the most powerful nations on earth, France is not a terrorist nation but Libya is.

Obviously, there are no differences between French terrorism and Libyan terrorism but because of France's prestige in the world community and its close ties with other powerful states, its terrorism is somehow justified in the eyes of western leaders. Needless to say, this is certainly a disturbing fact.

Terrorism is not easy to define. This fact is reflected in the United Nations General Assembly, an organization which for over a decade was unable to reach an agreement on a correct definition. In fact, it was not until December 9, 1985 that an agreement was reached in which terrorism was defined as "acts which endanger or take innocent lives, jeopardize fundamental freedoms and seriously impair the dignity of human beings." This definition can be applied to many states — South Africa, Chile, El Salvador.

As a recent editorial in *South* magazine points out, even the record of the U.S.A. is shocking. One need not review all the acts of state terrorism committed by several authoritarian regimes which the U.S.A. has always condoned and occasionally admired.

When the Israeli air force, for example, travelled 2000 miles across the Mediterranean to bomb Tunisia, the State Department praised Israel's resolve in fighting terrorism. When Israel invaded Lebanon in order to crush enemy forces, the country was supported by the U.S.A. But when Nicaragua pushed

back Contra forces over the Honduran border earlier this year, they were accused of interventionism and terrorism. The U.S. itself persists in arming the contras to destabilize the legally established government in Nicaragua.

Despite these facts, few accuse the U.S. government of engaging in terrorism. Soviet terrorism is well documented, but when it comes to the U.S.A., many turn a blind eye, so long as the victims can somehow be connected with the "evil empire" no matter how tenuous that connection may be.

Furthermore there is a misperception that since the U.S.A. is not directly involved, they have nothing to do with it. The misperceptions is that because the United States is an "open and free" and democratic society, there is a justification for state aggression and they call it "national defence". Leon Klinghoffer became a martyr in the United States after the Achille Lauro hijacking; his death was the justification for American retaliation. He was made to symbolize the American "victim".

It is important to place things in the proper perspective. Leon Klinghoffer's death was indeed a tragedy, but so was the murder of the innocent civilian aboard Greenpeace, but no one remembers his name. And these two deaths are even less tragedies than the millions of South African blacks who have no freedom while the west quietly ignores them, and the countless Chileans who are unable to determine their own future thanks to a totalitarian government aided by the U.S.. Terrorism can even be used to describe hunger, mal-nutrition, and ignorance.

That makes all the industrialized world accomplices.

## mail

### Apologies owed

Dear Editor,

I am shocked at your apparent disregard for the conventions, common courtesies, and laws of copyright.

I am, of course, referring to the article "Transportation Troubles", by Kevin Johnson and Susan McIlveen, which you ran in your May 29 issue. Here they have quoted from the song "Kansas City", written by Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller and first performed by Wilbert Harrison over thirty years ago and by many others since, yet have not set it apart any way to show it is an allusion nor given credit to the authors (or to the artist, who some writers may foolishly assume to be the author).

By convention, such a quote should be set apart by bold face type, italics, or a column width narrower than the main text; properly the title of the work, name of the author, and date of publication should appear immediately below or else at the end of the article. To do otherwise is to claim the work as one's own and thus to breach both copyright law and societal values pertaining to ownership in one's own work.

That anyone should do this is wrong. That an academic and journalist, who will be

himself (herself) publishing and should be cognizant of centuries old conventions and current laws, should do this is unpardonable. And what the editors who read this over before publication? Should they not have caught this blatant error? (We will assume it was an error and not plagiarism.)

I should think you owe Mr. Lieber and Mr. Stoller (The two top songwriters in the United States through most of the 1950s and 1960s) an apology, plus credit in a future issue.

—Bob MacKenzie

*It was not the intention of the Lance to mislead. It was our belief the song Kansas City is well-known enough to negate the necessity of assignment—ed.*

### Business institutes

Dear Editor,

May I seek a little space in the esteemed Lance to highlight the remarkable performance of the Canadian Institute of Business, established in Windsor just last year.

It is a fruitful result of the passionate spirit of dedication for the cause of unemployed youth in these crucial times of unemployment. The two great persons are Mr. Jaj Talhew and Mr. Barthwal of London Ontario, who have started a business college there which

has already earned an enormous reputation in the province. A large number of the products of the London school are well-placed.

Evidently it is all the result of prudent planning coupled with seasoned, dedicated staff who really care and love to impart training and guidance to students. I have to express my own excitement when I stumbled across the institute. There was practically no publicity but I was happy to learn about such a school especially a dire need for the city of Windsor.

A few days later, I visited it again, and happened to meet both Mr. Raj Talhew, the president, and Mr. Barthwal, the general manager. I expressed my desire to be involved to acquire business training and perhaps I can claim to be the first student to learn the skill of legal secretarial work. It is very vital to acquire skill in any discipline in the present age of automation and technology, and without doubt a skilled person can do unskilled labour, while an unskilled person cannot do skilled labour, and hence there is no sense in remaining unskilled.

It will be interesting to mention in here the two wonderful members of staff, Mrs. B. A. Lyons, who is the "one person" show of the college, who being registrar performs

many duties, who is an able grammarian, and the other bright star among staff is Mrs. Price—now designated vice-principal by the Administration. This brief note about this college would be incomplete without mentioning Mrs. Lesline who has extensive knowledge of legal secretarial techniques.

The institute deserves encouragement from both Queen's Park and the public of Windsor, while it has come to stay to serve the youth of Windsor—with its bright future.

—G. S. Khan

**Letters to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or fewer; they may be submitted to the Lance office on the second floor of the University Centre, at the Lance mailbox in the SAC office, or in the Lance mailbox at the University Centre desk.**

**All letters must be typed double spaced.**

**All letters must be signed.**

**The Lance reserves the right to refuse to publish material of a sexist, racist, or homophobic nature. The Lance also reserves the right to edit all letters for space and libel.**



# Lessons in Erotic Art

## The Art of Francois Boucher

By Lorenzo Buj

There are certain semiological, even phenomenological fixations one cultivates quite casually in a room full of Bouchers. That's what first came to mind when, pausing the hedonistic ambience of the current Francois Boucher, (1703-1770) exhibit at the Detroit Institute of Arts, my perceptions were suddenly, helplessly, supplemented by tidbits of overheard conversation, fragments of unaffected but effete observation.

gin-fizz phenomenon (today you have to look no futher than Prince for the same in name, music, and ethos).

It's inevitable, if not too obvious, that the vast cultural cul-de-sac of 20th century late capitalism can appropriate rococo itself as merely another ornamental additive in the self-gratifying image frenzy of our own zero-hour tastes.

Rococo has entered our visual vocabulary through impressionism, art deco, and even expressionism; both the style of ancien regime opulence and the gossip that imagines its personages in a candied atmosphere of upper-echelon libertinism fuels our bemused

scenery, interior decor — has become the cliché par excellence of the rarefactions a civilization overnourished with aristocratic 'virtues' (class sensuality, and material ease) allows itself, seems to be the cause of both our anxiety and fascination.

That's because whether as royalty or as trendy post-modern tourists, Boucher's oeuvre is seen as a bower of slippery blisses cultivated and appreciated far from the smouldering pots of revolution or the accelerating futurisms of technology.

Moreover, the word's out and it's always been ticklish: Boucher was a master, though with him we always feel either salaciously suspended on the threshold of absolute kitsch, or eye-deep in its all to sticky cornucopias of flesh and fantasy.

And how could it be otherwise? All 80 works in the show (including six large Beauvais tapestries and a number of Sèvres and Vincennes porcelains) indicate why Boucher — and not Watteau, whose mystique and melancholy may qualify him as a more 'profound' old master; or Fragonard, whose scenes are psychologically bolder, whose paint is weightier — focuses the discourse of rococo.

But before his voluptuous accents could be expected to virtually appear on request, he put his time in as an engraver of Watteau, an illustrator, and winner in 1723 of the Prix de Rome when, rather strangely, he had to pay his own way to the city. The show doesn't slight his early Italianate, Dutch (some echoes of Teniers), and Rubenesque pieces with their coarser, expressive energies.

Yet the tendency is to move quickly to the mature, where uniform gradations of form and colour serve the ends of unblemished erotic contemplation. In fact, there is little change in handling until the late career when we detect Boucher brushing in figures with a more gestural, expressive hand as he modifies his celebrated, illustrative ideal of flesh.

But early or late, it's not enough to see Rubens or the Veronese in him, or to simply remark that from the first, the larger decorative compositions are looking forward to his work with Beauvais and Gobelins tapestry factories. We might just the same be tempted to nod alongside an impassioned Diderot when he defied anyone "to discover in a whole countryside one blade of grass from his landscapes." However, that would be missing the point.

The pastorals, complete with ruins, dogs, sheep, hirsute goats (animals whose scraggly faces are remarkably similar to those of his sea creatures), quaint manes of foliage, and figures typically foregrounded in amorous dalliance, can only reinforce the accuracy of the Goncourts' observation that "as a landscape painter, Boucher's unique preoccupation seems to have been to preserve his generation from the tedium of nature."

It's true, at the centre of its weakness for the picturesque, rococo dissolves nature into overwrought aesthetic phrasings so that nature's 'tedium' is overturned by appeals to the cultural intimacies of viewing the body as self-sufficient nature of its own.

Notice the disposition of flesh in all those cushiony mists, dematerialized semi-chambers, or fantasies of pastoral elysium where nature is but an outdoor bedroom serving allegorical and mythological ends. I'm thinking of "The Setting of the Sun", 1753, "Venus Requesting Vulcan for Arms for Aeneas", 1732, "The Triumph of Venus", 1740, works exemplary of Roland Barthes' claim that the ideal erotic moment would take place while bodies float free of gravitational bonds.

Notice also the enfants de Boucher, those roly-poly clusters of cupids, fleshy little billiard balls populating the margins (upper left, a favourite spot) of his shallow space and framing the parade of adult nudes whose creamy skin always carries the agility and subtlety of a master colourist.



"Nymphs Reposing from the Chase" 1745, Oil on canvas. (Also known as "Diana After the Hunt")

Then before I'd had my fill of eavesdropping as an intellectual delicacy, an acquaintance apoached and pinpointed the show with a vacuous dose of 80's realism: "They were coming down; they needed some coke: fantasy, escapism."

What a glib, if not cynically precise way to sum up a whole era, the euphoria and demise of its cultural elite.

But then, at this hip distance of historical hegemony, it's easy to see Louis XV's age, its art, as merely the luminous froth of a sloe

condescension. There's restless Louis himself; there's the queen playing at being a shepherdess while still sporting jewels among her haute rustic fashions; there's gracious Mme de Pompadour, Louis' official mistress, taking a brilliant lead role in these lifestyles of the rich and famous.

That Mme de Pompadour was successful in introducing the king to the arts, or that her age — so attracted to the lushest rocaille extravagances lavished in porcelain, furniture, theatre



"Toilet of Venus" 1751, Oil on canvas.

Even if the exhibit doesn't have the famous "Reclining Girl" (Mademoiselle O'Murphy), 1751, one need look no further than "Diana's Bath", 1742, or "Reposing from the Chase", 1745, to see in these glowing, satiny tints the fetishized attention to flesh and femininity that has solidified Boucher's reputation as a painter of intimacy. Though, to be sure, there is no solidification, nor no sustained meditations on intimacy available in Boucher. 'Intimacy' is an evasive trope for voyeurism. Boucher's attentions, quietly pornographic or refinedly erotic (take your pick; there's little more than a fine silver line differentiating the two), formulate a theatre where the body is always the focus and function of amorous deployment.

*One is meant to be dreamily amused, not scandalized or perverted...."*

What the pastorals, including Nereids and Tritons, show is the flesh of erotic ease, comfort itself. No anxiety, no odour, no oozing, no rashes. The bodies, in their amorphous roseate space make elegance and sensuosity values sufficient to love.

But love is no rending passion, no jarring seizure of strong emotion (which would be signified by bolder colours, sharper contrasts). It's a relaxed bliss calling into being the sugary atmosphere in which the melodious erotic fete flourishes.

Thus, these fabrications often executed on order for an aristocratic elite, evoke an eros that is as rich and protracted as

the ravishing peace with which one consumes a cherry sundae in the ease of one's boudoir.

Still, orality is hardly the central metaphor for work which the irrepressibly outraged Diderot thought was a "degradation of taste, of composition...of expression" and which exemplified a "deprivation of morals." The juicy dialectic of eye and image is essential: eye lingereing on the splendours of a highly finished visual surface and its lexicon of amorous gestures. Even a picture in lower key like "Pensent ils au Raisin" (note the glassy grapes) is busy reciting love's posture, its language.

Thus every where in Boucher the emphasis on what's communicated by eyes (averted, shielded, luxuriating, gazing, penetrating), by gesture itself as the vehicle of flattery, foreplay, and any number of mutually seductive felicities.

A orgy in seas of sense where love is first and foremost gentle, not genital (never a pubis); diffused in sophisticated, refined codes of courtly voyeurism: a woman fixing her garter; nymphs relaxing in tender moments of bare-breasted intimacy; Leda in a rich, dramatically lit enclosure (the Resnick Beverly Hills version), salaciously menaced by the exotic archings of a swan.

No doubt, the virtues of these and any other Bouchers fall on the far side of belief. One is meant to be dreamily amused, not scandalized or perverted.

Take, as a last example, "Sylvia Freed by Amyntas", 1755. Is this the way captives react when freed? Painless theatrical gestures delivered in a half-dressed supine state and set in room temperature outdoor air? And then, of course, that blue-green aquamarine light bathing the painting with a visionary, fairyland glow.

Memory, fantasy, phenomenology, in an indelible mix colours recalling the marine hues of certain romances, hearthhigh interludes, time's blissful standstill experienced beyond all vagaries of the world's contempt.



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# Champ tough enough

by Scott A. Pattison

So you think you're tough eh? Well, you obviously haven't met Rob Robinson yet.

Robinson, in his second year of social work at the University of Windsor, approaches socializing somewhat differently than most of his peers—he fights.

Robinson (22), began practicing self-defence at the age of 17. He enrolled himself in a IShynru karate course taught by one of Windsors' best: Albert Mady. Two years later, he earned his black belt (top honours). Robinson then became involved in kick-boxing.

Robinson recently had a chance to display his brawn for big bucks in the infamous Mr. Toughman Competition.

He entered the Regional Toughman competition in Detroit and won.

He then entered the National Tjoughman Competition which was held down in South Carolina. The event lasted two days and featured regional winners from across North America.

When asked why he would pay for travel, lodging, food and other



Lance photo by Andy Moro

expenses out of his own pocket for both himself and his trainer, he replied, "I felt I could and would win it."

Robinson won his match on the first day of the competition.

On the second day he had to take on a total of four more bruisers. He won them all to claim the National Toughman Competition Championship for 1985.

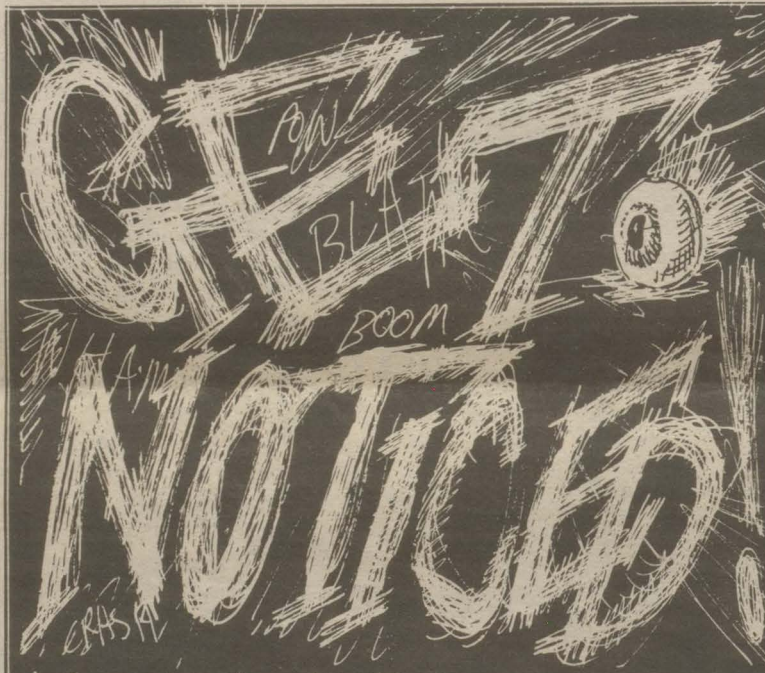
Along with the title Robinson won a purse of \$10,000.

What's next for Robinson you ask? Professional Boxing.

Robinson's first pro bout is projected for late September on early October of this year.

He presently trains out of the Coleman Young Athletic Center in Detroit. Sparring with such professionals as Tony (T&T) Tucker, Willy (Sandman) Edwards, and Bernard (The Bull) Benton, who are all presently ranked in the W. B.A. and W.B.C., Robinson feels he is learning from some of the best.

"Tucker, who is out of the Kronk stable, is currently rated 6th in the heavy weight division and I can hold my own when we spar," stated Robinson. □



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Next issue—July 10.

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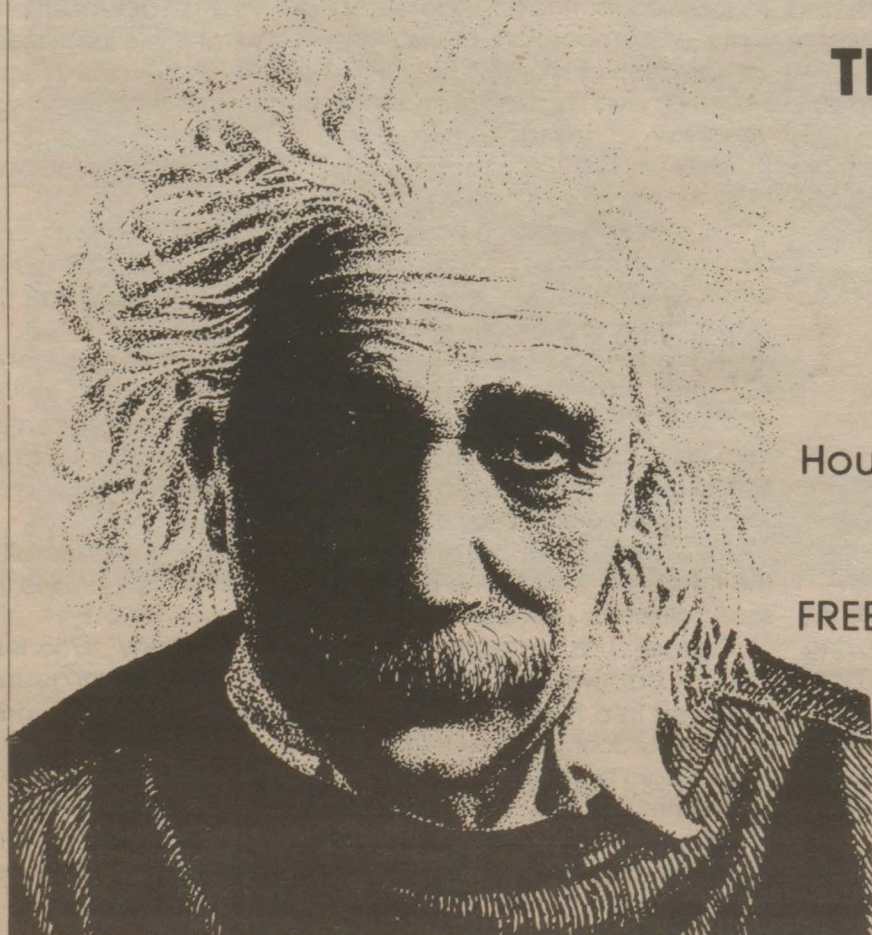
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arts

# Jane Siberry

nobody wore hats. . .

story by chris edwards

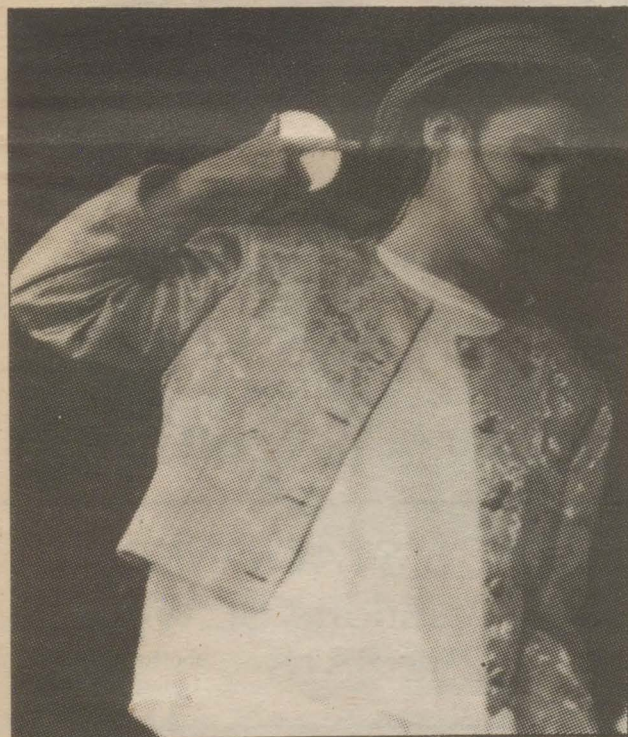
photos by sukanya pillay

Just because you can't understand the lyrics doesn't mean they don't make sense.

—Jane Siberry

On Friday night, I attended the Jane Siberry concert at St. Andrew's Hall in Detroit's fashionable Bricktown. All patterns of objectivity are discarded for the sake of this review, since I feel that Ms. Siberry is at the leading edge of a new breed of Canadian artist: one that expands the limits of the audio medium, synthesizing music, art, dance, and witty social commentary. To attend her concert, then, is an opportunity to see the future, in a manner of speaking.

The show was delayed until 12:15 a.m., since the Clutch Cargo promoters were also hosting the Violent Femmes concert over at the Fox Theatre, and they figured that they could capture a share of this audience by delaying



the start of Siberry's show (small wonder I got out of the music industry).

The members of the Siberry entourage wait patiently in their First-Class bus (that's what it said on the front of it!), the basic form of transportation for the group during a rigorous series of 19 U.S. and Canadian shows in 25 days on both coasts and points between.

Meanwhile, inside the hall, a 1980's version of the tribal dance party is taking place. Nobody wears hats in this group,

and I felt a sense that the crowd consisted of 'famous people look-alikes' (i.e. "Look, there's Annie Lennox..." etc.). A friend comments that the dancers, who are swaying to the primitive rhythms of pre-recorded vinyl, seem rather pathetic. There are signs that the dance form has regressed even further from the days when slam dancing was the rage at Bookies in the not too distant past.

By 12:20 a.m., however, the dance party is replaced by the Siberry band, who at long last take to the stage. The lights are low, the crowd gathers around the stage, and the shakows of two female dancers emerge from the cliché smoke-filled stage. Back-up vocalists Gina Stepaniuk and Rebecca Jenkins move as if trying to perfect poses for hieroglyphics, all the while enchanting the audience with a chorus seemingly straight out of heaven.

Ms. Siberry appears in the middle of the smoke, and invokes the lyrics of *Vladimir*. She looks terrific, what with her new hat and clothes that would probably be described as 'Post-Modern' if this was a Toronto review, but perhaps simply new wave chic for all the rest of Canada.

There is an amazingly small crowd in attendance, considering that her recent shows in Toronto have been complete sell-outs. This is largely due to a lack of airplay by local radio stations (except, of course, CJAM and CBC-FM's Brave New Waves). There is a direct correlation between airplay and audience attendance, and tonight only the loyal are among the counted.

There is only a perceptible level of applause after the first song, and Siberry says: "Good Morning", then segued straight into *Seven Steps*. The audience seems to appreciate this song a little more. I am amazed at the quality of the audio mix; it sounds every bit as good as her records, which is truly remarkable, considering how much time is usually involved in the making of a Siberry song. The singers are wearing wireless mike headsets, which gives them the freedom to move about the stage, and concentrate on dancing. This adds to the eye appeal of this very colourful group, which includes Al Cross on drums, Ken Myrh on guitar and John Switzer on bass.

The next tune is *One More Colour*, my personal favourite. A light and refreshing mix of clever lyrics and melodies, this reminds one of simpler times. The song could almost be written for children, as the music works well on a variety of levels. This is true of much of her work, and I am reminded of Laurie Anderson (who I would not dare to compare Ms. Siberry to), also très avant-garde with the medium and the message.

There are several other tunes which seem to blend quite well with each other: *Muse*, *Dancing*, (wherein she plays the drums), and *Mein Bitte*, the source of the quote at the top of the review, a hilarious reflection of life, performed with giant cut-out saws and hammers dancing about the stage.

By the time the band moves into *Extra Executive*, the audience seems to be locked into the performance emanating from the stage. *Extra Executive* is, of course, a yuppie satire, and focuses on a cruise ship conversation between a group of yuppies who are at sea. The crowd is almost deafeningly quiet while she sings, trying to grasp the ironies and deviated logic



behind the lyrics. This is a really hot tune, and as Siberry raps to the audience via the song, they respond by laughing at the appropriate times. All at once, there is a great segue in the middle of it, and the band sails in to Petula Clark's *Don't Sleep in the Subway, Darling* (no kidding!).

There are a host of other songs in this evening of endless entertainment, including *City*, *Map 1*, *Hat*, and the ever popular and very chic *Mimi on the Beach* (always a crowd favourite). *Mimi* is a summary of the style of music that Siberry strives for: lyrics that work on several themes at the same time, and yet manage to retain a certain sense of simplicity that is sadly lacking in our 20th century environment that is, more often than not, filled with complex imagery.

Other tunes on this night include *Oh Don't*, and the wonderful *Map of the World*, which sounded terrific. By now the audience is very vocal at the end of each song, rising to a crescendo with the encore, which Siberry walks out on stage with an acoustic guitar, and sings *Taxi*. Finally, the show ends with the witty *Symmetry*, another personal favourite, (...you can't cut down a symmetry), and we leave the hall, greatly impressed by all that we have seen and heard.

As a final note, I would just like to add that I feel that it won't be very long before this woman's amazing talents become 'mass'. It was refreshing to be at a show where there wasn't 9000 people between the stage and oneself, to be truly a part of a musical experience. It was almost too good to be true, especially for a diehard Siberry fan like myself. Objectivity in journalism: ain't no such thing!

## University Centre Art Gallery to move

by Lance Arts Staff

The Art Gallery in the University Centre will be relocating this summer to the Assumption Lounge in order to accommodate the expansion of the cafeteria.

The space will be used for seating, according to University Centre Manager Mary Louise Thibert.

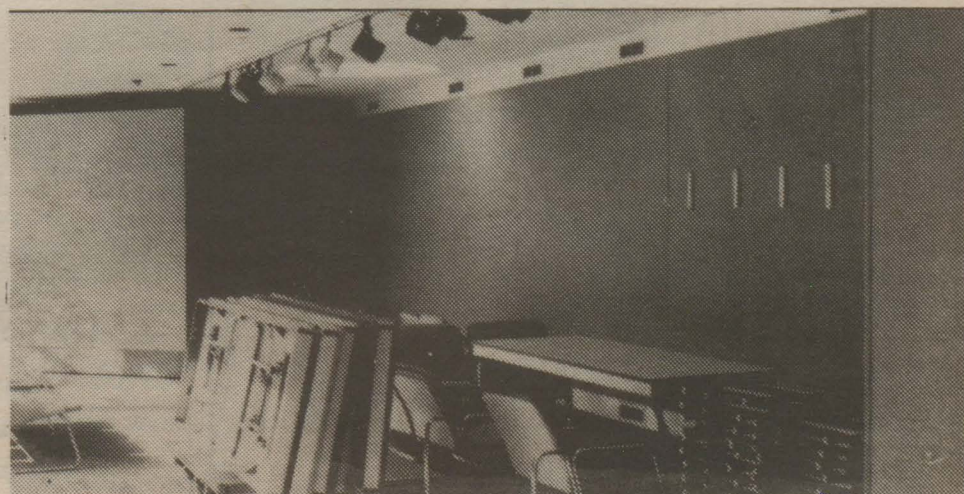
The new site, which will be ready in September, is intended only as a temporary set-up. A permanent gallery is planned for inclusion in the next building phase the university undertakes, which is expected to begin in the next three to five years.

The Assumptin Lounge will require a number of modifications to convert it into a

functional gallery. The existing plaster walls will be covered with softwood and burlap, like the walls in the present gallery; track lighting will be installed around the perimeter of the room; some painting will be done; the locks will be changed; and storage cabinets will be added.

Visual Arts Department Head Professor William C. Law said that although the plan for the renovation is not yet official, it is expected to clear the necessary committees without any problems.

Dean of Arts Dr. Joseph T. Culliton said the Assumption Lounge gallery "could be a greatly satisfactory temporary arrangement." He mentioned as well that the room had more wall-space than the present gallery. □



Lance photo by Andrew Haggert



## social gaffes

### NEWS

#### Friday, June 13

—A Mah-Jong tournament is being presented as a part of the Carrousel of the Nations '86 at the Roseville Garden Community Centre at 7:00 p.m. for information call 255-1127.

#### Sunday, June 15

—the Carrousel of the Nations is sponsoring a Dominos Tournament at the Caribbean Centre—Seminole at 3:00 p.m.—for information call 255-1127.

#### Tuesday, June 17

—In the Nuclear Shadow (a film about kids and disarmament). Sponsored by the Windsor Coalition for Disarmament. Assumption University, 400 Huron Church Rd., 7:30 p.m.

#### Thursday, June 19

—9:00 p.m. CJAMfm (91.5) will air a one-hour interview with South African ambassador to Canada Glenn Babb. The interview will be followed by a one-hour phone-in segment to judge listener reaction.

#### Wednesday, June 25

—Women's Centre of the U of W is screening a film and hosting a discussion in Conference Room B on the second floor of the University Centre at 7:30 p.m. The film is entitled Seeds of Liberty. For more info. call 253-1117.

#### Saturday, July 5

—Free South Africa Dinner Dance. Masonic Temple, 986 Ouellette, sponsored by the Windsor African Canadian Cultural Organization. 7:00 p.m. for tickets and information, call 973-5538.

#### Wednesday, July 9

—The Women's Centre of the U of W is screening a video documentary entitled Still Jane, and hosting Persimma Blackbridge who will speak about her incarceration in a mental institution. The presentation will take place at 7:30 p.m. in Assumption Lounge. Call 253-1117 for more information.

### MUSIC

#### Friday, June 13

—The Windsor Coalition for Disarmament presents Charlie King with Len Wallace at the Windsor Press Club, 83 Riverside Dr. Admission \$5.00, concert at 8 p.m. For more information call 973-3981 or 252-1517.

—The Academie Ste. Cecile presents Lorna Cameron in their ongoing Piano Alive Series. Concert at 8:15 p.m. at the John Paul Recital Hall, 12021 Tecumseh Rd. W., Tecumseh, Ontario. For further information call 735-7575.

#### Tuesday, June 17 to Sunday, June 22

—Black musical "Mama I Want to Sing" at the Music Hall. Show at 8 p.m. Tuesday to Friday; Saturday at 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.; Sunday at 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. Tickets \$18.75 to \$24.75. For further information call the Music Hall box office at (313) 963-7680.

#### Thursday, June 26

—Tafelmusik, Canada's Baroque Orchestra on Original Instruments, at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$6.00. For further information call 252-6855.

#### Tuesday, July 1

—The Windsor Symphony Orchestra joins members of Windsor's ethnic community in celebration of Canada Day. Show at 7:30 p.m. tickets \$6.00. For further information call 252-6855.

#### Thursday, July 3

—The Canadian Jazz All-Stars at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 7:30 p.m., tickets \$6.00. For further information call 252-6855.

### ART

#### Monday, June 16 to Sunday, June 22

—An installation by Leslie Ann Colles at Common Ground, 1233 University Ave. W. Opening performance Saturday evening, June 21.

#### Monday, June 23

—"Tangled in a Threat" (paintings and storyboards) by Liz Scully at Common Ground, 1233 University Ave. W. Opening reception Saturday evening June 28.

#### Wednesday, June 25 to Sunday, July 20

—Amos Eno New Yorkcote, an exchange exhibition of New York artists at Artcite. Opening reception June 28, 8 p.m. Call 252-1539 for further information.

#### Ongoing

—"A-Mazing Collaborating Environment", an exhibition by Gari Bernardi and Mark Sikich at Common Ground, 1233 University Ave. W. Opening reception Friday evening, June 13. Ends Sunday, June 15.

—"Four Years With Artcite", a retrospective of performance

and events of the past four years at Artcite. Slides, photographs and memories. Ends Sunday, June 22. Call 252-1539 for further information.

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of 40 oil and watercolour paintings by the Ontario artist William Cresswell (1822-1888). Exhibit runs to Sunday, June 29.

—The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of Francois Boucher, Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people. Advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7844. Public tours 1 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday.

### DRAMA

#### Wednesday, June 18

—Windsor Feminist Theatre presents "Bible Herstory" at the Art Gallery of Windsor, 8 p.m. Performances also on Saturday, June 21 at 3 p.m. and Wednesday, June 25, at 8 p.m. For further information call 258-7111 and 256-1497.

#### Saturday, June 28

—The Windsor Theatre Development Corporation presents "Puss-in-Boots" at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 7:30 p.m. tickets \$6.00. Call 252-6855 for further information.

#### Monday, June 30

—"Two Foolish to Talk About, CODOC (St. John's, Newfoundland)", a collection of satirical skits and parodies by Tommy Sexton and Greg Malone. Show at 7:30 p.m. at Cleary Auditorium. Tickets \$6.00. Call 252-6855 for further information.

#### Ongoing

—The Detroit Repertory Theatre presents Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet". Play runs every Thursday through Sunday until June 22. Curtain 8:30 p.m. Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 p.m. on Sundays. Tickets \$7.00. For more information call (313) 868-1347.

### DANCE

#### Friday, June 27

—Gina Lori Riley Dance Enterprises (Windsor) presents "Mabel...Two Nights At The Bowling Alley And We Can Do That" at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 8:30, tickets \$6.00. For further information call 252-6855.

#### Wednesday, July 2

—Sun\*Ergos, A Company of Theatre and Dance from Calgary, Alberta at Cleary Auditorium. Show at 7:30, tickets \$6.00. For further information call 252-6855.

## classifieds

**THE CANADIAN Red Cross "Creations"** program will hold a sale of quality hand-crafted articles during the St. Peter's Anglican Church Strawberry Festival on June 21, 1986, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Location, corner of Tecumseh Rd. East and Arthur.

Red Cross proceeds will go to the International Relief Fund.

For information, call the Canadian Red Cross Society at 254-7587.

**ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY CHAPEL** located between the University Centre and Ambassador Bridge. Masses at 10:30 a.m. on Sundays. Monday to Friday 11:50 a.m. Phone 973-7034 for more information.

**WINDSOR MISSING CHILDREN** a non profit, volunteer organization formed to provide support to parents of missing children and preventative public education on child abduction is in need of VOLUNTEERS. If you would be interested in finger printing, fund raising, or presenting education programs in city and county, call Debbie at 735-2712

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# records

## COLOURBOX

"Colourbox"  
(Polygram)

A few months ago, The Colourbox, a band from Britain, released an incredible single called 'The Moon is Blue'.

I can (sometimes) tolerate love songs, and I do enjoy songs about the pain of love lost, but I truly revel in the phantasmagoric explosion of emotions which reveal themselves in songs which ease the suffering of a tormented soul by asserting a vengeful arrogance. 'The Moon is Blue' is such a song. With powerful, yet evocative vocals being provided by lead singer Lorita Grahame, it is difficult not to be moved by the painful defiance in the lines:

*The blade was a sharp one that cut me both ways/  
and tore my world apart...../Don't tell me the  
moon is blue (now you left me)/'cause tonight it's  
over (now you left me)/And the pain's in the dust/  
and you can't find your blue moon.*

Recently, this song was re-released on the band's self-titled two-record debut album. The album is a collection of fifteen songs which draw from an extraordinarily diverse spectrum of pop musics, with material ranging from traditional ballads to upbeat disco to electro-sounding reggae to danceable funk. Unfortunately, something along the same line can be said about the quality of the music. There's stuff which is good, and other stuff which is not so good.



The not-so-good stuff really isn't worth mentioning: it's mediocre, it's boring, and it's exploitation at it's worst. The melodic intensity of Grahame's voice is reduced to shrill, hollow screeching, characteristic of Solid Gold back up singers, and similar ill-regard is given to the instrumentalists, Steve and Martyn Young. Especially exemplary of such waste of talent are the songs 'Inside Informer', 'Sleepwalker' (a real sleeper) and 'Punch' (which doesn't have any).

Other disappointments include 'You keep me hanging on', which is one of those songs that trivializes the pain of deception in love by stringing together multitudes of clichés to an all-too-upbeat rhythm. 'Arena' has the same weakness for clichés but it is salvaged somewhat by it's hypnotic, melancholic rhythm.

On the other hand, 'Hipnition' is a fine offering combining a haunting beat with lines of political/social commentary for lyrics:

*I can't remove the noose from around my neck/I  
just can't tear away from the growing cold.*

Also worth mentioning are 'Edit the Dragon' and 'Fast Dump', which are two fun and funky dance songs, sounding a lot like a combination of Beastie Boys (Roc Hard) and The Art of Noise (Beatbox).

My father would say that there's nothing worse than God-given talent which is wasted, and I suppose that could be applied here. The potential impact that The Colourbox could have on the pop music scene of today depends entirely on the direction in which they choose to focus their energies. In other words, the pinnacles achieved (or not achieved) by The Colourbox depend entirely on their karmic manifestations in the medium of vinyl. A forthcoming album from the Colourbox, tentatively entitled "World Cup Theme" could be indicative of the direction of such karmic vibes.

—A C

JOE JACKSON  
"Big World"  
(A & M Records)

Coupla things about this record:

- It was recorded live, though you'd never know it. Joe asked the audience to be quiet.
- It has, not two or four, but three sides.
- It's got liner notes in any language you'd care to mention.
- It's the only pop album I own with both waltz *and* a tango.

I've always sort of lumped Joe Jackson with those other powerful poppers that emerged from the 70's glut—Elvis Costello, Squeeze, even XTC. Their music was usually light and clever with snappy little melodies and lyrics that weren't wince-inspiring when you took time to listen to them.

But Joe has always been a little more sophisticated, a little nastier, a little more worldly. Even when his melodies are bright, he still sneers his way through them.

"Big World" isn't really a difficult album, but, at the same time, it takes a little while to get your teeth into it.



The songs, always, are tightly written and interesting. Even with the limitations of remote recording, Joe still creates enough textures and moods to keep the arrangements fresh. And, as always, there's plenty of hooks—and surprises. After he grabs you with phrase of pure pop, he's likely to go sailing off towards Eastern Indian melodies or even good ol' C & W.

As far as the lyrics go, Joe's P.O.'d again. He's taken on a 'world-wide' theme (which accounts for the eclecticism of musical style), and he doesn't like much of what he's seen. He grumbles about Americans ("so loud, so tasteless, and so out of touch"), American politics ("I think I hear the president, the pied piper of the TV screen") and American youth ("Even students vote for actors, then they tell you it's a safer world"), all of which is fine with me. His didacticism expands to include the usual (but well-expressed) themes of war, lost youth and general injustice all over the place.

A big project. But, hey, it's a big world. Joe doesn't think much of it.

—John May



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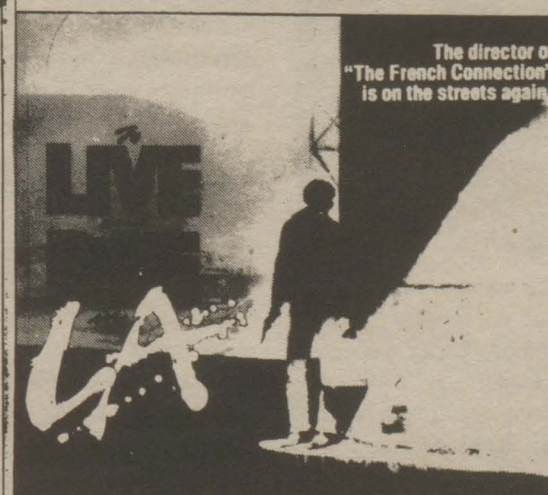
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# Carrousel

## World Tour 86



Story by Michael Temelini  
Photos by Andrew Moro

**E**at, drink, and be cultured. For the 11th consecutive year, the Multicultural Council of Windsor and Essex county is inviting this region to "tour the world without leaving town" by visiting the Carrousel of the Nations Festival. This year 24 villages are participating dispersed variously throughout Windsor, offering a wide variety of entertainment, tradition music and dancing, arts and crafts, demonstrations, and of course, samplings of traditional ethnocultural cuisines.



Undoubtedly, the majority of Windsorites are drawn to the villages by the food and traditional dancing. There is nothing wrong with this in itself, but unfortunately many of the villages offer the public nothing more than food and dancing, making little attempts to inform the public about significant aspects of their particular culture. This over-emphasis on the culinary aspects of the particular villages creates a distorted view of the true meaning of multiculturalism, and it is this elusive concept of multiculturalism that should become clearer with the advent of Carrousel. Unfortunately, this year, as in the past years, Carrousel appears to be, with

few exceptions, nothing more than an aggrandized version of the "international village" which appears at the riverfront during Freedom Festival. Hence, the Carrousel festival is viewed lightly, merely as a fun but unimportant aspect of one's weekend plans. For example, take the typically shallow view tendered by The Windsor Star in their June 9th article on Carrousel. "Ethnic bash a tasty treat", the headline reads as the article itself goes on to explain that "...flashy traditional dances aside, the real action at this weekend's Carrousel of the Nations is in the kitchens". If that is the case then it logically follows that multiculturalism is more readily found at an Italian restaurant than an Italian village. Indeed, the article suggests that Carrousel is nothing but an elaborate opportunity for Windsorites to eat "ethnic" food. Unfortunately, many of the villages themselves do nothing to discredit this conception.

It is in fact a popularly held misconception that multiculturalism is nothing more than food and dances for the ethnics, and that by travelling to each village and eating the food and watching the dances, one receives a clear understanding of the definition of the term. In fact this is hardly the case, because multiculturalism is a more profound philosophy than just perogies and polka; it is a state policy and also an education system.

Multiculturalism as a state policy was a response to the findings of the *Royal Commission of Bilingualism and Multiculturalism*. It was an official recognition of a particular Canadian reality: the substantial presence in Canada of diverse groups, other than native Canadians and Inuit and the so-called founding peoples, the English and the French; a society composed of different races, creeds, traditions, languages and cultures.

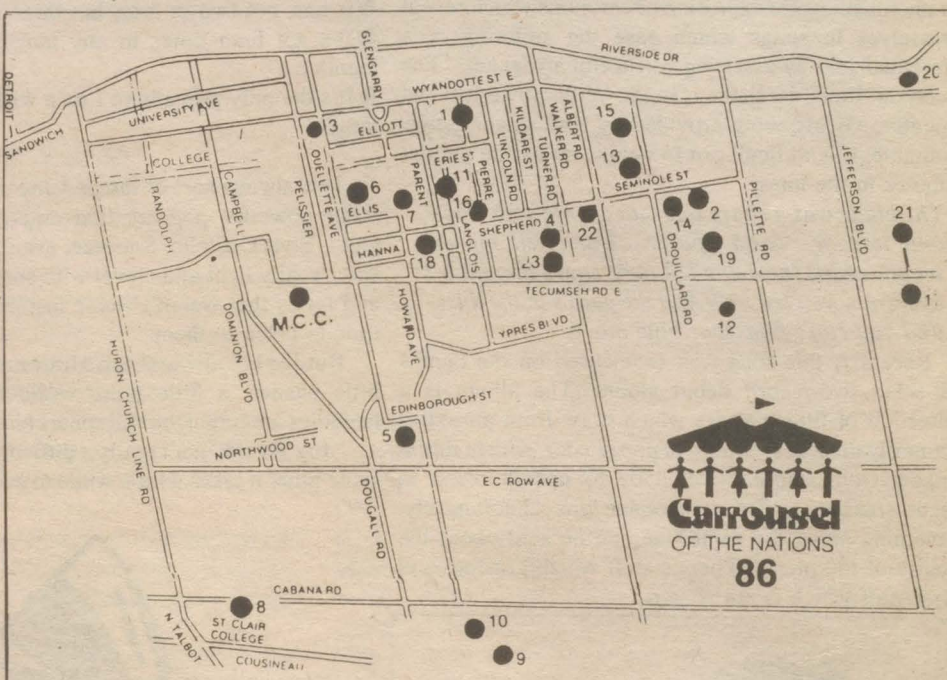
Though officially bilingual, Canada, the report concluded, had no official culture and came to be seen as a nation of many cultures, a multicultural nation. The policy was quite promising as it envisaged a nation as a mosaic, in which many diverse pieces join to create a

unified picture. The policy was adopted by Parliament on October 8, 1971.

As well as being Canada's official policy, Multiculturalism is also seen as an education system, the goal being that of creating an aware citizen with a global view of life, one who will believe in and promote an appreciation for cultural diversity, social equality, racial harmony

Spanik, "but a land to which we all feel strong ties." Similarly, another member of the group, Greg Skupny admitted that being Polish affected his whole outlook on life.

Likewise, at the Macedonian village, similar reactions were discovered: "Carrousel offers the opportunity to open our eyes about how our neighbours live",



Second Weekend June 13, 14, 15

- |                                                                                             |                                                                        |                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. <b>CARIBBEAN</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>4195 Seminole                                           | 18. <b>HUNGARIAN</b> (14, 15)<br>790 Hanna St. E.                      | 21. <b>SERBIAN</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>6770 Tecumseh Rd. E.   |
| 4. <b>CROATIAN</b> (14, 15)<br>1701 Turner Rd.                                              | 19. <b>LEBANESE</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>AKO Community Centre<br>4270 Alice | 14. <b>SLOVAK</b> (15)<br>1520 Chandler Rd.               |
| 17. <b>FILIPINO</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>Roseville Community Centre<br>6500 Roseville Garden Dr. | 10. <b>MACEDONIAN</b> (14, 15)<br>5225 Howard Ave.                     | 22. <b>UKRAINIAN</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>2585 Seminole St.    |
| 6. <b>GREEK</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>65 Ellis Street E.                                          | 20. <b>MID-EASTERN</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>283 St. Rose Ave.               | 23. <b>UKRAINIAN</b> (13, 14, 15)<br>2000 Tecumseh Rd. E. |

FOR INFORMATION CALL THE CARROUSEL OFFICE (519) 255-1127

and national cohesiveness, which are basic to a truly free and democratic society.

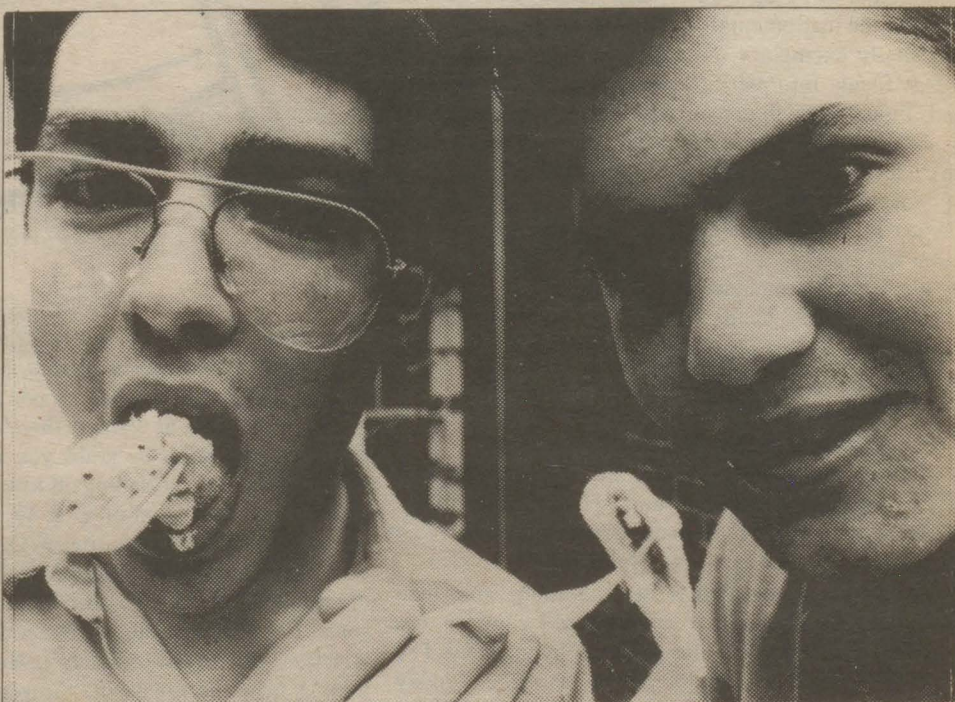
On a more profound level, therefore, while the food and dances are undeniably significant aspects of the various villages in Carrousel, organizers should do more, perhaps through guest speakers, films, plays, elaborate displays, to make the public more aware of the diverse groups in Windsor and their significance in our community, both in the past and in the present.

Carrousel really does offer an oppor-

tunity to learn even through informal encounters. A brief discussion with the Tatty Song and Dance Ensemble at the Polish village, for example, revealed that these young Polish-Canadians are very much in touch with their roots. "Poland is not some distant country", says Anges

says George Vratsidis. Vratsidis, born in Northern Greece and recently a graduate from the University of Windsor, was quite eager to delineate his particular cultural background and his unique traditions. He proudly explained the developments surrounding the newly expanding Macedonian Centre and was quite moving in his views on multiculturalism, "I am as Canadian as anyone else", says Vratsidis, "but being Macedonian is part of my heritage that I want to preserve."

Ultimately, therefore, the positive aspects of the Carrousel of the Nations



Carousing Gourmand and Carrousel gourmet sample Polish soulfood.

festival are reflected in the Tatty Ensemble and in George Vratsidis; for Carrousel is a perfect opportunity to meet people and to ask questions—to communicate in order to understand that Windsor is very much like a mosaic. Carrousel above all is really a celebration of Canada whatever your cultural origins.



# THE SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 4, July 10, 1986.



centrefold

ART SALIVA

## City "reclaimed"

by Terry Moore

A small group of demonstrators landed a boat in Dieppe Gardens and reclaimed Windsor for Canada as a July 1st show of patriotism.

The protestors, members of the local chapter of the Council of Canadians (C.O.C.), oppose free trade with the United States as a concession of "economic, cultural and political sovereignty," according to a statement read by president, Windsor communication studies professor Jim Winter. The group expressed concern that Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney will sacrifice the national interest in his effort to secure access to U.S. markets.

However, there were few witnesses to the event due to the concurrence of the Canada Day parade on Ouellette Avenue.

"We had no intention to compete against the celebrations," said treasurer, U. of W. student Margaret Liptay. The group rescheduled the protest in an unsuccessful attempt to avoid a time conflict.

Winter downplayed the lack of an audience. "Every small step helps somewhat in making Canadians aware," he said.

"All we can do is hope that on the local and national levels we can raise interest in the issues."

The demonstration took place in front of the U.S.S. Glover, an American naval ship docked in Windsor as part of a goodwill tour.

"We're pissed off because they can't go over there (to the Detroit side of the river)," said Winter. "This bloody thing is armed."

The vessel was unable to dock in Detroit because the channel there is too shallow.

Glover operations officer M.A. Hess said Windsorites responded positively to the ship's presence. The C.O.C. was exercising the right to free speech, he said.

Winter also criticized aspects of the International Freedom Festival.

"The word international is misleading because only two countries are involved," he said.

"It's just another excuse for Windsor to kow tow to Detroit."

Freedom Festival managing director Brenda Steffes said Windsor and Detroit worked together to determine the events and theme of the festival.

This year marked the "Salute to Liberty", but previous themes have included the U.S. Bicentennial and the Canadian Centennial, she said.

The C.O.C. is a nationalist organization fighting continentalism, founded by Edmonton publisher Mel Hurtig. □



Council of Canadians members heave to upstream from the U.S.S. Glover. If they would have known how dumb those hats look, chances are they'd have done without.

## Demonstrators target American naval vessel

by Lance news staff

On Canada day, members of the Windsor Coalition for Disarmament (W.C.D.) held a spontaneous demonstration against the presence of an American frigate, the U.S.S. Glover, in Dieppe Park as part of the festival. According to organizers, the action started with 15 people and grew to about forty. But the Freedom Festival discounted the protest.

W.C.D. chair Leonard Wallace called the tours of the ship "a gimmick, a promotion for the U.S. military."

"It is our obligation to protest that," Wallace said.

Glover operations officer M.A. Hess said the ship was given a warm reception by

most Windsorites. He said the tours provided "an opportunity for the Canadian people to see the ship."

Freedom Festival president Jim Ure was pleased with public response to the vessel.

"The ship coming in was just super," he said. "Over 5,000 people a day (went on board)."

Wallace acknowledged that people are interested in seeing a warship, but believes just as many people would have come for a tour of a coast guard or other non-military vessel.

Many people who lined up to board the frigate disagreed.

"I just wanted to see the ship and guns," said Susan Henry of Windsor. "It wouldn't be the same without weapons."

One man, Tom LaFramboise of Tecumseh, said the protestors were "naive".

"Without the military, we wouldn't have the freedom we do have," he said. "We need the States."

Others agreed with the protest. "I'm glad to see somebody cares about this," said Windsor resident Geno Iatona. "I don't think American gunboats should be in Canada. What has that got to do with freedom?"

"A number of people supported us after touring the ship," Wallace added.

Signs held by the demonstrators questioned whether the Glover carries nuclear weapons. Windsor is a nuclear weapons free zone.

Glover crewmen refused to confirm or deny that the ship is armed with nuclear weapons. That refusal is official U.S. policy.

Rod Beaton, spokesperson for the Windsor Harbour Commission, said the issue didn't come up when the Glover was granted permission to dock. He pointed out the vessel must have at least met safety criteria of the Department of National Defence to enter Canadian waters.

Wallace said the ship may have been in violation of the city's by-law forbidding the transportation of nuclear weapons or their components and should not have been allowed to enter.

Windsor Mayor David Burr could not be reached for comment.

Wallace said the purpose of the demonstration was, above all, to raise public consciousness. The protestors agreed they had done that. □

## African Student's Assoc. booth deemed "too political"

by Kevin Johnson

Controversy over the nature of this year's Freedom Festival spilled over into the International Village, a concurrent but separate event.

The village features ethnic food and culture booths in Dieppe park.

For the first time, the African Students' Association of the University of Windsor had a booth, which they used in part to distribute pamphlets, buttons and T-shirts calling for an end to apartheid. Apartheid is the racially-based socio-political system in South Africa.

This action may make it difficult for them to return in the future.

International Village organizer Henry White said the committee granted its approval to the A.S.A. on condition there be no political activity.

"They've gone beyond what they said," said White. "They may have some difficulty coming back."



Politics and culture meet and shake hands at A.S.A. booth.

A.S.A. spokesperson Peter Ijeh said they lived up to the arrangement.

"Our proposal said we could display African artifacts and literature," which they did in addition to their anti-apartheid material, he said.

The A.S.A. booth was one of two that did not sell food, according to White. "Why should they be here with no food?" he asked.

A.S.A. members said that White missed the point.

"What does selling ice cream floats have

to do with freedom?" said Handel Wright. "there's nothing wrong with it but it has nothing to do with the theme."

"Bingo is assured it will be here (at the Festival) next year, but we are not."

White said he sympathizes with the group's goal, but thinks the venue is inappropriate. The International Village is intended to be wholly recreational and cultural, and he is worried that some patrons may be offended by controversial issues like apartheid.

However, Ijeh said most passers-by reacted positively to the booth's political message. The group sold hundreds of anti-apartheid buttons and T-shirts to raise money for further campaigns.

All in all, the group considers its efforts worthwhile. A number of people pledged to honour one pamphlet's call for a boycott of South African goods.

"The one thing we did was educate a lot of people who knew nothing about apartheid," said Wright. □



## social gaffes

### NEWS

#### Saturday, July 19

—The Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee presents Traditional Central American Dinner at 7:30 p.m. at St. Alphonsus Church. For further information call 252-1517.

### ART

#### Tuesday, July 15 to Sunday, September 7

—The Detroit Institute of Arts presents and exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Museum hours 9:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., Tuesday to Sunday.

#### Continuing

—The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of François Boucher. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people, advance reservation required, call (313) 833-7844. Public tours 1:00 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 17.

—Artcite presents "Amos Eno New Yorkcrite", and exchange exhibition of New York artists. Exhibition ends Sunday July 20. For further information call 252-1539.

#### Sunday, July 13

—The Optimist Club of Essex presents Juice Newton in concert with special guests Steve King and the Dittlies. Show at 7:00 p.m. at Essex Arena, 20 minutes from Windsor. Tickets \$12.50 at A&A Records (Devonshire, Tecumseh, and University Malls) and Atlantic Video and Sound.

#### Saturday, July 19

—The Optimist Club of Essex presents Mitch Ryder with special guests Revolver at the Essex Arena, 20 minutes from Windsor. Show at 7:00 p.m. Tickets available at A&A Records (Devonshire, Tecumseh, and University Malls) and Atlantic Video and Sound.

### MUSIC

#### Thursday, July 10 to Saturday, July 12

—The Music Hall presents Sandra Reaves-Phillips' one-woman show "The Late Great Ladies of Blues and Jazz". Shows at 8:00 p.m., tickets \$12.50 to \$18.50. For further information call (313) 963-7680.

#### Saturday, July 12

—Breeding Ground in concert at the Subway. Doors open at 8:00 p.m. Tickets \$5.00.

#### Saturday, July 19

—Sheep Look Up in concert at the Subway. Doors open at 8:00 p.m. tickets \$5.00.

### DRAMA

#### Tuesday, July 15

—The Hilberry Theatre presents the midwest premiere of "Ringer", by Frank X. Hogan. Showtimes also Friday, July 18, and Thursday, July 24 at 8:00 p.m., and Saturday, July 26 at 9:00 p.m. For further info. call (313) 577-2972.

#### Wednesday, July 16

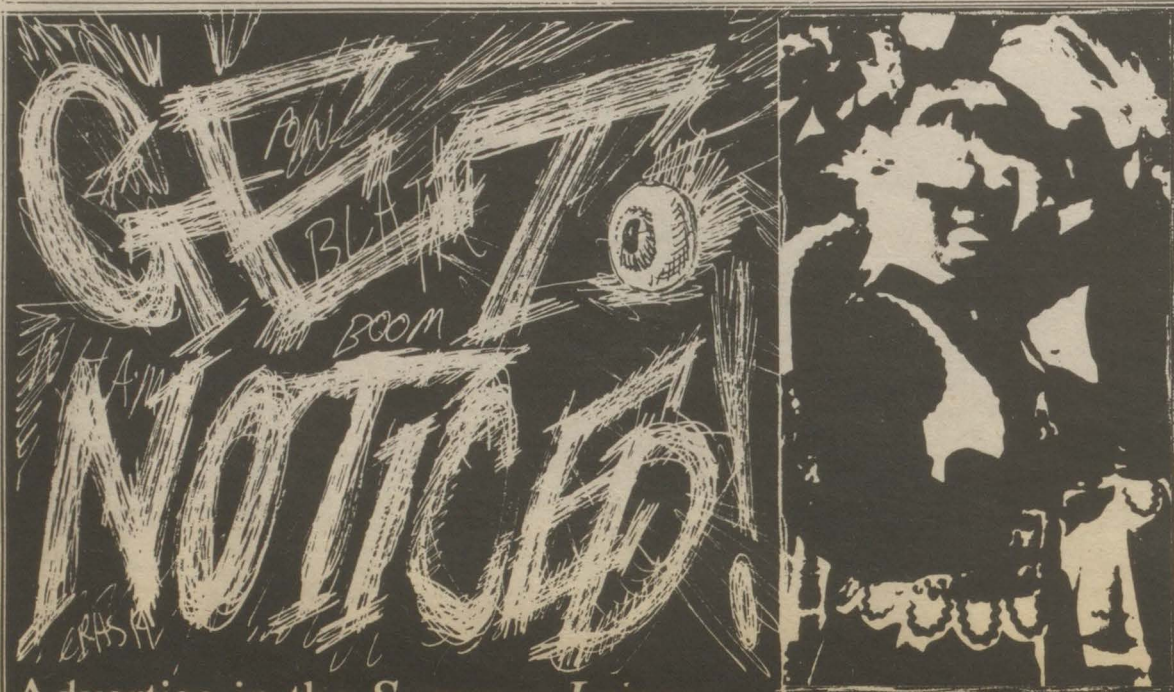
—The Hilberry Theatre presents the world premiere of Von H. Washington's "The Operation". Showtimes also Saturday, July 19 at 5:00 p.m. and Tuesday, July 22 and Friday, July 25 at 8:00 p.m. Call (313) 577-2972 for further information.

#### Thursday, July 17

—The Hilberry Theatre presents the world premiere of Howard Burnam's "Hello and Goodbye!". Showtimes also Saturday, July 19 at 9:00 p.m., Wednesday, July 23 at 8:00 p.m., and Saturday, July 26 at 9:00 p.m. Call (313) 577-2972 for further information.

#### Friday, July 18 to Sunday, August 17

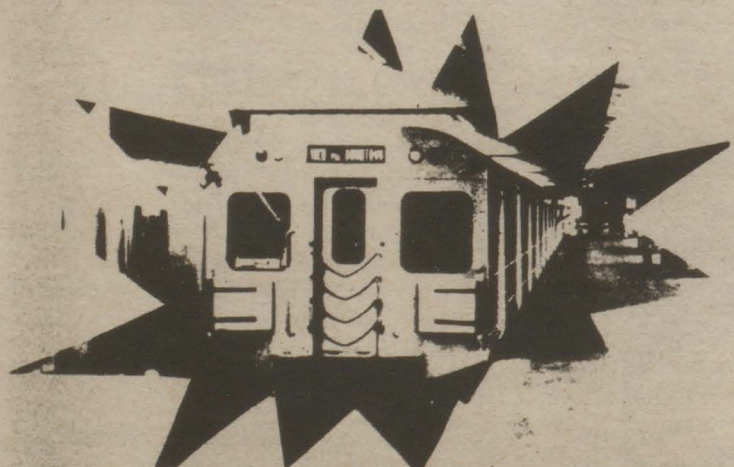
—The Attic Theatre presents the musical comedy "The Ballad Conrad and Loretta" by Christopher Reed and Ronald Martell. Performance times Thursdays and Fridays at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:00 p.m., and Sundays at 6:30 p.m. For tickets and further information call (313) 875-8284.



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Next issue—July 24.



**Subway**

## Subway weekly entertainment line-up SUMMER 1986

### JULY

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**26th**—'Jazz Butcher' Can. debut from London, Eng.

The Subway is also open from 12 noon to 4 p.m. for students and guests. Lunch is served from 12-1:30 p.m.; Breakfast at 8:30 a.m.

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University of Windsor



# Senate sets examination procedures

by Catharine Hudec

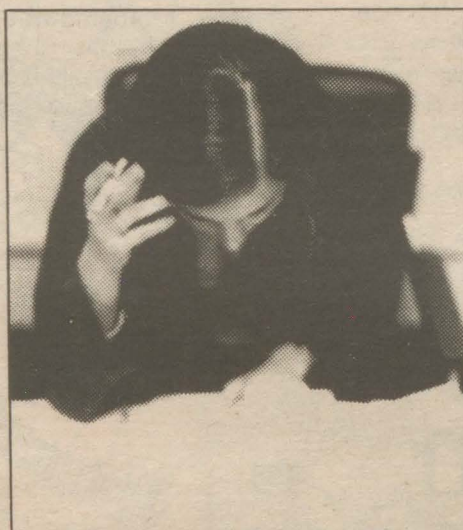
**I**nformal practices are not enough. Students and faculty of the University of Windsor will have new set of guidelines regulating examination procedure.

The Senate passed a motion to accept the recommendations outlined in the report of the Ad Hoc Committee on Examination Procedures at its June 18 meeting. The Senate formalized policies to deal with the issue of examination conflicts with religious holy days and also codified existing examination procedures.

Although the university has attempted to avoid religious holy days when designing the examination schedule, the structure of the academic year made such an arrangement impractical. While the administration sympathized with students forced to write examinations on holy days, if the course was required they had no choice but to take the exam.

Under the new policy, students unable to write a final exam during the regular time slot because of religious convictions may apply for an alternate slot within the examination period.

The applications must be filled out at the Registrar's Office during course registration. The Registrar's Office works out an alternative time slot with the instructor and then notifies students of their new examination schedule. The official procedure is outlined in the



Anonymous student studies her brains out trying to figure new examination rules.

university's "Timetable of Course Offerings."

While there is not a similar policy regarding term tests that fall on religious holy days, each department will receive a calendar of religious holy days. The schedule will be used to develop a testing schedule during the term.

Frank L. Smith, Chair of the Senate Ad Hoc Committee on Examination Procedures, said "There aren't too many holy days," and scheduling around them "shouldn't be too much of a problem."

Smith said there should not be a clustering of exams on non-holy days because "the biggest impact is during Saturday examinations." The instructors and students are responsible

for solving any remaining problems.

Another aspect of the policy concerns facilities. It is generally believed that amphitheatres are not suitable examination centres since their physical layout prevents effective supervision and is conducive to cheating.

The new policy recommends that the use of amphitheatres should be avoided. If it is necessary to use an amphitheatre, the number of examinees must not exceed 25 per cent of the room capacity. Amphitheatres are presently booked to 50 per cent capacity, as are classrooms.

Students' Administrative Council president, Jon Carlos Tsilfidis, a co-author of the report, said "it's wise to have fewer students in examination rooms."

Smith denies that the recommendations will create a scheduling problem for exams.

"One thousand places will be created outside of auditoriums," said Smith. "It hasn't been decided where yet."

Possibilities include some combination of the Vanier Hall Dining rooms, St. Denis Centre (field house or multi-purpose rooms), and Old St. Denis Hall.

Old St. Denis Hall is presently used for both final and term examinations, but concern has been expressed about its appropriateness as an examination environment.

One submission to the committee stated that Old St. Denis Hall "is an ugly depressing place in which to write an examination. It lacks proper lighting, ventilation, and most importantly, an accurate clock visible to all examinees. Since we are in the business of

teaching, and teaching necessitates examinations, I feel that we are obliged to provide a high quality and permanent examination room."

Accordingly, a maintenance program will be undertaken to upgrade the facility and make it a more appropriate examination environment.

A third section of the recommendations deals with the administration of exams. According to Smith, the new policy will not have a serious effect on students, but "they will know clearly what they can and can't do."

Tsilfidis said "some people won't like the fact that there are stricter regulations." He also said, however, that the stringent procedures should be expected at an institute of higher learning.

Under the new policy, tables or seats in examination centres will be numbered to make it possible for faculty to assign students randomly to specific locations. The examination booklets will include the rules of conduct for students and will be redesigned to differentiate between term tests and final examinations.

Additional instructions for invigilators and presiding examiners were also presented in the recommendations.

"The report outlines kinds of conduct...we assume that people—both students and invigilators—will meet their responsibilities," said Smith.

Devising the recommendations was "a serious responsibility," said Tsilfidis. He said that the tone of the report was very positive, though strict. "By-and-large, it was a good report." □

## Fee burden to shift to students?

by Catharine Hudec

Student fees in universities across Ontario may increase as of May 1, 1987.

The government has decided to accept, in principle, recommendations of the Ontario Council on University Affairs (OCUA) to ban compulsory, tuition-related ancillary fees and to permit an offsetting increase in the discretionary portion of tuition fees.

What this means is certain fees that students are now paying in addition to tuition will be reclassified as tuition. At present, any fee that is not charged as tuition is an ancillary fee. The new policy will effect only tuition-related fees.

However, this presents a problem for universities. The government has set basic tuition fees for all universities in the province, depending upon the field of study. This is known as the formula fee. In addition to the formula fee, universities are permitted to add on a discretionary fee of up to 10 per cent of the formula fee.

If a university charges more for tuition than the sum of the formula and discretionary fees, the government reduces the operating grant to that university by the difference.

Since most universities, including Windsor, charge the full 10 per cent discretionary fee, reclassifying tuition-related ancillary fees as tuition will increase tuition fees above the limit set by the government, which will therefore reduce its operating grants.

This will result in a loss of revenue for the universities, since the amount of money collected from their students will remain the same but that from the government will be reduced.

The Government may therefore permit the universities to increase the discretionary fee by up to five per cent of formula fees to offset this loss of revenue.

Whether the government will increase the discretionary fee by the full five per cent has yet to be determined, and whether or not the individual universities will subsequently increase their tuition will be determined by the governing body of each university once

the government's decision is made.

The net effect is that student fees may increase, depending upon the governing body of the university, but Government's contribution to post-secondary education will certainly decrease as operating grants are reduced.

At the University of Windsor, the vast majority of ancillary fees are exempted from this policy. The only fee included in the policy that all students now pay is the University Centre fee. Students are presently charged \$8.75 per semester.

According to Joseph Schiller, Director of Finance at the University of Windsor, "most fees here are low—as far as I can determine."

Schiller said "we've never had a policy on this before," and also said the policy "shouldn't effect student fees."

Jon Carlos Tsilfidis, president of the Student's Administrative Council sees the policy as a definite problem. By implementing the policy, Tsilfidis sees the government "condoning extra-billing by institutions on students."

Gregory Sorbara, Minister of Colleges and Universities, said the policies and regulations of the Ontario Student Assistance Program (OSAP) will be adjusted in view of the new policy.

But "OSAP can't make up the difference," said Tsilfidis. He cited a review of OSAP by the Ministry of Colleges and Universities that acknowledged the failings of the OSAP system under the present fee system.

Tsilfidis emphasized that any increase in fees reduces the accessibility of universities. He said Franco-Ontarian and Northern students will be especially effected.

According to Tsilfidis, the Ontario Federation of Students (OFS) has been saying that incidental fees are just a back door way of increasing tuition.

"The government is saying that years of underfunding should be made up by students, which is in line with the Bovey Commission," said Tsilfidis. "Bits and pieces of the Bovey Commission are being implemented into government policy."

According to Schiller, the new policy was

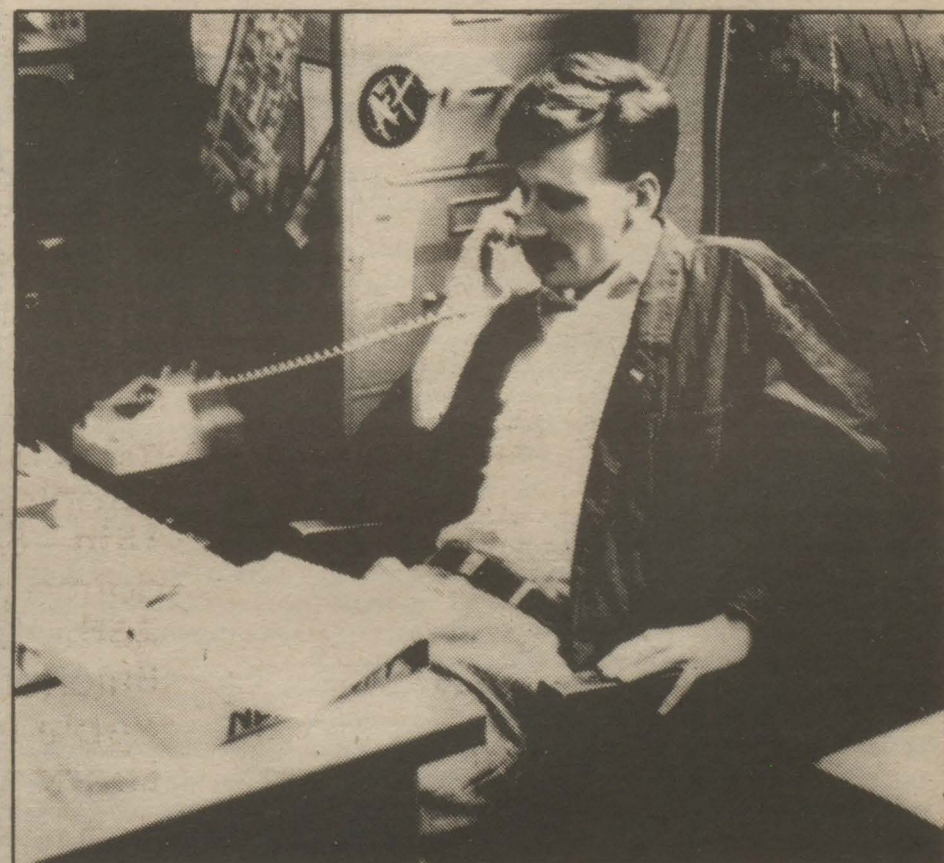
triggered by excessive computer fees at some universities. "It's kind of unfair to charge everybody computer fees if they don't take it." He added that there is no such policy at the University of Windsor, and repeated that fees are relatively low here.

In a similar vein, Tsilfidis said, "It is only proper and reasonable for students to expect responsibility from their institutions regarding these ancillary incidental fees."

A system-wide survey of ancillary fees will be conducted by the Ministry. The survey will also be used to determine the

appropriateness of using a student referendum process to establish local campus approval of "any fees" as compared to non-tuition related fees, as is the current policy.

"I wonder how effective it would be," said Schiller. He cited the December 4, 1985 referendum for a \$10 dollar fee increase to pay for a third floor on the University Centre as reason for his doubt. Only a little more than a quarter of the student population voted on the issue. Such a relatively small turnout casts doubt on the ability of such referendums to accurately gauge student acceptance of the measure under consideration. □



Lance photo by Andrew Hagger

CJAMfm ace newshound Stephen R. Bracewell will soon be moving on to greener pastures. Last week, the cuddly radio reporter tendered his resignation as the station's director of current affairs and announced his intention to move to Sarnia to head up the CBC bureau there. Rumour has it he will be missed.



## THE SUMMER Lance

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## Gun fun

Nice Festival. Shame about the guns.

As children boarded the U.S.S. Glover, they were greeted by smiling sailors who offered up balloons and kind words, making it awfully difficult to dislike these men who are paid to train to kill. The Glover is an active, fully armed U.S. Navy warship designed to find and demolish enemy submarines. The ship was fresh back from a stint in the Honduras, and was invited to the 28th annual International Freedom Festival to flex its muscles on the Dieppe waterfront. On the ship one day, a young father held his four- or five-year-old daughter up to the window of an enormous gun housing at the front of the vessel. "Look at the big gun, Amy," he said, as his daughter cooed into his shirt.

The Canada Day parade was held on a bright but nippy Tuesday morning. Watchers were greeted by entries from local community and ethnic groups, as well as a demonstration from a crack U.S. drill team who twisted, twirled and spun their rifles with the six-inch bayonets (i.e. *daggers*) attached. These guns are designed to do things: look nice, and kill people in nasty ways. Parade judges awarded the team a prize. They must have looked nice that day.

The Freedom Festival is, ostensibly, a celebration of freedom. What does that mean? Well, judging from this year's festival it's hard to tell. We had children's day, with parades and races and shows and the world's largest inflatable Ronald McDonald. We had senior's day, complete with a gentleman who named his left hand 'Pinky' and held conversations with it. We had fireworks, auto shows, a tug o' war, hydroplane races, tugboat races...all of which is great fun, and testament to the good will shared by Windsor and Detroit.

But it has very little to do with freedom.

Maybe if it was called 'The International Friendship Festival', there would be no reason to bellyache like this. But it's not; it's the Freedom Festival, but for 90 per cent plus of the festival, freedom is ignored. Too bad, because freedom is something worth celebrating.

Years ago, there existed such celebrations as Freedom

of Religion Day, Industry Trade and Labour Day, and Cultural Day. Now we've got bed races and waiter/waitress relays. As the Festival has grown in size and stature (it's now the seventh largest festival in North America—not bad, eh?), it's moved away from the celebration of its *raison d'être*, to celebration for its own sake. Which isn't to say that the Freedom Festival isn't a blast, or that it's not worthwhile; it is. But the Festival no longer seems to *mean* what it's supposed to.

Freedom is a political concept. But the Festival, according to its organizers, is making a conscious effort to avoid politicization. This year, the university African Students' Association operated a booth in the International Village in Dieppe Gardens, from which they distributed anti-apartheid T-shirts and literature. Village organizers will not likely invite the A.S.A. back because their operation was too political—and they didn't sell food.

The International Village is little more than a place to pick up a gyros and honeyballs for lunch. When the A.S.A. attempts to bring their struggle for freedom into an integral event at Freedom Festival, they are shunned. Too controversial.

Which brings us back to the bit about the guns. Politics is supposed to be avoided at the Freedom Festival, yet the United States military places an indelible stamp on the celebrations. The military is about as political as any organization can get; it stands for the use of violence to solve problems, the supremacy of states over other actors in society.

These precepts are outdated in a world which can end in 23 minutes.

But we have drill teams, pipe bands, field bands, a warship complete with souvenir shop, and the Freedom Festival Ambassadors, eight young people who host all the Festival events, with US NAVY emblazoned on a pin on their chests.

And there's the guns.

Whose festival is this, anyway?

## home cooking

## john may

# Spewing bile on Bob, Bil, B.O., and boycotts

Know who I hate? Bob Talbert, the guy who writes a regular column in the Detroit Free Press about stuff he hates and likes. He'll tell us all about songs he likes, or about his trip on a bus, or what he saw on TV last night. Who cares, Bob? I don't, but I read the damn thing anyway, all the while wondering how he landed his job and how much he gets paid. He bugs me so much I'm going to write a column just like him.

Did you see the Family Circus in the Sunday comics last weekend? Bil Keane used the old "Not Me" and "Ida Know" joke again. Come on Bil—come up with some new material! I can't wait for the next time you have Jeffy run around the neighbourhood, followed by an arrow tracing his wacky exploits, or until Billy takes over for his version of Daddy's comic strip. Nothing like rehashed material over and over again, I always say. What I really want to see is Jeffy get trapped under a lawnmower, with little arrows tracing the path of his body parts as they fly all over the neighbourhood. Or maybe have P.J. hack up mommy and daddy with a chainsaw, then blame it on Ida Know or Not Me. Get with it, Bil! And spell your name right.

Did you know it's illegal to engage in oral sex in Michigan? I guess they want to keep it in the prisons where it belongs.

I went to pick up an application for a passport the other day. It turns out you have to have a 'guarantor'—someone who's known you for at least two years and can verify the photo and the information on the application is indeed true.

Fine. I can live with that.

But get this—the application includes a list of people who can be accepted as a guarantor—occupations like doctors, lawyers, mayors, engineers(!), professors, chiropractors(!!), veterenarians, priests, etc.. That means my own dad, who served for the good guys in doubleyou doubleyou two, can't guarantee his own dear son's passport. But some guy who I've had two classes with who hated my essays and barely passed me *can*. Ditto for the fellow who knows my spinal column better than me. That must allow the Passport Office to sleep easy at night.

Then they have the gall to add a little disclaimer saying the list of occupations they've cited does not denote any type of elitist attitude. Are governments stupid, or what?

I hate people who say "anxious" when they mean "eager".

How come, when you're walking across campus late at night, the lights illuminating the walkways switch off whenever you approach them? Pretty creepy, if you ask me.

You know what we should've done during the doctor's strike? We should've boycotted *them*. Left their garbage on the street. Refused to sell them food. Cut off their electricity, phone, and water—just to, you know, *inconvenience* them. Better still, if a doctor's house caught fire, the firemen should've let it burn to the ground. That would've been a laugh.

Eugene Whelan has no sense of rhythm. You should've seen him at the Closing Ceremonies of the International Freedom Festival the other night. There he was, up on stage with the rest of the Festival big shots, sitting as a band performed a musical interlude in the ceremony. Everyone began clapping in time with the band—especially Bob Pedler who was getting *right* into it. Then Eugene started in, flopping his hands together like he was waving dead fish. You had to be there. It was a riot.

I've had about e-bloody-nough of the Statue of Liberty. It's bad enough that the Freedom Festival had to jump on the bandwagon—what's worse is that I did some graphic work for the Festival and had to draw the thing eight and a half billion times. But now they've even got Statue of Liberty candy, and entire magazines devoted to the old bag of patima. However, I *do* like the Sure deodorant commercial with Lady Lib raising her hand 'cuz she's Sure—completely *stink free*. I hate statues with B.O.

And I hate that carny game where you have to toss a little plastic ball off a monkey's face into a laundry basket. By the time you get the hang of it, you've wasted ten bucks, and then you can't give up since you already have a substantial investment in the game. So you wind up dropping twenty bucks for some ugly purple stuffed walrus you'd never look twice at in a store. And your girlfriend has to pretend she's thrilled.

You, too? □



# Expo 86 offers circuses without bread

by Karen Gram  
Canadian University Press

February 26, 1986. Expo 86 president Jimmy Pattison sits perched on a tall stool in front of an angry crowd, angry because some of Vancouver's poor people are facing evictions from their homes to make way for Expo tourists with lots of money.

A side door opens and several people pelt raw eggs at the stage. One smacks Pattison's face and dribbles slowly down his cheek as he speaks. Another lands on his beautifully tailored suit jacket.

Not far away a sign outside a nightclub reads "Girls Girls Girls—Expo 86 visitors welcome."

If all the toilet paper Expo expects visitors to use during the fair was layered one meter deep along the Trans Canada Highway, it would stretch all the way from the B.C. Place stadium to Expo to Squamish 50 miles away.

That's how much shit Expo is bringing to Vancouver.

According to Premier Bill Bennett's Social Credit government, Expo 86 is supposed to solve all of B.C.'s economic woes. It adheres to "meo project logic" so familiar to British Columbians and favoured by the Soereds. But many critics say the Soered logic is faulty and that Expo will be a waste of money, creating enormous social and economic problems.

Much has happened to Vancouver since Bennett announced it would host the world fair. Not all of it is good.

Construction workers put their jobs on the line in wild-cat strikes that didn't shy away from violence to protect union jobs threatened by Soered legislation. In a confrontation that lasted several months, the construction workers fought an unsuccessful battle against the government, the press, and Expo 86.

Some of the events have been ridiculous: like the American souvenir company which threatened to sue the feds for using the Canada Pavillion logo on their sovenirs. It seems Expo had sold those rights to the Yankees.

Much of Expo is hilarious. Take for example the giant hockey stick nestled between two bridges and pointing the way to the Canada Pavillion. It's bigger than you've ever seen. The biggest in the world, in fact. Canada's great defence. They say it represents the great Canadian style. Do they mean slapstick?

At Expo, civilians can fearlessly ride on a toy space shuttle, hastily rechristened after its namesake, the Challenger, became another casualty of America's "omnipotent" technology.

There's more. Lots more. It's so exciting, Vancouverites are knee deep in it.

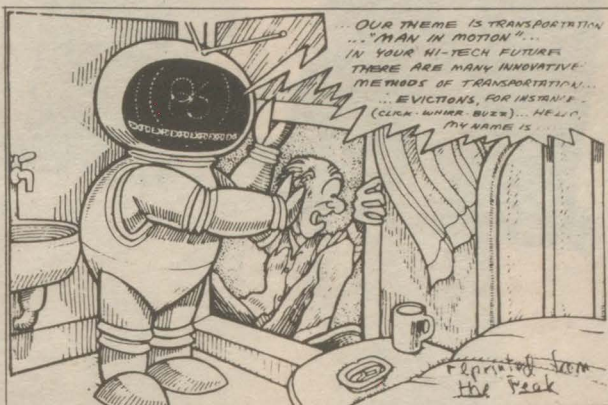
But in the Ukrainian Hall in downtown Vancouver, hotel residents are angry.

May Heginbotham is 87 years old and confined to her room with a painful leg condition. She has until March 19 to

leave the room she has shared for the last three years with her 83-year-old friend John Stefanicz. Their hotel is being renovated in time for Expo. Fifty people must find other lodgings.

At the Patricia, another resident hotel, 50 more people just received eviction notices. Some of them have lived there for 20 years. Now they have a week to move. One man, in desperation, jumped from his window to his death after hearing the news.

Although the residents pay \$220 per month, the hotel is



planning to charge tourists \$65 per night for a single room during Expo, reveals a survey conducted by the Downtown Eastside Residents Association.

DERA is a citizen's action group which represents the people who live in the dilapidated urban ghetto of the downtown eastside.

The DERA survey shows at least 30 hotels in the area are planning renovations that could displace more than 1,000 people. There are no rent controls to stop the hotels. The Soered government did away with the controls.

When asked for his help to lobby the government for temporary rent controls during Expo, Pattison humbly claimed his sphere of influence is limited to the Expo grounds. However, he said he would be opposed to the evictions if the tenants have nowhere else to go. (Jimmy is sure a good Christian. Fundamentalist actually.)

Expo began as a humble transportation fair to celebrate Vancouver's 100th birthday. It was supposed to cost \$79 million. Now it's an \$800 million monster with a \$400 million deficit.

But the Soereds aren't concerned because they claim the losses will be recouped through a lottery they've established (our dreams will pay for the government's gamble) and through the influx of tourist dollars.

Chuck Blackorby is an economist at the University of British Columbia. As a member of a leftwing political think tank, the Pacific Group for Policy Alternatives, he has studied past world fairs for their economic value.

"It is not possible to go through all the post World War II fairs and find one the profited," said Blackorby. New York, Spokane, Montreal, New Orleans, Tokyo, all closed with deficits, he says.

Blackorby argues that world expositions just aren't efficient means to rescue a failing economy.

And as a job creation scheme, it's pretty ineffectual, the economists say. Richard Allen, B.C. Central Credit Union chief economist, predicts a two per cent decrease in the unemployment rate during the fair. "But where do the workers go in October?" he said.

Larry Kuehn, chair of the Pacific Group, said employment rates during the New Orleans fair rose by two percentage points but then returned to pre-Expo figures right afterward. The same is expected for Vancouver.

The jobs at the fair are mainly low-skilled, low pay and non-union. Employees are guaranteed no more than four hours work each day (but must be prepared to work 16) at \$4 per hour. The jobs only last 5-12 months and applicants are asked their opinions on unions before being hired.

Expo was never intended to solve economic problems says Wendy Frost, founder of People First 86, an anti-Expo group. "Expo is being used as an occasion to push the Soered agenda."

Frost says Expo advances three well known goals of the Social Credit government: weaken the labour movement, enhance free enterprise, and clean up the uglies of downtown Vancouver.

The clean up, the excitement, the carnival, the jobs, all add up to one big hotdog. Re-election. Expo is the perfect scheme for re-election says Frost.

"It's a giant PR gimmick," she said. It combines short-term economic renewal with 15,000 temporary jobs and presents them in a fantastic package of novelties that doesn't even come out of the Social Credit party's coffers.

The government announced first they will give away \$500,000 from the B.C. lottery fund to cover the travel costs of children wishing to travel to the fair. This from the same government that virtually eliminated school field trips.

The second clue came from labour minister Terry Segarty who told his constituents in the B.C. interior they would only get money from the Expo legacy fund for a library if he is re-elected.

To boycott or not to boycott is the question critics are wrestling with. If a successful boycott is mounted, the fair could easily flop, destroying the credibility of the Soered government. It could also destroy the economy by creating an enormous deficit.

But if there is no boycott, the propaganda will be so pervasive that many people will believe it and vote Soered in the next election. And that is something many British Columbians don't want to happen. ( )

## mail

### solidarity

Dear Editor

Greetings from the Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee.

The history of the University of El Salvador has been one of occupation and struggle. In 1980, Salvadorean armed forces occupied the campus and destroyed the University. Between 1980 and 1984, government forces and death squads killed 1900 students and 492 others, including Felix Antonio Ulloa, the rector of the University of El Salvador.

Today although the University has reopened, the repression continues. In April and May of this year, two vice-presidents of AGEUS (the General Association of Salvadorean University Students) were abducted and tortured by Salvadorean police, and the University's science and economics faculties were attacked by gunmen. These acts of violence represent what Miguel Angel Parada, the rector of the University of El Salvador, calls "a new wing of harassment" against the University.

Despite government aggression and severe cutbacks in funding, the University of El Salvador continues to function. AGEUS, the Student Union, has deemed July 30 International day of Solidarity with Salvadorean Students, has organized a conference for that week, also the University of El Salvador will be celebrating its 150th anniversary. Salvadorean students are inviting Canadian students to participate in this event.

In Windsor, the Oscar Romero Committee has nominated Mireille Coral as our local

delegate. The cost of the trip is \$1000, including plane fare, accommodations for four days, and the cost of the conference materials. We need donations to help us cover the expense of participating as part of a national delegation. The University of El Salvador faces tremendous repression and needs Canadian support. Donations may be forwarded to the Oscar Romero Solidarity Committee with El Salvador (ORSCEs), P.O. Box 1554, Station "A", Windsor, Ontario N9A 6R5.

For further information contact Jose Orantes at 252-1517 or Mireille Coral at 735-8920.

We greatly appreciate any financial support people can give.

The University of El Salvador refuses to die!!!

In solidarity,  
Aida Orantes

### character

Dear Editor

Your editorial on June 12 asked some questions about the Donlon Hall dormitory, and I have the answers. First, as to Robin Goudreau's character, I worked alongside of him as a bartender at the D.H. while he was earning money for University, and if medals were given out for honesty and integrity, he would have received one. Second, as to thinking of the idea to turn Donlon Hall into a dormitory, no one had to think of it because the idea was self-evident. The day the 'For Sale' sign went up, my first thoughts were "What a great location for a student dormitory."

The fact the Huron Hall is being closed has absolutely no bearing on this. Even if the University would have had a brand new residence ready for this September, the Donlon Hall conversion would have still been self-evident to anyone living in this area, as is the case with the Goudreaus.

This is not a case of conflict of interest, but a case of 'Excuse me for breathing'.

Yours truly,  
Bruce Walman

### mountains

Dear Editor

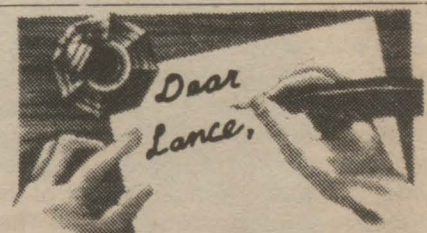
The purpose of this letter is two-fold.

First, I would like to respond to Bob Mackenzie's letter ("Apologies Owed", June 12). While Bob is free to make as large a pedantic mountain out of a stylistic molehill as he pleases, I suggest he might benefit from a critical reading of his own letter. I'm sure Bob is well aware that his use of the word "quote" in his letter is grammatically incorrect. "Quote" is properly a verb: the correct word here is "quotation". I trust that my colleague, an editor and *bon vivant* in his own right, has made a mere oversight. As far as Bob's caveat regarding copyright is concerned, I hope the Lance editorial staff is not losing any collective sleep over the issue.

Second, as one who struggles to be sophisticated, I've been hearing a lot of backroom talk about "deconstructionism" these days. From what I'm able to piece together, "deconstructionism" is a non-theory which expresses the notion that one should read a poem, essay, etc. without

reference to reality. I have also noticed that the (growing?) cabal who favour this methodology mention the names "Bloom" and "Foucault" a great deal. Furthermore it has been suggested that this movement is "spreading" to fields such as fine art and psychology. Clearly, if there is an epidemic going on, I'd like to know a bit more of it. Perhaps one of your staff will enlighten us all.

Sincerely,  
John Liddle



Letters to the Editor should be limited to 500 words or fewer; they may be submitted to the Lance office on the second floor of the University Centre, at the Lance mailbox in the SAC office, or in the Lance mailbox at the University Centre desk.

All letters must be typed double spaced.

All letters must be signed.

The Lance reserves the right to refuse to publish material of a sexist, racist, or homophobic nature. The Lance also reserves the right to edit all letters for space and libel.



# Arts Alive

## Tafelmusik Canada's Baroque Orchestra on Original Instruments

Henry Purcell wasn't the kind of guy that gave much thought to instrumentation; living off the fat of his patrons (possibly the one major thing that he had in common with Marcel Duchamp, whose Johnny Rotten mentality was never quite able to pierce the balloon of modern aristocracy) he was called upon to produce titillations for a group of perfume-doused yahoos whose critical faculties were less developed than their taste for caviar. In these post-modern times, with the doctrine of sturm und drang worked into our aesthetic veins like worms into the muscles of the family dog, a sensibility like Purcell's, or J.S. Bach's, or Telemann's, can make any sensitive leftist itch in all the wrong places; but set aside we must our crude moral fibre embarrassed as any of us might be at the prospect of perpetuating the countless theme songs of the bourgeoisie, for in these post-everything-save-total-destruction times them darned diehard purists are still at it; Canadian ensemble Tafelmusik is a group devoted to the dynamic preservation of baroque music. Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra performed as part of the recent Arts Alive Festival at Windsor's ever infamous meeting place of the truly cultured Cleary Auditorium.

The face of long-haired music has changed over the ages, and what one might call progress, has led to sophistications that would have puzzled the composers: the fastidiousness in instrumentation pursued by Tafelmusik and the degree of musicality would please Purcell and those of his ilk. An old favourite of mine, Johann S. Bach's Orchestral Suite no. 2 in B minor, is standard repertoire for a group such as Tafelmusik; the piece features the flute, and has been transposed for recorder as well.

The featured part was delivered by Alison Melville, the group's only wind instrumentalist (the rest are string players—excepting of course the harpsichord, which, to be perfectly precise, also involves strings, if ya wanna get technical about it, which is half the fun when you're in a jargonistic self-indulgent mood).

The group is interested in exploring authentic performance practices and have been recreating chamber music of the finest quality since their formation in 1979. Tafelmusik aims at authenticity, and this means that the resulting sound is not as full as that of modern music; there is, for instance, no vibrato in the baroque style of playing; nor was the musical text of the baroque era designed to project in a concert hall. The sound is more delicate, (tinny in a good way) and ultimately more suited to contrapuntal music.

Tafelmusik has already released two recordings on the Collegium label, one of which has recently won the Grand Prix du Disque-Canada for best chamber music recording. The group is also preparing to release a two album set of cello concertos which will feature virtuoso Dutch cellist Anner Bylisma.

It is heartening to witness an arts ensemble of such calibre coming out of our own little country—Europe has tended to produce the leaders in the field of chamber music; in 1984, Tafelmusik became the first North American baroque orchestra to be invited to make a tour of Europe. The group is based in Toronto, and enjoys an annual twenty-five concert season there.

As an ensemble, Tafelmusik excel and their suppliers doubtless rest peacefully in their sepulchres.

—Sarah Atkinson



## Windsor Symphony "Happy Birthday Canada!"

The programme of the Arts Alive concert of the Windsor Symphony was entitled "Happy Birthday Canada!" and featured, in what was apparently a musical tribute to Canada's multiculturalism, the works of composers of various nationalities. Unfortunately, the mix was anything but comprehensive (only four nationalities were represented) or proportioned (the entire first half was devoted to Italian music and composers).

The concert opened auspiciously with the Sinfonia to Giuseppe Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, this was the first time I had heard the Windsor Symphony play under the direction of their new Music Director Dwight Bennett, and I was very impressed, both with Bennett's flair and the orchestra's execution. His podium style is far more dynamic and involved than the comparatively flaccid manner of past Music Director Laszlo Gati, and he urged the Windsor Symphony to a performance that was energetic and rhythmically precise.

The Verdi was succeeded by a piece of a more workaday nature, Hermann's (identified in the program only by his surname) *Italian fiesta*, a tedious but good-natured arrangement of several popular Italian tunes. Dwight Bennett's role here became strictly metronomic, in spite of which the percussion section persistently lagged behind the beat by at least a sixteenth note.

The cellos were briefly featured in Rossini's *William Tell Overture*, the next work on the program. The execution was not up to the standards of the opening work, but everyone (the strings, I think, deserve special mention) dealt admirably with some pretty wicked parts.

The orchestra was joined at this point by the Italian Choir (Dario Rossi, Director) with whom they played the following four choruses from Verdi operas: "Evviva...beviam" from *Ernani*, "Va, pensiero" from *Nabucco*, "O Signore, dal tetto natio" from *I Lombardi*, "Che del gitano" from *Il Trovatore*. The choir tended to phrase rather heavily and unsightly, but they were generally very attentive to Dwight Bennett's direction.

Poland was given cursory and somewhat goofy acknowledgement with another unforgettable Hermann classic, *Polish Polka Party*.

The Hungarian Choir (Gertrude Edenhoffer, Director) joined the orchestra for a performance of Maro's (first name truncated in the program, like our friend Hermann) *The Wedding of Ecser*. The piece was based upon

## Two Foolish to Talk About

I laughed until I stopped. That is, during the funny parts I laughed. During the other parts I stopped.

Greg Malone and Tommy Sexton are really funny guys—their characters in *Two Foolish to Talk About* on June 23 were brilliant and some of their ideas really took off. The only bad part is that other ideas didn't.

First, the good stuff: "Not My Pain" was great—Malone's nurse was dead on, and her placid insistence that the patient's catheter "shouldn't hurt like that, love", and therefore didn't require adjusting, made me cringe; Special Appeal was perfect opportunity for some good old-fashioned fundamentalist bashing—Sexton's Tammy Bakker oozed sucrose, fructose, glucose, and sacchrine; and Flab Dance was just plain silly. But good.

Problems arose with bits like "Night of the Nocturnal Suckers" and "Around The World On A Broomstick" that just went on too long. Sexton's Newfoundland accent in "Man Or Mousse" was nigh on unintelligible, and his night club entertainer in the "Introduction" just wasn't slimy enough.

But for the most part, I really liked them. Almost five years ago I saw both Sexton and Malone perform with the Wonderful Grand Band in Corner Brook, Newfoundland.



# Culture goes crazy at the Cleary

The International Freedom Festival provides ample opportunity for anyone to sate their appetite for communal festivity (the fireworks, the tugboat races, the Canada Day Parade, etc.), gaudy commerciality (the Conklin Carnival) and, for the first time, fine music and theatre. Because this year Festival presented Arts Alive, a series of seven performances by Canadian artists and ensembles, ranging in content from symphonic music to jazz to modern dance.

Attendance at most performances was unfortunately rather low, but hopefully the event will gain momentum over the years and become as traditional and well attended as any other Freedom Festival event.

The International Freedom Festival, The Arts Council of Windsor and Region, and all others who contributed to the staging of Arts Alive deserve the heartiest applause for bringing to the Freedom Festival an element it has sorely lacked in previous years. The series was delightfully eclectic, high quality, relatively cheap, and Canadian.

## Sun★Ergos, A Company of Theatre and Dance

On the evening of the fireworks, Sun★Ergos also performed. Or rather, Sun★Ergos performed on Wednesday, July 2nd at Cleary Auditorium.

The fact that the fireworks took place that evening is important, because it increased my opinion of the professionalism and showmanship of the company, while it decreased my opinion of Windsor audiences.

You see, as the hour of the fireworks show approached, members of the audience tried to sneak out of the auditorium.

"If," as one member of the audience said, "there had been music, it would have been better," and the defections might not have been so obvious. (Though I believe that he meant that the performance itself would have been better).

As it was, the final work was presented with no "musical" accompaniment, (except the whistling of the wind in trees), and the sound of auditorium seats clanging was extremely distracting. But the company, namely Robert Greenwood and Dana Luebke, carried on with a aplomb.

Peevishness aside, Sun★Ergos is a small (two member) theatre and dance company based in Calgary, Alberta. Greenwood acts and Luebke dances, although booth switch art forms occasionally.



One person I met at the performance found Greenwood marvelous and Luebke "self indulgent and completely without talent."

Another found Luebke's dancing and choreography "very good," but felt that some of the acting was questionable.

Yet another member of the audience found the acting "o.k." but was confused by the dancing. "I guess you have to use your imagination," he said.

I was pleased with both performers on the whole, although both had shaky moments. In particular I felt that the extremely long, occasionally slow "Tree Whisper," which took up the entire second half of the evening was a bad choice in view of the impending fireworks.

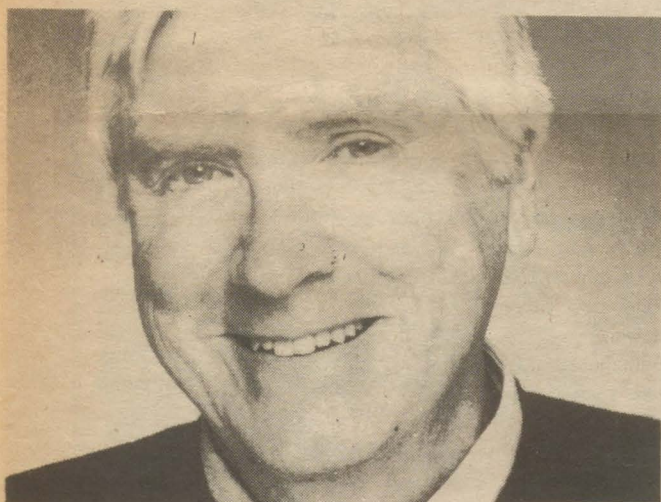
On the other hand, the ease with which Greenwood switched characters was phenomenal. The two sketches "TV Vandals" and "The Train" were enthralling.

Dana Luebke was stunning in "Doors: A Profile," performed to silence and then to music by Kyoto Mozart. The piece show-cased Luebke's control and technique, although it, too, was a trifle over-long.

In the end, despite the unpropitious evening and the uncultured boors who left early, I enjoyed the performance and applaud the International Freedom Festival and the Arts Council for bringing the company to participate in Arts Alive.

by Catharine Hudec

## Puss-in-Boots Windsor Theatre Development Corporation



Hungarian folk melodies, and recalled in mellower form the works of Bela Bartok.

The concert concluded with the obligatory Freedom Festival performance of Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture, Opus 49. The orchestra played sloppily at times, and their relatively diminutive forces were not ideal for this, but it provided a sufficiently blustery end to the evening.

The Unicorn Players' production of *Puss-in-Boots* at the Cleary Auditorium June 28 was an enjoyable break from the heat and noise just outside at the Freedom Festival. Under the direction of Daniel Patrick Kelly, the actors urged the young members of the audience to help out the characters and join in the fun.

For those not familiar with the story, the play begins as our hero, Sean (Sean Cullen) is tossed out of the mill his father bequeathed to his brothers. Told not to come back, Sean looks to his cat, Puss, for advice. Magically, Puss (Judy Steip) changes herself to a cat of human proportions—wearing boots of course.

Puss strikes upon a plan to find Sean fame and fortune by defeating the resident Ogre Ogle Ogre (Stephen J. Hill) and laying claim to his lands. She also finds Sean a beautiful princess to marry who will love him as much as he loves her.

After this is accomplished, the cocky cat stands by as Sean, now the Marquis de Puce, and his Princess

(Amanda Tapping) are approved by the King (Patrick T. Ryall) and his sister the Duchess (Bridget McFarthing). Summarily approved, Sean and his princess live happily ever after in the castle of the Ogre Ogle Ogre.

Despite the sparse scenery and occasional overacting the production came off rather well, mainly due to the participation of the children in the audience.

Although it took some time before the children felt comfortable enough to answer the actors, by the end of the show the children were yelling suggestions to Puss on how to capture the Ogre Ogle Ogre.

A high point of the matinee occurred when one particularly inventive young man explained various bloody and painful methods for defeating ogres. It was not without some difficulty that Puss reclaimed the stage for herself and continued with the play.

Still, the over-acting did not bother the young audience, who left the play in high spirits, happy that good had defeated evil and all was right with the world. □

by Kamille Hudec

## Gina Lori Riley Dance Enterprises "Mabel - Two Nights at the Bowling Alley and We Can Do That"

Gina Lori Riley Dance Enterprises presented a dynamic but somewhat unpolished evening June 27.

The performance of *Mabel—Two Nights at the Bowling Alley and We Can Do That* took place on the second evening of Arts Alive.

The programme claimed that the piece "recognizes that we are, each of us individuals....part of that acquiscent blob of mass which tends to expend more breath than energy in reacting against life circumstances.... *Mabel* is intended to impose responsibilities upon the viewer."

Such a statement is awesome in its presumption. Skepticism reared its ugly head, but then Patterns of Change Percussion Ensemble, Riley's musical collaborator and accompanist, played their first work.

Thus began a performance that lived up to the promise in the programme more often than not.

Unfortunately the troupe did not transcend the "blob of mass." Like the rest of humanity, it also expended more breath than energy in this performance.

As a theatre work, *Mabel* was enjoyable, and most scenes made their point with ease and charm. As a dance work, however, the show fell apart when more than one person was on stage.

Riley's choreography is energetic and athletic, and thus difficult to synchronize. The ensemble just did not



have the spark necessary to carry off the choreography, despite moments of brilliance.

Nevertheless, the piece did fulfill much of its promise. It revealed prejudices, mannerisms, and desires that were readily identifiable to the audience, and while no specific solutions to "life's circumstances" were proposed, the recognition of these foibles is an important first step. □

by Catharine Hudec

ut, CODCO



Back then their humour was geared to a Maritimes audience, with stronger accents and more local humour. They've expanded the appeal of their scenarios and, if I'm not mistaken, become just a little more political. Tell me that "Jesus is an American" isn't a political statement. I dare ya.

—Susan McIlveen



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# Soccer is not exactly cricket

by John Slama

Once upon a time, when I first became sports editor of this rag, I had the idea in my head that the sports pages would be exclusively devoted to formula one racing and women's gymnastics.

Upon discovering that the University of Windsor fielded a team in neither discipline, nor would the *Lance* pay my way to Brand's Hatch or the Nurburgring, I was

advantage of poverty, pestilence or war and weaselled past the island countries and into the tournament. Therefore, CBC televised all the games and we got our inferiority complex reinforced.

One evening during the tournament, I got into a discussion with another sports fan, who was raving about the NBA final (I believe the Celtics were playing somebody). Soccer, he said, was the most boring game

Many people believe that no European team will ever win a World Cup on Latin American soil because of the combined effects of climate and Montezuma's Revenge. But there is another factor just as important: Latin American teams play dirty. The Uruguayans, a pre-tournament favourite, played so mean against Denmark that they were penalized as a team. They are also a bunch of sucky-poops. Play-acting after being fouled (or not fouled) is rampant in soccer; in fact, the Canadians' naivete became apparent when they didn't flop to the ground whenever the other team came near. (Where's Bill Barber when you need him?) But the Mexicans made it an art. One German, after being fouled by a Mexican, gave him a love tap on the head, upon which the Mexican immediately went into a coma, and the German was yellow-carded. After a long period in which Mexicans dropped like flies only to jump up like gazelles after the whistle, one frustrated German actually put his hands on a Mexican's shoulders. At this the Mexican's legs went limp and his eyeballs flew out of his head. The Germans are just too humourless to learn tactics like these, and besides, whenever they do make it to the final they play like the other team deserves to win and the Germans are just obliging them by providing opposition.

Yup, the Latin Americans play either dirty or whiney. The Italians play both. It feels real good to say this in print where nobody can contradict me.

My pick in 1990 in Italy? (What the hell!) The Italians for an unprecedented fourth Cup. □



relieved that I could at least cover my third choice, soccer. When the editor asked me to write an article about the World Cup, I thought it would be fun. Then he said he would not pay my way to Mexico. Writing sports has brought me nothing but disappointment.

One of the most appealing things about soccer is that it does not appeal to Americans. It does not appeal to Americans because they are not any good at it, and they will never get good at it until it starts to appeal to them. This is a happy vicious cycle. Soccer has not exactly caught fire in Canada either, despite our presence in the World Cup. This is because the most exciting thing that happened is that we almost held France to a scoreless tie. What a nail-biter.

Anyone who watched knows that Canada had no business being in the tournament anyway: we are not among the top 24 soccer nations in the World. But qualifying is done according to geography to make the tournament a real "world" cup and this is where Canada had an unfair advantage over more deserving countries like Kuwait. North America is made up of Mexico and several piddling little island countries that routinely beat up on the Americans, who aren't any good at soccer, and the Canadians. This time Team Canada must have taken

on Earth because nothing happens for an hour and a half, then somebody gets a lucky goal and wins 1-0. Big deal. I said, in basketball the teams go back and forth until they build the score to 90-90, and the winner depends on who has the ball last. As this particular sports fan had also been a sports writer, he was used to having his blowhard opinions in print and not contradicted. Fortunately, the third member of our party lightened things up by saying that the most awful job in the world must be a soccer goalkeeper, because you have to stand around for an hour, then suddenly leap sideways. Then we went back to Hyperolympics.

## Two new coaches

by Catharine Hudec

The Lancer football coaching squad has a couple of additions.

Robert (Sandy) Kalle and Ross McDonald will take on new responsibilities for the upcoming season.

Kalle, the new linebacker coach, is optimistic about the team's chances for 1986.

"They (the players) seem to be fairly enthusiastic," he said. "I think that this year should be a pretty good year."

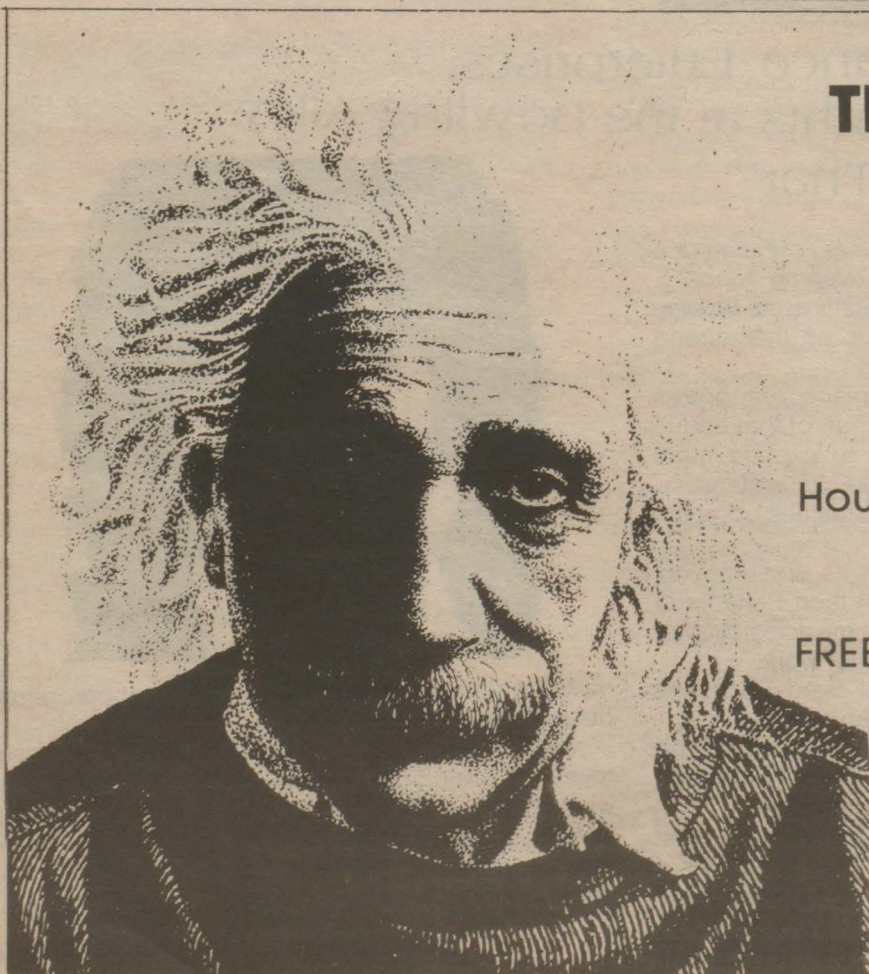
Kalle, who has coached in Ottawa and Windsor at both the minor and high school levels, is looking forward

to his new position.

"I thought it would be interesting coaching at that level, working with older players."

While not yet familiar with the team or its linebackers, Kalle stated, "We have to work hard on some fundamentals. I think that's important right now."

McDonald, named running back coach, is a Lancer alumnus. An All-Star and Lancer team captain in 1972, he has helped coach Kingsville High School to three championships since leaving the University of Windsor. □



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# Chalk Circle

story by sarah atkinson  
photos by sukanya pillay

As an impressionistic critic, I feel beholden to record an inane and undefineable (inane because undefineable?, undefineable because I lack sufficient critical jargon to define it?, and hands-down unjustifiable impression that impressed itself upon me whilst I leaned stageward in the Subway Friday night swathed in the sounds of Toronto-based band Chalk

"All I want from you is an honest answer: do you like the taste of this cheese?"

Circle; it might have been the subliminal effect of a friend's comment ("they sound like Rush" is a simplified version of his stealthy remark) that caused me to recall the music of the 70's (music that ought to have been recalled anyway)—please don't ask me to qualify this intuition; I really can't. And as further insult to this injury to rock journalism and to good form in general, it simply stops there; for upon closer

scrutiny, the music of Chalk Circle yielded nothing to support my gig-time reveries. When ya get, as it were, right down to it, Chalk Circle is aurally monochromatic, and their aesthetic success crucially dependent on what is commonly referred to as soul, or passion, if you will. The sound of this band is just the tonic for those sensitive individuals who don't mind sacrificing tonal contrast for "feeling". But let us not confuse "feeling" with "soul"; or rather, let us quantify a distinction between the two: "feeling" generally kicks in to save a musical text that has more emotive intention on the part of the deliverer than stylistic ingenuity, whereas "soul" can't be forced, and is, incidentally, a rare thing in the pop world.

"E" for effort is all I can muster in the long run for the vocals of Chris Tait, but then, I've always been a fancier of melody which is not a strong area for this band. Less time might be spent in imitating the slick sounds of countless Northern British top-forty bands and more attention given to exploring the unknown. The optimism implicit in Circle's material is akin to that of everyone's favourite R.E.M., but the former fails to deliver the sonic dynamics.

The band has recently released a six-song mini-LP entitled *The Great Lake*, and, after persual, it seems safe to say that an uncanny monotony marks the melodic lines of all the songs. Occasionally inventive instrumentals save this band's material from tonal indistinction—kicking guitar riffs, the incidental pounding poignancy of an energetic drummer (Derrick Murray) rescue the melodically insipid "April Fool" from musical destitution; Those old haunting guitar lines fill up the space in "Big White Clouds" (courtesy of Chris Wardman on acoustic guitar—Wardman is also the band's producer).



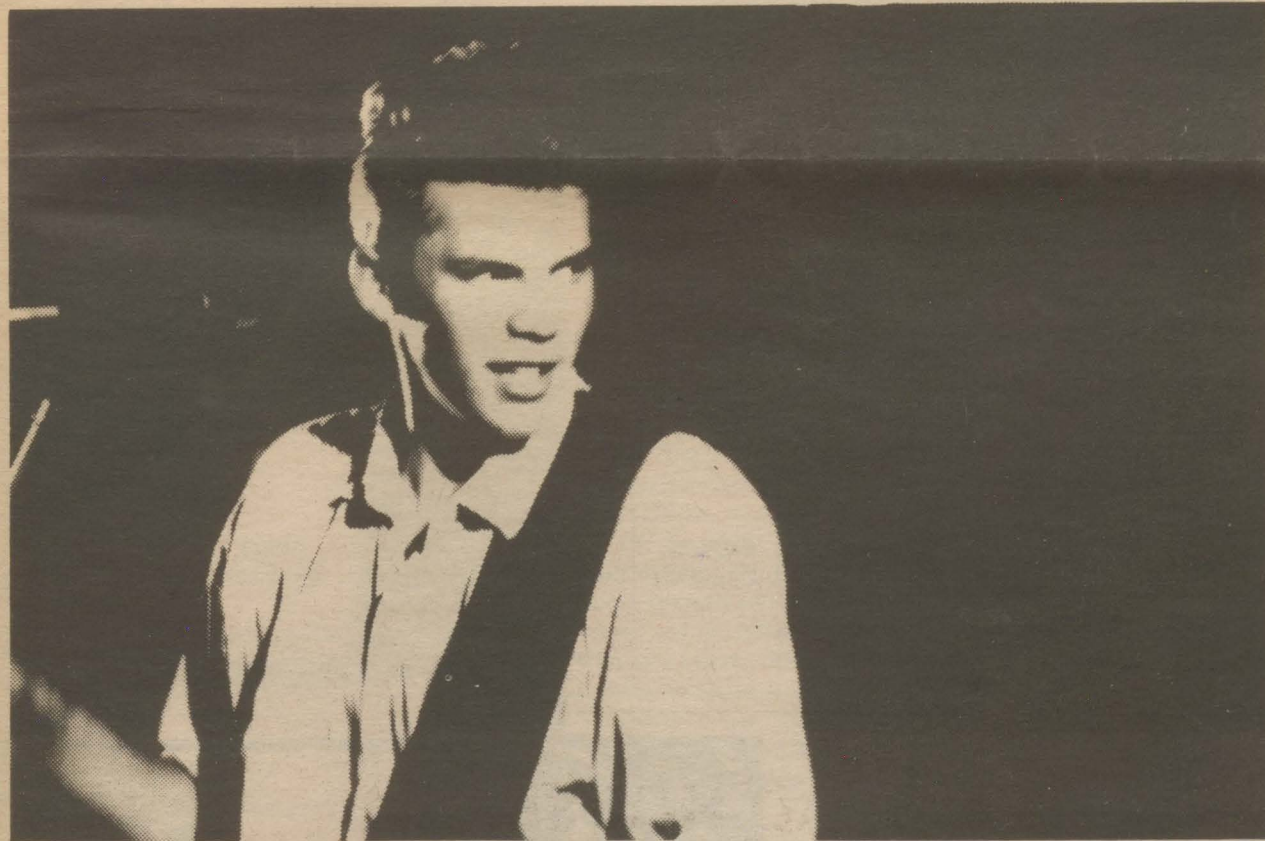
once photo by Sukanya Pillay

Chalk Circle will have to work harder at trying to convince anyone over eighteen of their integrity; perhaps it's maturity that they need and this is nothing that can be accelerated. Their music is innocuous enough—fine for Saturday morning hanging-out background music—but it lacks the better part of valour.

Chalk Circle's performance is only the first in a series of events planned for the Subway this summer. Other events, to date are: Toronto band Breeding Ground, this Saturday night; Sheep Look Up from London, July 19th; L'Etranger, also from Toronto, August 1st; Directive 17 (Toronto, again), August 9th; Vital Sines, August 16th; and Killer Klamz (something to do with ska I am told), August 22nd.

"Hear now the story of the judge: How he passed judgement, what manner of judge he is."

Concerts are \$5.00 each at the door of the Subway (located in the basement of the University Centre. Doors open at 8:00. So if you've been spending stressful hours trying to find something to do during these interminably boring months of heat, humidity, and ennui, don't hesitate to attend. Come on, Windsor's not that bad after all. □



## Disney's movie mice are mighty nice

The Great Mouse Detective  
Walt Disney Studios

The plot is as old as plots themselves. Little girl's father is spirited away to help evil genius with evil plan to take over the world. Little girl is used to goad father into productivity. Brilliant detective and good-natured sidekick seek both, and to undo the villainous scheme.

Disney's twist on this old theme? Make the characters mice.

Professor Ratigan is a bad guy so vile his voice is provided by Vincent Price.

He is pursued by Basil of Baker Street, a three-inch Sherlock Holmes with a tail.

The little girl, Olivia Flaversham, has a Scottish burr which kicks in and out like a car with Nutrasweet in the gas tank.

To get the rest of the bile out of my system, why is it that mice wear clothes and speak English but dogs slobber and cats meow? (Naked, too.)

Why is it that animators can't bother to

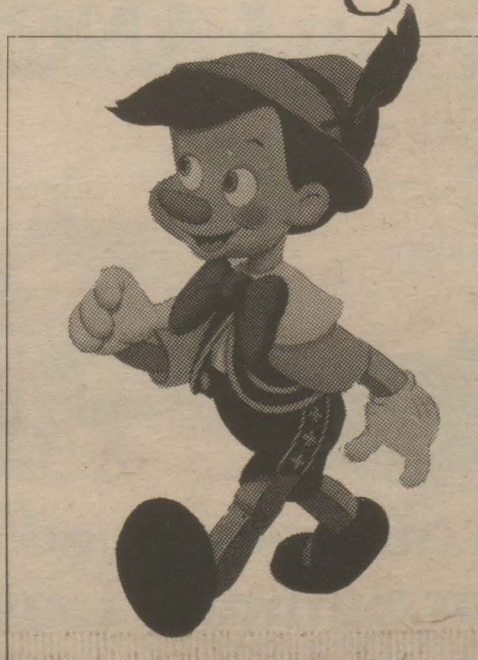
realistically depict violin playing in sync with the music?

Why is it that Disney always depicts sex as something to be sniggered at, or hidden?

A dance hall scene provides the sniggers, while crabby old Basil comes around to liking Olivia in a relationship similar to the "squirming kid in the lap produces involuntary and embarrassing sexual arousal" syndrome.

Olivia is one of those Disney nymphs with the big eyes and full lips and soft music that make adult male characters into innocent pedophiles who vaguely hint at a naughty infatuation, but probably won't be banned by John Crosbie.

Now, to be honest, I'm going to end up recommending you see this animated film for the sheer Disneyesque of it all, so here are some of the brighter moments: The evil sidekick, Fidget, a lame bat, is just a boffo character. A real scene-stealer, this one. Watch for his "I got the tools, got the gears, I got the uniforms, got the girl" song. It's a



Pinocchio: no toys

classic, bound to go down in Disney history.

The obligatory "saved from certain doom at the hands of an elaborate set-up" scene is also quite clever, with a snazzy little capper at the end.

Another interesting touch is Olivia's dad being a toymaker. In the opening scene, she calls him "the best daddy in the world," which of course he is.

He's a bloody toymaker, isn't he?

Somehow, I never thought of toymakers having kids; they're always about a hundred years old.

Even Geppetto didn't make toys for Pinocchio—he made Pinocchio for himself.

Anyway, take a kid, go see the movie, enjoy Basil finally saving Queen, Empire and the Flag, ignore the ingratiating references to Sherlock Holmes, don't drop your whole box of popcorn on the floor (I did), and don't sit near the front.

You'll hurt your eyes.

—Kevin Johnson



# Plazzaz promises fun for everyone

The Art Gallery of Windsor and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation welcome you to join in PLAZAZZ '86, a programme of 5 entertaining, fun-filled, educational weekends for the young and the young at heart. All activities are FREE and explore a different theme each week. The show goes on rain or shine in the outdoor plaza or the Chrysler Auditorium at the Art Gallery of Windsor

LET'S FACE IT (portraits)

Saturday, July 12 11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.  
Deported from Cozumel Jazz Band  
The Atlantis Expedition Puppets  
•A Detroit-based experimental puppetry troupe performing "Schwanda the Bagpiper", "Faces of Another World" and "Golliwogs"  
Hands-on workshop with Bob Monks

Sunday, July 13 11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.  
Network Fusion Jazz Band  
The Atlantis Expedition Puppets  
Hands-on workshop with Bob Monks

STRINGS 'N' THINGS

Saturday, July 19 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Singer/guitarist Bob Soulliere  
•Windsor musician presents a sing-a-long of Raffi songs and other children's favourites.  
Fence-weaving workshop  
Gallery activity

Sunday, July 20 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Singer/guitarist Bob Soulliere

Fence-weaving workshop  
Gallery activity

FIGURES AND FORMS

Saturday, July 26 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Crosswires  
•Windsor modern dancers Leslie-Ann Coles and Cathy LeGrand translate figures and forms into moving sculpted imagery.  
B-I-GGGGG Things Workshop  
Gallery activity

Sunday, July 27 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Crosswires  
B-I-GGGGG Things Workshop  
Gallery activity

FANTASTIC FROGS

Saturday, August 2 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Kim Hardy Puppets  
•Detroit puppet artist presents "The

Frog Prince Parody"  
Fun with Frogs workshop  
Gallery activity

Sunday, August 3 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Kim Hardy Puppets  
Fun with Frogs workshop  
Gallery activity

THINGS THAT GO PLONCK

Saturday, August 9 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Percussionist Funk E. Fred  
•Windsor musician invites you to climb the "Family Tree of Ethnic Percussion"  
Explorations of Sound Workshop  
Gallery activity

Sunday, August 10 1 p.m. - 4 p.m.  
Percussionist Funk E. Fred  
Explorations of Sound workshop  
Gallery activity


## CJAM program guide

THE ROOM					JAZZ MORNINGS	
FOLK PROGRAMMING - MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, 6-8 am					JAZZ WITH PIZZAZ	SUNDAY MORNING 9am
JEFF HILLIER	HOVIS TI	MICHAEL STOUT	PAT PETRO	PETER BURTON	JAZZ TRACKS	ISLAM IN FOCUS
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SWITCH BOARD					SATURDAY MAGAZINE	SOUNDS OF THE OUT COUNTRY
ANDREW KLOBUCAR	SCOTT CAMPBELL	BILL SMETA	SERENA DONADONI	RUSS WOLSKE	PAUL TRUANT	MEDIO
STAGE DIVIN minutes					DAVID PETRO	VOICE OF THE C.S.A
SIMON CRAWLEY	MARK FEDAK	MIKE DAMA	TOM FLEMING	FRANK ANGELUCCI	MARY POPOVITCH	CHINESE EXPRESS
C-JAM TIMES EVENING EDITION					TONY PICCININ	RADIO FREE LEBANON
LAWTALKS	DOWN IN THE ALLEY	RED HORIZONS	20 FLIGHT ROCK	FRIDAY ROCKS		A BATONS ROMPUS
THE BRITISH ARE COMING	THE TUNNEL	CARIBBEAN CRUISE	FRASER PETLEY	LISA KISCH		SHIRTS IN A MATERIAL WORLD
FROM THE DIRECTORS CHAIR	TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS (T.N.K)	NORTHERN LIGHTS MAGAZINE	PIERRE BOULOS			OPTICAL SOUNDS
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# records

## STRANGE BEHAVIOR

Animotion  
(Mercury/Polygram)

This album stakes out its narrow stylistic territory in the very first song, and explores that dull ground with painstaking thoroughness for the remaining nine tracks.

Animotion pursues not musical invention, but a style, an image—both essentially static matters (heard one, heard 'em all), and, in Animotion's case, they are pompous and derivative. Animotion is nothing but a rigid pose, their new wave coifs as stiff with hairspray as their music is with formula.

This is about the cheapest, dumbest music that the word "pop" (a single mincing syllable whose onomatopoeically appropriate phonetic pithlessness corresponds to the emptiness, the vacuous snappiness, of the music it denotes) can convey. It is boring music—remarkably boring, abrasively boring, even cosmically boring (the futility of it all, that so slickly self-confident an endeavor should fall so pathetically flat, while each pulse of its stupid, strident four-four ticks us a moment closer to our graves).

There are, however, a very few good moments—a synthesized string episode in "Stealing Time", or vocalist Astrid Plane's throaty inflection in the line "runnin' down my back, baby", for example—but they are only moments, and they aren't even that good anyway.

—Kevin Atkinson

LEMIEUX  
Michel Lemieux  
(Virgin Polygram)

It's rare these days to find Canadian songwriters who spend more time and energy on their craft than on



ways of compromising themselves for American consumption. Michel Lemieux is one such rarity. This singer songwriter/musician/dancer/mime from Montreal has released his debut album entitled simply "Lemieux". This LP actually comprises extrapolations of songs from "Solide Salad", an original mixed-media show starring Lemieux which has thrilled critics and audiences around the world. All seven cuts on the album have been restructured so that they stand well on their own outside the context of "Solide Salad".

The album is richly textured and eclectic with a variety of influences ranging from the cool jazzy sounds of sultry horns to funky percussive techno-pop. Perhaps the most promising cut on the album is "Venitia". Sung in French, Lemieux's operatic vocal inflections combine with a great upbeat, making this piece definitely top 40 material (at least in Québec).

Also notable is an instrumental piece called "Miniature III". This cut sounds like something off the recent Tears For Fears album with its bubbling synthesizers subtly interplaying with ominous reed instruments.

On the whole, Lemieux's done a pretty good job with his debut album. Unfortunately the subject matter doesn't exactly address any socio-economic or political issues and the lyrics tend to be a bit cliché, but then everyone can't be like Bruce Cockburn. But Lemieux's attempt to create a unique sound is refreshing to the Canadian music industry, which is so dominated by the likes of Brian Adams (Bruce Springsteen clone) and Platinum Blonde (Duran Duran clones).

So if you're a Canadian nationalist who is just dying for something homegrown that's unique and danceable, then Michel Lemieux's your man.

—Michael Temelini



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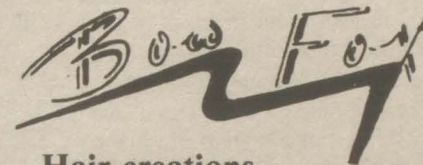
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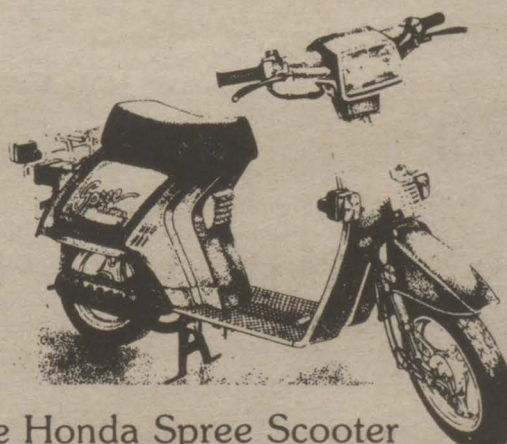
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# Everybody wants to rule the world

*Macbeth*

by William Shakespeare  
directed by Tom Kerr

It has been said of *Macbeth* that it never fully succeeds in production. There are the play's brevity, its sketchy characterizations, and the fact that the buildup towards the murder of Duncan is perhaps more compelling than the less focussed prelude to the overdue death of Macbeth. What it does have is raw drama—savage and bare as the Scottish highlands, and Shakespeare is as unsparing as his villain in blasting the audience with his visions of Macbeth's tormented soul.

This summer's Stratford Young Company production (see dates, lower right) likewise makes no concessions to twentieth century rationality and sophistication. From the play's opening scene, in which the three witches appear to rise from the tangled undergrowth, director Tom Kerr revels in the mystereality and superstition from which so many of Shakespeare's dramas draw their poetry and power. The powers of darkness, which psychology is forever trying to explain and urbanity to camouflage, are everywhere emphasized as Kerr, faithful to the playwright, prefers to wander among the darker recesses of the minds of Mr and Mrs Macbeth. As a result, we are not merely looking at the ravages of ambition or lust for power, but at Hell itself.

As Macbeth, Stratford newcomer Jerry Etienne (who alternates with Kim Coates in the roles of Macbeth and Macduff) is very much a nobleman in the early scenes: his displays of bravery and courtesy devoid of pride or arrogance make meaningful the praise bestowed on him by his king and fellow nobles. With Etienne the character has a lack of self-assurance that is beyond mere public courtesy and which runs deeper than any false modesty. More than anything else it is this lack which causes him so much anguish over the murder of Duncan—without self-doubt there can be no remorse, as Lady Macbeth well knows. This resurfaces later on as cruelty and paranoia, and it is to Etienne's credit that the manic Macbeth of the later Acts remains an interesting and coherent personage.

Etienne is at his best when he is the tormented murderer, passing the litmus test of the 'dagger soliloquy' with a voice and visage that do justice to the intensity of his fearful imagination. Perhaps his most moving moment comes soon after—with the news of Duncan's murder still fresh in the air, Macbeth, addressing the nobles, laments the unnatural act

from this instant.

*There's nothing serious in mortality;*

*All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;*

*The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees*

*Is left this vault to brag of.*

It is one of his last lucid moments. While he is conveying one message to the Thanes, Etienne/Macbeth seems to be realizing for the first time what it means to give oneself over to the forces of darkness.

Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, is most at home engaging in struggles for power. She well bears out the argument that medieval women could only exercise power through their husbands, for it is an art that she mastered. In



Marcia Kash as Lady Macbeth

the hands of Marcia Kash, she is a person of much cunning and psychological insight, which she puts to use first to induce Macbeth to murder, and then to maintain airs of decency and goodwill.

In the banquet scene she is pushed to the limit in trying to calm Macbeth and quiet the guests' suspicions. Her rapid alterations between berating her husband and lying to the diners are so good as to be almost funny, and we half expect her to succeed.

Kash portrays sensual as well as intellectual cunning, as when she threatens Macbeth with sexual blackmail and in summoning the "murdering ministers" to her breast. Under Kerr's direction, this is not mere allegory or dark poetry but an invocation of those forces of evil which Lady Macbeth both believes in and desires to use.

Like much else in the play, though, Kash falters somewhat towards the end. Dreamy and passionless in the sleepwalking scene, she doesn't sound her full depths and so the character comes off as less complex than she might have.

Kim Coates as Macduff seems a capable actor but is here victimized by the Blakean fact that bad guys make for more exciting drama than do good guys. Nor is it his fault that Shakespeare did not flesh out the character. In his biggest scene, hearing that his wife and child have been murdered, he falls short, and his expressions of grief fail to overwhelm.

Noteworthy in the smaller roles are David McKnight as Banquo, as he maintains a presence equal to Macbeth's. In particular, the interplay between the two as Banquo moves

from friendship to suspicion is pleasingly subtle and well carried off.

Likewise Michael Hanrahan as Lennox in his brief speeches exudes a dignity and force of character that would be interesting to explore.

The Three Wierd Sisters are a visual and aural treat whenever they appear, in part because Kerr spends most of his special effects on them. The centrepiece for these is the summoning of apparitions for Macbeth starts somewhat dubiously but finishes well enough. Worth mention is Maurice Dodin, who doubles as a witch and as the Porter, and his talent lends resonance to both roles.

Apart from the actors, the success of the production lies in the form and encompassing direction by Kerr. The narrow confines of Stratford's third Stage enhance his vision of darkness while they permit a good look at the semi-barbarous and lush costumes designed by Lesley Macaulay and William Schmuck.

—Desmond McGrath



Maurice Godin as Arturo Ui

*The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*

by Bertold Brecht

directed by Tom Kerr

As the chronicle of a protection scam in Chicago's 30s vegetable market, Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, is a parable on the pre-war ascendancy of the Third Reich.

Ui (Hitler) starts off as a shaky, but charismatic little gangster with high-flung ambitions to control the City's cauliflower trust. But the zealous faith his rise to power is fueled by demands blood and thugs; so he surrounds himself with the toady horticulturist, Givola (Goebbels), the meaty sybarite, Giri (Goering), and the inveterately sincere Roma (Roehm). Soon enough Ui gets the inside track on the merely semi-corrupt, but aging Dogsborough (Hindenburg), a town councillor, and before anyone can make a sustained effort to stop it, he's on a roll, bullying, manipulating, or murdering.

Roma himself is dispatched in a classic gangland massacre, and following on that, Ui looks to expanding his power over nearby Cicero (Austria) where he eliminates Dullfeet (Dollfuss) and makes for his widow with a style indebted to Richard III's book of coffin-side courtship cash-ins.

The parodic parallels may seem ponderous in the reading, but on the stage the cunning promises, protestations, and proddings are wholly engrossing. Done right, as Stratford's Young Company under director Tom Kerr irresistibly demonstrates, *Ui* (and Ui) mounts at a vaudevillean pace and beckons brashly with a burlesque edge.

But that's precisely where the Brechtian purist or the Marxist moralizer might see problems (Brecht himself never saw the play produced in his lifetime). Brecht provokes our laughter at the scum-spangled banality that underlies the 'grandeur' of political evil, but he does so in a entertaining episodic pastiche guaranteed to transmute the lessons of villainy into theatric spectacle.

Maybe that's inevitable with a play completed in early 1941 in Finland, which Brecht, timely script in hand, soon left for Hollywood.

Yet to dialectically complete and even enjoy this critique of pure evil, the responsibility of astuteness must surely be ours. All possibility of comic sympathy absolutely forsaken, it's with the satiric spit of humour, aimed at exposing Ui's brutality, that he expects us to stay close and scrutinize the poisonous sheen of his epic glamour.

In a sense, then, Maurice Godin's Ui is almost the perfect partner. "Almost" is my cautionary note because his frame, cutting across stage with a feminized calligraphic lightness, or exploding out of elegance into staccato rage, debunks the man and the motion but not the appeal.

His sham respectability fully on display, the absurdity of the appeal is everywhere still in evidence. Thus, this clown with a shark's smile needs to step out of character at the

play's very end and remind us that "The bitch who bore him is in heat again."

In the meantime, we get to enjoy Godin's gangster-hero in all his white-faced lies and his borrowings from Chaplin and Faust and Al Capone. Three showcase scenes jump to mind: the early scene where Ui, just getting his momentum but still prone to the goofy pratfall, scrapes about, cajoles, and finally threatens Old Dogsborough into submission; the funeral scene with Betty Dullfeet (played to a more or less intense reserve by Marcia Kash) where he offers her "friendship" with the seamless grace and outrageous calumny of a casket climbing wooer; and the tableau where he's crumpled like a Caligari cut-out in his striped suit, while dream-mists cloud over and Roma's ghost appears in a Macbethian moment of truth.

Godin's manner is mannered, studied, refined to a theatrically acquired sense of naturalness as Hitler's surely was. Yet of all the scenes mentioned, nowhere is this better evoked than in the brilliantly executed duet when Ui is instructed by an English actor (Lee MacDougall) past his prime ("a tragic figure; ruined by Shakespeare). The episode is positively hilarious. He holds his genitals and goosesteps with the exaggerated stick-man motions of a bird-like puppet; he learns to cross his arms, to sit, to affect the choppy manual gesticulations essential to his appropriations of Roman oratory.

Still, Godin's success might not be so incriminating were it not for the rest of the cast. Kim Coates' Roma is solid both in the way he communicates an earthy commitment to the cause, dances out the postures and the phrases of his gangsterese, and intimates Roehm's homosexuality with a satiny fluidity. Jerry Etienne's Givola is aptly crooked, sickly sinister with his wire glasses and the repulsive cock of the head accompanying his spiny and sadistic little insinuations. However, in completing the trio, Michael Hanrahan's Giri is rather unobtrusive, with not nearly enough gilded fat to guarantee the 'aristocratic' dissolution of the coming years.

But even if you add to this the rather scattered commotion of the Reichstag trial scene, it remains a minor complaint. The production triumphs from the Strobe effect in the early stages, to Anne Wright's flighty Dockdaisy as a moll, and singer, and a floozie, to the crescendo stirred up by Ui as, high on his podium, the formerly unemployed son of the Bronx forsores future conquests: Washington! Detroit! Philadelphia! New York...!

—Lorenzo Buj

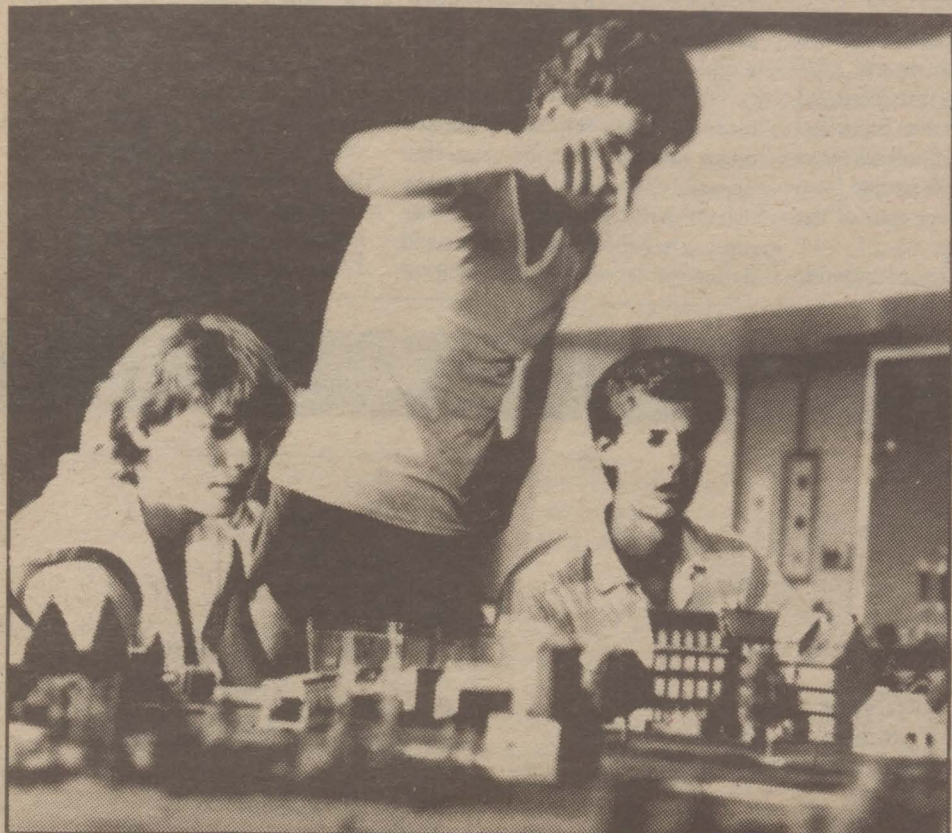
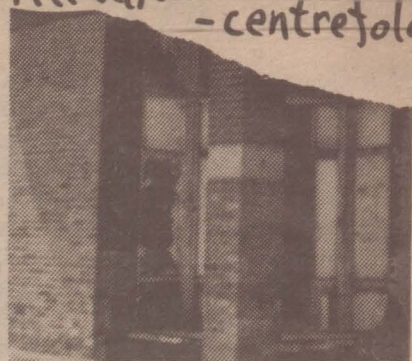
Stratford's Young Company will be performing Bertolt Brecht's *"The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui"* and William Shakespeare's *"Macbeth"* until August 30, 1986. Both plays can be seen at Stratford's Third Stage. For further information, call (519) 273-1600.



# THE SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 5, July 24, 1986

nirvana - centrefold



Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

Over the weekend, 300 game-crazed people invaded the University Centre for an orgy of conquest at the fourth annual convention of the Windsor Role-playing Game Association. Above, one enthusiast points out a mock factory he plans to pillage.

## Marketplace to open on schedule

by Catharine Hudec

**S**tudents will eat well once renovations to the University Centre are completed.

The Grand Marketplace is scheduled to begin operation August 15, despite a five-week strike by the sheet metal workers that slowed operations.

Earl Rosenbaum of Hercon Sheet Metal said while the strike lasted five weeks they "would not necessarily be on the job for five weeks."

Director of Student Services David McMurray is confident the Grand Marketplace will be completed by August 15, the date confirmed on the tender.

The time lost by the strike was made up by providing extra staff for the project. The extra staff did not increase the cost however, since the price of the project was agreed upon in a fixed contract.

The Grand Marketplace will be a new

food service replacing the Buffeteria. The marketplace will employ a "scramble" system of operation, similar to Vanier Hall. There will be several food bars selling such items as salads, pasta, baked goods, soup and sandwiches, all of which will be "homemade" on the premises.

"We are tentatively planning full operation (of the Grand Marketplace) on the first day of registration," said McMurray. "The Grand Marketplace area will not be in use by the Registrar."

Registration will instead take place in Old St. Denis Hall. Students will thus be able to utilize the new facilities.

The period between the scheduled completion date and the opening of the Grand Marketplace will be used to test the equipment. "Often things have to be adjusted," said McMurray.

The date of the official grand opening has not yet been determined, but will be some time in September. □

## Publishers plan to challenge book tariff

by Kevin Johnson

**T**he federal tariff on imported English-language books is facing a constitutional challenge from the Canadian book industry, but the outcome either way is not expected to greatly affect universities.

The Canadian government applied the 10 percent duty June 2 as a retaliatory measure against a United States tariff on shakes and shingles.

Industry groups opposing the move include the Canadian Book Publishers Council, the

this constitutes unfairly placing the burden of the government's trade war on the English community.

He added the tariff interferes with constitutional freedoms of thought and communication.

The industry will sue the government unless their demands are met within a reasonable time, about six months, said a spokesperson for the Canadian Book Publishers' Council.

Council associate director Marilyn Mint said the tariff would have "great impact on every cycle of the distribution and publishing system."

Foreign book sales support costs of publishing Canadian books, said Mint.

She added publishers are worried about the terms of the tariff. Some companies based in Canada manufacture outside the country to take advantage of superior technology. She cited the example of children's picture books whose high-quality colour plates cannot be adequately made here.

The council also has concerns about increasing book prices, said Mint.

"We estimate that (the tariff) could raise prices from 10 to 15 percent," she said.

The tariff does not apply to books for education or libraries.

However, Mint said the cost of applying for exemptions and the associated paperwork may result eventually in higher prices for textbooks.

The manager of the University of Windsor Bookstore said the paperwork would not increase prices there because it is similar to forms they must already submit to be eligible for discounts from publishers.

"It hasn't really become a problem for us yet," said Helen Jones. "Distributors could use it as an excuse to increase prices in the longer range, but that would be an increase at the publishers' end."

Leddy Library officials are uncertain how the duty will affect the acquisition of new books. Johanna Foster, head of the collections department, said since the tariff does not apply to libraries, they should have few problems.

Melvyn Jubenville, the university's customs

and sales tax analyst, said he has had no official word on the effects of the duty. He has been seeking further information, he said.

Retail book sellers are mounting a mail-in protest to the tariff, distributing postcards condemning the move to customers. Organizers

estimate Finance Minister Michael Wilson is receiving about 5 000 to 7 000 postcards a day.

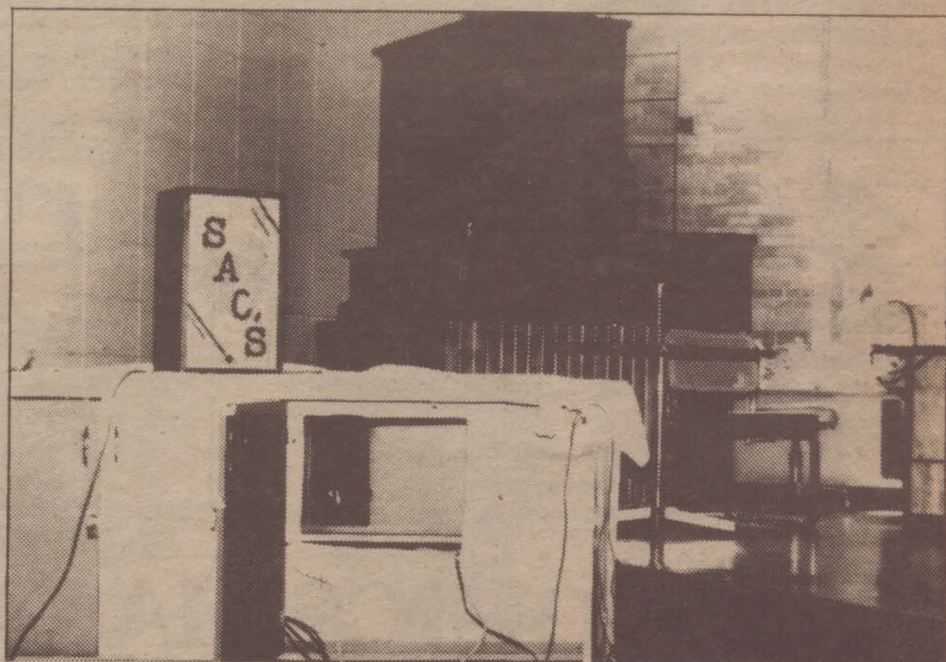
Several local booksellers are stocking the postcards. Between them, they have sent over one thousand cards into the minister. □



Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

Association of Canadian Book Publishers and the Canadian Booksellers Association. The organizations have hired University of Ottawa law professor Joseph Magnet to challenge the legality of the tariff.

He said recently in Toronto it is his opinion the measure is unconstitutional because it discriminates between English and French, while they are guaranteed legal equality as Canada's official languages. Magnet said



Lance photo by Andrew Haggert

## Subway sound system swiped

by Catharine Hudec

Three components of the Subway's stereo system, including the tuner and the power amplifier, were stolen early last week. The equipment was valued at \$1 100.

Kevin Williams, vice-president Students' Administrative Council, said it would take at least two people to accomplish the theft.

"They knew what they were going after," he said. The thieves left a tape deck and speakers behind.

It is unclear whether the equipment was stolen Monday night, July 14, or Tuesday night. According to one Subway employee, The theft was not noticed until Wednesday because the system was not in use Tuesday.

Williams speculated the thieves may have used the Centre's freight elevator to gain entrance to the pub.

This does not imply an "inside job," he said, because anyone can operate the elevator provided they can reach it.

During the construction in the Centre, access to the lift is difficult to restrict.

The loss is covered by insurance, and the equipment will definitely be replaced, but it will take at least a month said Williams.

The theft will not curtail activities in the Subway. "I'm a little worried if they (bands) don't have their own equipment," said Williams, but bands appearing over the rest of the summer at the Subway will. □



# Students discuss world issues in model U.N. format

by Arthur Gosselin

A group of six University of Windsor students recently returned from the Canadian National Model United Nations, organized by the United Nations Association. The conference ran from July 7 to July 12, 1986 at the International Civil Aviation Organization Building, Montreal, the only U. N. agency based in Canada.

Three hundred students from all parts of Canada, as well as a few from the United States, discussed and debated world issues in a United Nations-type setting.

Organizers took issues including measures to prevent international terrorism and that country's illegal occupation of Namibia, directly from the agenda of the 40th session of the U. N. in New York.

The Secretary General of the simulation was Dr. Rodrigo Carazo, formerly president of Costa Rica, and now President of the University of Peace, established by the United Nations. In his opening remarks, Carazo emphasized "peace, the absence of war, and justice" as the objectives that "reflect the attitude and define the supreme task of the United Nations of the 1980s."

Carazo went further in redefining justice as "a method of eliminating poverty. The question is not generosity, but justice, peace and solidarity in the world."

"Interdependence is a fact of life," he said.

Carazo only one of a number of guest speakers, who included the president of the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), the ambassadors of Singapore and Den-

mark to the United Nations and James O.C. Jonah, U.N. Assistant Secretary-General.

The speakers addressed many of the same themes at the conference. They emphasized the importance of world wide dialogue and said the United Nations is a very useful institution that should not be thrown away because it does not work the way we would like it to. The work of international agencies in aviation, health, and other areas of concern has been outstanding.

The returning students expressed a universal wish to attend next year's simulation because they enjoyed this one so much. Stephan Stebelsky spoke for most of the students when he said, "meeting 300 people from all over Canada" was one of the best parts of the trip.

This writer concurs, considering

his floor housed students from Alberta, Manitoba, Newfoundland and British Columbia.

Students from the United States also participated in the simulation. Nothing can be quite the same as the irony of listening to the southern twang of students from Oklahoma representing the Soviet Union.

University of Windsor student Thomas Chlumecky enjoyed "the realistic atmosphere of the conference", and Stebelsky, who represented the Soviet Ukraine in the Security Council, added he liked "playing the role of a diplomat."

However, Chlumecky, who represented Cuba, felt debate bogged down in procedure; he suggested "possibly simple rules would make debate easier." Ernie Herbert, who represented the South Pacific island nation of Brunei, complained of

"the inconsistency of countries' positions from the committees to the General Assembly," which led to some strange votes.

Despite some rowdiness in the residences at McGill University where most delegates stayed, the 'caucusing' was enjoyable and there were three formally planned occasions for delegates to meet each other. There was a moonlight cruise down the St. Lawrence River, and a dance. There was also a mayor's reception where one could meet many genuine diplomats. All the social occasions allowed us to meet people from across the country, which really gave a grasp of how very diverse and interesting our country and our people really are. □

Arthur Gosselin was a delegate to the Canadian National Model United Nations.

## social gaffes

### MUSIC

#### Friday, July 25

—The Old Sandwich Song Circle. Poetry, stories, music. All are welcome to come perform or enjoy the performances of others. Doors open at eight o'clock. Mackenzie Hall, 3277 Sandwich St. For further information, call 253-6707.

#### Saturday, July 26

—CJAMfm presents The Jazz Butcher at the Subway. Admission \$7.00 Canadian, \$5.00 U.S.

#### Tuesday, July 29

—Camper Van Beethoven at St. Andrew's Hall. Call (313) 961-8137 for further information.

#### Saturday, August 2

—The Students Against Apartheid present a Benefit Concert. Featuring The Prehistoric Cavestokers, Lost Patrol, The Tokens and Dying Clay (The Droog minus one). Doors open at 8:00. Admission \$3.00, in the Subway, basement of the University Centre. Proceeds to the Students Against Apartheid.

#### Sunday, August 3

—Bruce Cockburn in concert at the Chene Park Amphitheatre at 7:30 p.m. Call (313) 567-0990 for further information.

### THEATRE

#### Continuing

—The Attic Theatre presents the musical comedy "The Ballad of Conrad and Loretta" by Christopher Reed and Ronald Martell. Performance times Thursdays and Fridays at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:00 p.m., and Sundays at 6:30 p.m. For tickets and further information call (313) 875-8284.

### ART

#### Sunday, July 27 to Sunday, September 7

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of paintings by Windsor-born artist Bert Weir. Gallery hours Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Sunday 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Wednesday 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

#### Sunday July 27 to Sunday, August 24

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of landscape paintings by Québec artist Ozias Leduc (1864-1955).

#### Continuing

—The Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Airplanes and the Wall", an exhibit of works by Winnipeg artist Wanda Koop. Exhibit continues to Sunday, August 17.

—The Detroit Institute of Arts presents an exhibit of François Boucher (1703-1770). Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people, advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7844. Public tours 1:00 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 17.

—The Detroit Institute of Arts Presents an exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Exhibit runs to Sunday, September 7.

#### Wednesday, August 6 to Wednesday, August 20

—Artcote Inc. presents "Windsor Collects: Windsor Art", an exhibit of works by Windsorites selected from private Windsor collections. Gallery hours Tuesday to Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. For further information call 252-1539.



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#### Monday, August 4

—Artcote Inc. presents its first ever fine art auction at St. John's Churchhouse on Sandwich St. and Brock across from Mackenzie Hall) from 1:00-7:00 p.m. For further information call 252-1539.



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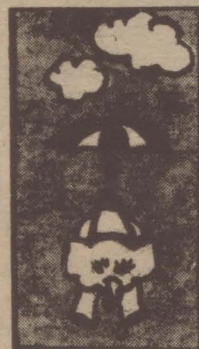
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# Survival in a skewed psychiatric system

The University Women's Centre recently held a showing and discussion of the Women in Focus video, *Still Sane*. In the following article, Susan McIlveen reviews the event. — Ed.

by Susan McIlveen

**I**n Canada, any person may be institutionalized against their will for two weeks or longer on the simple testimony of two physicians. No reason for the institutionalization need be given to the new patient.

The video *Still Sane*, shown by the University of Windsor Women's Centre July 9, illustrated just what this policy can do.

This may not mean a lot to those of you who readily pass for normal—educated, white, male heterosexual... You'd have to do something pretty weird for anybody to question your sanity at all, much less lock you up. But if you're off the mark at all, if you're black, or a woman, or a homosexual, the threat of institutionalization becomes much more real.

In Canada, women are declared incompetent in twice as many sanity hearings as men. Twice as many women as men receive shock treatment in Canada and the U.S. And research shows the kind of person most likely to be declared incompetent in a sanity hearing in North America is an elderly black woman.

Persimmon Blackbridge is a sculptor from Vancouver, B.C. Her most recent work is a series of clay body casts documenting the story of Shiela Gilhooey, the psychiatric torture of one woman because she was a

lesbian. The twenty-seven piece exhibit is called *Still Sane*. The point is, that after three years in increasingly high security mental institutions, three years as an out-patient, and six years of over- and improper medication and 19 shock treatments, Gilhooey is still sane—and still a lesbian.

The body casts are actually of Gilhooey, with accompanying text written by Gilhooey relating some of her experiences in hospitals and how she finally got out. The clay casts are in various postures with experiences and incidents carved and painted onto them. The video moves through the pieces which chronologically trace the hospital years. Gilhooey delivers the text. The video also includes a 20-minute interview with Blackbridge and Gilhooey.

Blackbridge believes the combination of sculpture and hand-printed text offers a double experience for the viewer.

"It's a combination of a generalized thing that people can identify with, but also this bitterly specific story of one woman," said Blackbridge.

The sculptures themselves lull and repel at the same time. The colours, textures, the layers of paint appeal to aesthetic sensibilities until the whole piece—gashes, blood, bruises, scars—becomes flesh. The experience that the piece portrays becomes real.

"There's a beauty to it, a real sensual element that pulls people in at the same time as it horrifies," said Blackbridge. "There's a real strong emotion that comes from it, but it's generalized."

In discussion that followed the showing of the video, Blackbridge said she hoped it would increase people's awareness of the



extent of psychiatric oppression, and of the possibility for survival.

"Despite the really graphic nature of the sculpture and Shiela (Gilhooey's) text, I think that the show and the video are pretty hopeful," said Blackbridge. "It's important that we know that we can resist and fight and

win. Sometimes we have to do things (like those portrayed in the sculpture) to survive."

The video *Still Sane* was third in the Women's Centre Summer Film Series, every other Wednesday in Conference Room B in the University Centre. Shows begin at 7 pm. Admission is free. □

# Donations of artists can help save lives

by Catharine Hudec

Art for health's sake.

The Hotel Dieu Hospital Auxiliary is issuing a call for local artists to enter their work in the sixth annual art auction, held to raise

money for needed equipment at the hospital.

"We haven't even tapped the talent in Windsor," said Danila Calsavara, Art Convener for the auction.

Both self-taught artists and uni-

versity graduates, as well as students, contribute to the auction, giving a good cross-section, she said.

Students and faculty at the university are encouraged to submit their art, and a number have contributed each year.

The auxiliary extends to London, and several artists based there have submitted their work.

Because the emphasis of the art auction is on paintings and drawings, only a few one-of-a-kind craft items such as pottery, stained glass, quilts,

and photographs will be accepted said Calsavara, although otherwise all artwork is admitted.

The auxiliary does not judge the art that is submitted. "Really, the artwork is exceptional," said Calsavara. "We sincerely hope that we are able to get someone to bid on it."

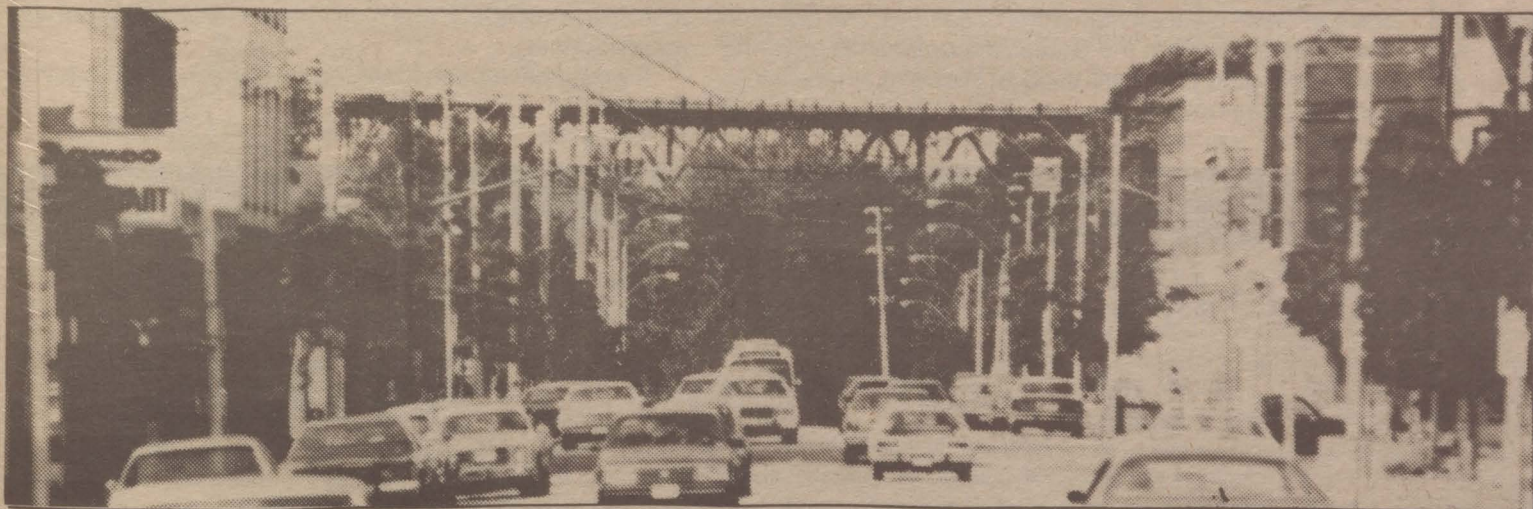
The art auction is one of a number of fund-raising activities sponsored by the auxiliary. Through functions such as the art auction and a fashion show, the auxiliary plans to raise and contribute \$100,000 to renovate and update the intensive care unit at Hotel Dieu Hospital.

In the past the auxiliary has bought equipment for the cardiac department and the pediatric ward, and has also purchased ultra-sound equipment for the hospital.

While the auction has been very successful over the past few years, averaging a little more than \$8,000 each year, "you can't measure the success by the amount of money," said Calsavara. Occasionally a painting will not be sold at the auction and the artists have then given the paintings to the hospital to hang in patients' rooms.

"Artists are the most generous people that I have ever met," said Calsavara. "I can't say enough for the local artists and craftspeople who have given their artwork."

Any artists interested in entering their work in the auction should contact Danila Calsavara at 966-0580 or by writing to her at the following address: Hotel Dieu Hospital Auxiliary, 1030 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ontario, N9A 1E1. □



Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

Analysis

# There'll be a hot time in the olde town tonight

by Kendal McKinney

**A** capacity crowd of about 200 people filled the Court Auditorium at MacKenzie Hall Tuesday, July 15, to see and comment on the plans to revitalize Sandwich. The plans were prepared by the M.M. Dillon firm for the Sandwich Business Improvement Association in co-operation with the City of Windsor and Canada Post.

The Sandwich area, which is only a few blocks west of the university, has already seen many recent improve-

ments.

The completed restoration of MacKenzie Hall, the ongoing restoration of the historic post office at Mill Street and Sandwich Street, a new park, and a new restaurant (Jacque's, a floating restaurant at the foot of Brock Street) are examples of such improvements. Projects to enhance existing businesses, public buildings and churches, have all contributed to the new air of optimism in the area.

Donna Hine gave the main presentation on behalf of the consulting firm, which dealt mainly with the architectural aspects of restoring the older buildings in the area. Her report

also recommended adding new buildings in keeping the traditional "low rise" nature of the district and creating natural "people places" at the main corners of Mill Street and Sandwich Street, and at Brock Street and Sandwich Street.

Sandwich residents and business owners received the plans enthusiastically but also expressed concerns that went beyond the superficial facelift of the area.

John Muir, principal of Brock public school, reported that a proposal for a community health centre was now awaiting a decision by the Ontario Minister of Health. If granted, the

centre would fill a need for health services in the Sandwich/University area that has been sorely lacking for some time.

The need to restore public library services to the area was also mentioned. One suggestion was to locate the proposed library in the old Sandwich city hall, which was sold and converted into apartments after the 1934 amalgamation of Sandwich into Windsor.

How many of the plans and proposals will actually be realized remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that there is ample support from the community for the revitalization. □



## THE SUMMER Lance

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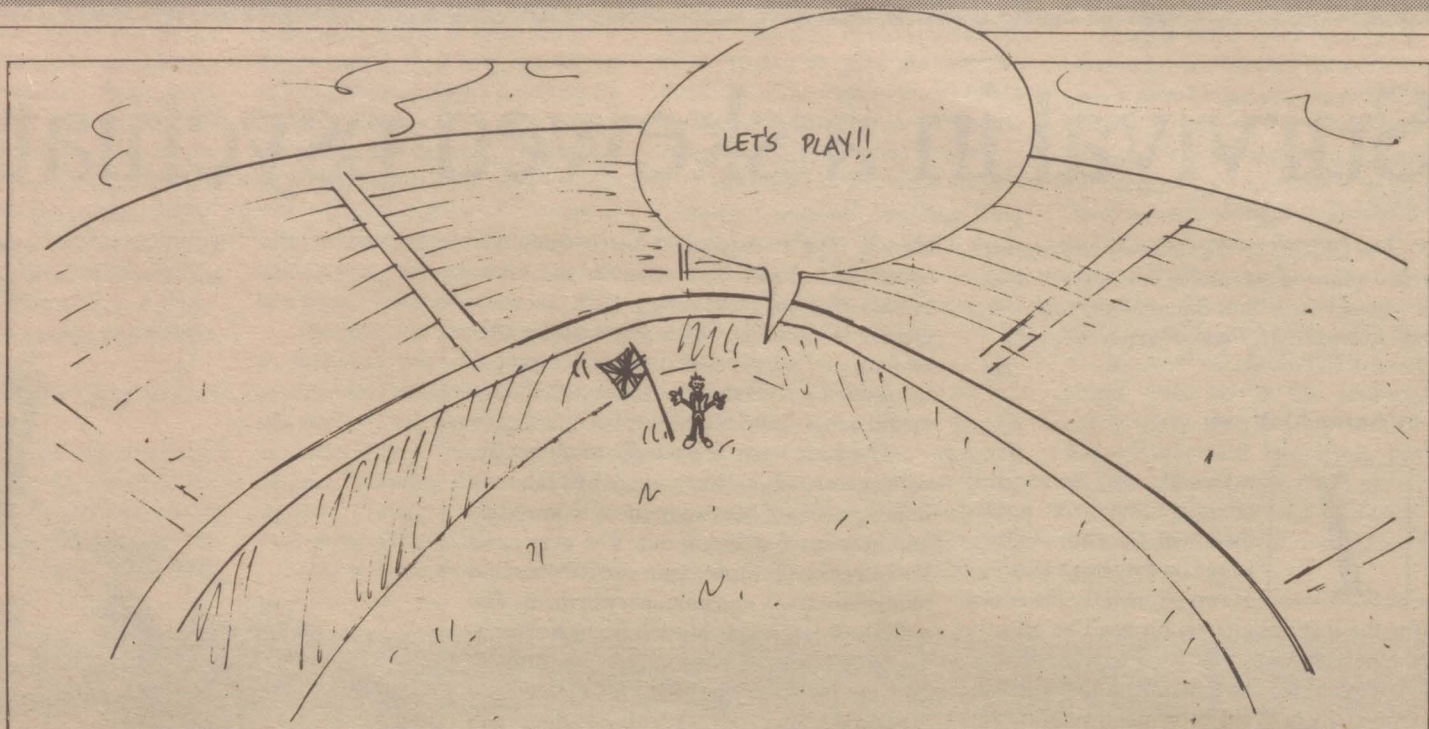
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## Games people don't play

The Commonwealth Games open today in Edinburgh, and Canada's 280 athlete contingent will be there.

It was a wise decision.

The Games have long been billed the "friendly games", a competition without the political overtones of the Olympics. We all recall the Soviet bloc boycott of the Los Angeles games, preceded by the Western bloc boycott of the Moscow games, an African boycott of Montreal, and the terrorism at Munich.

International sporting events are tempting targets for politics because of the high concentration of journalists. This is a given in today's media-conscious world. Despite the protestations of athletes who say they want nothing more than to compete, the situation is unlikely to change.

A boycott is the surest way to deprive yourself of this opportunity to be paid attention to. One of the most effective links between politics and sports occurred on the winners' dais at the Mexico Olympics.

Two U.S. black winners raised their arms in the clenched fist "black power" salute. This one act ensured greater awareness of the civil rights struggle than any boycott could have.

At last count, 30 countries, more than half the eligible participants, decided to boycott Edinburgh. The action was intended to protest British Prime Minister Thatcher's refusal to impose sanctions on South Africa. Thatcher believes economic sanctions will hurt blacks while doing nothing to dismantle that country's apartheid system of racial segregation. We disagree.

So does every other government in the Commonwealth, a position made clear on numerous occasions. The question is whether boycotting the Games accomplishes anything toward changing Thatcher's mind. At this point, all indications are that it has not.

Thatcher is firm in her opposition to sanctions, and if diplomatic pressure from abroad and political pressure at home hasn't swayed her, this public relations ploy is unlikely to.

At the same time, this action will have no effect on South Africa. Instead, Commonwealth members are seeking to punish Great Britain for not falling into line. It is a dangerous precedent.

If countries used political criteria to determine suitable opponents in sporting competitions, international meets would be few. India may be a target for its treatment of Sikhs, Canada for its treatment of its native people, Zimbabwe and Mozambique for their trade with Pretoria.

Remember, the action against Britain was not for the practice of apartheid, not the defence of it, but for not opposing it strenuously enough, a charge that can be laid against almost every Western government, and certainly Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

Still, refusing to join the boycott could have placed Canada in a difficult position. Many expressed concern that Canada would be left participating in an all-white Games. If that were indeed the situation, we would have had little choice but to withdraw. Our relations with African and Asian members of the Commonwealth are too valuable to risk simply to win a few medals, and lose many more.

But with 29 nations and territories staying in the Games, we have enough company, and enough representations from Third World countries not to feel isolated. We regret the boycott, and sympathize with their aims, but must in the end admit that their chosen forum of action was inappropriate.

It would have been more inappropriate for us to follow their lead.

## home cooking

## john may

## Bring your ideas to life with a fabulous opinion!

This is a marvelous thing you're holding.

This is a copy of the student paper, albeit a rather truncated version of the regular school-year issue. It's sort of a newspaper, but not really. It's sort of a left-wing propaganda rag, but not really (and it certainly doesn't try to be). It's sort of an arts and entertainment sheet, but not really. It's really just a collection of work of various young folk who dare place a pen to paper about stuff they find interesting, stuff they think you would find interesting, and stuff they think you *ought* to find interesting.

And it's a forum for people like me to blow off steam every now and then.

I used to consider writing quite a chore, like most of us who are used to the "Thesis/prove three points/restate thesis" brand usually do. Even though I became rather adept at essay-writing (tell 'em what they want to hear, I always say), I never really enjoyed sitting in front of a typewriter with a stack of notes, trying to create the impression I had done more research than I really had. No, writing was hell, much like trying to yank the tonsils out of a cat.

That is, until I discovered the magic of the Opinion Piece.

The Opinion Piece is the article on the same page as the letters, across from the editorial page. It's usually written by people who have a bone to pick about something, be it bank tellers, the fate of East Timor, extra billing, or bowleggedness. It's usually written in a very conversational style, and accompanied by a cartoon to lighten the topic or drive home

the message.

But the reason I like them so much is because (hee hee) they're usually nasty.

I used to have a blast writing about student politicians, chiefly because they'd take it so seriously, and become genuinely, sincerely upset. I could write that I thought Jon Carlos' cologne smelled like burning rubber bands, and that his hair looked like it was styled by a blind crazed walrus.

I would watch the article run off the press eight thousand times, smirk a little, then duck into a doorway whenever I saw him approach me in the hall. Hell, who needs guns? Just give me ten inches of white space and a cartoon by Martin Stevens.

But honestly, what fun! Where else but a student newspaper could some shmoe like me spew off whatever he liked about whatever he liked, have it printed, have people read it (!), and then actually get *aggravated* by it. I'm tellin' ya, it's a mighty sweet feeling.

This kind of thing doesn't happen in the real world, not unless you're met with a lot of luck and land a regular column (like Allan Fotheringham or AAAUUUGGGHHH Bob Talbert). Such choice jobs are few. Most people who want to write are, at best, stuck on the town council beat at such illustrious tomes as the *Morrisburg Leader* or the *Wingham Advance-Times*.

At the other end of the scale (and a short scale it is) are the people with the distasteful jobs of writing advertising copy.

That, in part, is one of my jobs this summer; I spend my days thinking up reasons why people should buy huge inflatable balloons. *Bring your ideas to life with a Fabulous Inflatable* is mine; so is *Give your next event some character with a Giant Inflatable!!!* I can't wait to start working for the Ginsu Knife or Pocket Fisherman people.

But what gets me is the people who have to write copy for the Sears or Consumer's Distributing catalogue. Imagine coming into work in the morning, slipping a fresh piece of paper into the typewriter (or a fresh disc into the drive), and hammering out:

*Superior Oscillating Fans. Top quality, whisper quiet, featuring deeply contoured blades for superior cooling; wide angle oscillation. Pushbutton control (except item A). Freely adjustable neck-tilting action. ....CD price only \$23.99.*

Neck-tilting action! There's something that gets the old creative juices a-bubbling. No thanks. I'd rather write about tax policy or the Effects of Technology on Communications Diversification.

There's a lot to be said about fora like these. What'll I do when I grow up and can't play newspaper anymore? How will I vent my frustrations? I guess I'll beat the kids or kick the dog. I've got a feeling I'm going to go through a lot of dogs.

In the meantime: Jon Carlos—about your breath.... (hee hee hee). □



# Come to beautiful Windsor, see Detroit

by Arthur Gosselin

**An open letter to the head of the Tourist and Convention Bureau of Windsor and Essex County, Jim Moir.**

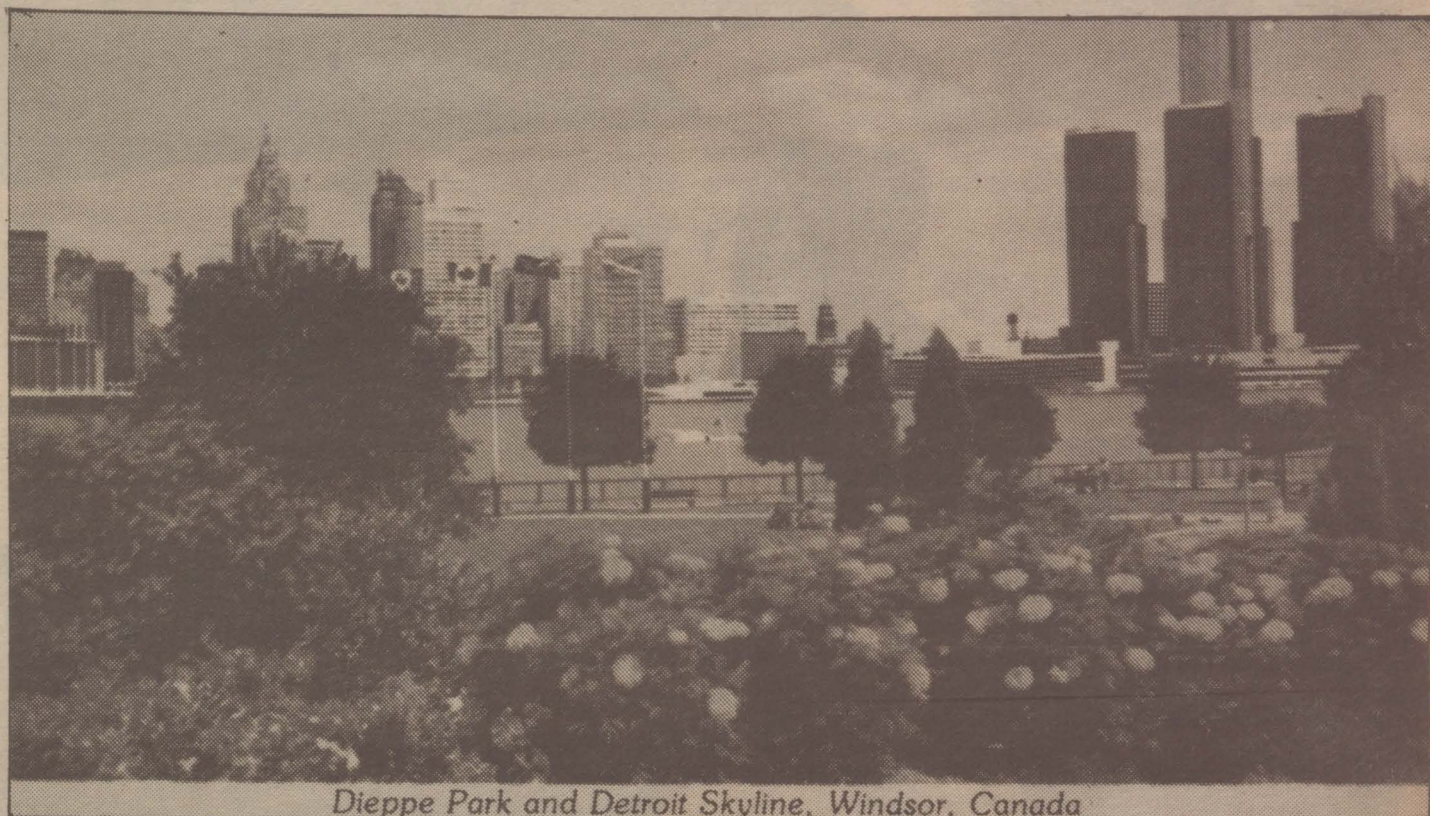
Recently, I visited Montreal for a ten-day conference, where I made friends with university students from across Canada. Most of these people had had only the skimpiest knowledge of where Windsor is and fewer know what our city looks like.

So, when I returned home I set out on a postcard hunt to give them a reasonable taste of my hometown. Though I suppose I should not have been surprised, I was quite disturbed to find that the dominant scene in most of our postcards is not Windsor at all but the Detroit skyline. Detroit can do its own advertising; it does not need our help.

It seemed like 80 percent of all postcards showed the Detroit skyline at least in the background of riverfront pictures, even ones that were ostensibly showing Dieppe Gardens, Centennial and Assumption Parks and the Peace Fountain.

Should not these pictures have been taken looking toward Windsor, instead of away? I could not find any postcards depicting a full view of Dieppe Park, Ouellette Avenue, the International Freedom Festival, or even our great fireworks display at festival time.

Strangely, of the pictures with Windsor area content such as City Hall, the University of Windsor, or Jackson Park, many look like they were taken in the 1960's and so are sadly out of date. This does not help matters at all. Some landmarks are excluded entirely, such as MacKenzie Hall, The Hiram Walker



Dieppe Park and Detroit Skyline, Windsor, Canada

Historical Museum, and a number of county landmarks such as Fort Malden, Jack Miner's Bird Sanctuary, or even Colassanti's greenhouses. I could go on and on.

Some of these places probably sell their own postcards, but not on Ouellette Avenue where so many tourists shop.

Obviously, Mr. Moir, we need new and more modern postcards that show the finer points of Windsor and we need them placed

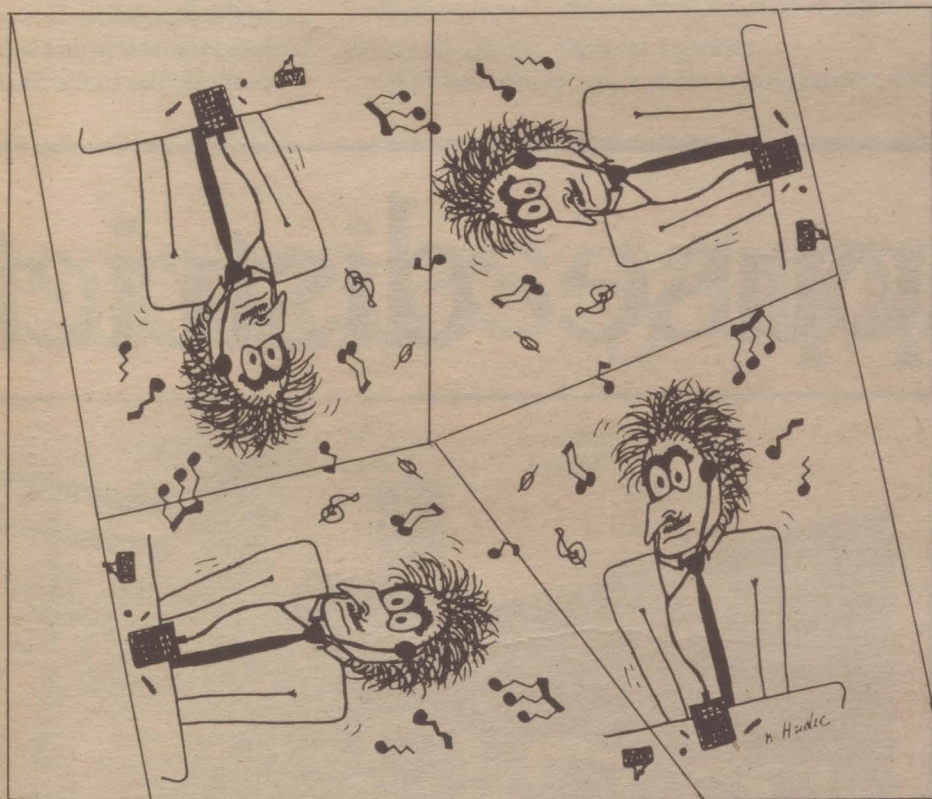
in prime tourist-attracting areas already doing well. The view of Detroit from our riverfront, although it is beautiful and is indeed a selling point for tourism, should not be dominant but only a marginal factor, used in approximately 20 percent of our postcards, not 80 percent.

Finally, I find it insulting to look at a postcard that says "Welcome to Windsor" which only shows the Detroit skyline at night. It gives the wrong impression. Even

pass up the idea if it means we have to adopt Detroit.

As it stands I must embarrassingly explain to my new friends what seems to be almost an inferiority complex on Windsor's part, and a reluctance to show how really beautiful and proud our city can be. □

## Wanting a world walkman warranty



by Chris Hudec

I recently bought a new Walkman-type cassette player with auto-reverse, Dolby, metal tape capability, a four band equalizer, stereo recording, am/fm radio, and an outside plug (for power). It also has dual speed capability, allowing on to extend the length of a tape by a little electronic hocus-pocus.

All this and it could fit into a shirt pocket. The radio worked like a dream. It pulled in stations with a clarity that rivalled many a larger machine. Although it had no speaker, the headphones provided a fairly comfortable and clear sound.

I popped in a cassette and relaxed to the strains of my favorite group.

But when this collection of audio wizardry engages the auto reverse feature, the music is distorted.

At the slow speed the voices sound like cows with laryngitis, while the high speed resurrects the Chipmunks.

Ordinarily, this problem could have been taken care of by returning the machine to the place of purchase. But in my case, the store in which I bought it is located in Cologne, West Germany.

I was two-and-a-half countries away from the city when I discovered the defect, and had no intention of returning to exchange my new toy.

Then I thought, this thing must have a warranty! I decided to send it in for repair when I got home to Canada. The thing was made by an international company well-known for its audio equipment, so I anticipated no problems.

After calling three repair shops, I finally found one that could repair my ailing toy. Upon explaining the situation to the clerk in the repair shop, my naiveté became apparent.

He said he could not repair it under warranty because I had bought it in another country.

He suggested I write the corporate headquarters and gave me an address....to the wrong company.

I cannot believe that an international corporation does not honour warranties for its products just because they were bought in another country.

This machine cost me \$246 and I'll be a pig in hell before I pay another sixty dollars to have a brand new walkman repaired.

I called a repair shop in the States to see if they would repair it under warranty. They said they couldn't even touch it because they don't sell that model in that area and aren't familiar with it.

They gave me the phone number of the corporation's regional headquarters. I called but the call didn't go through.

Is this a conspiracy?

As large companies' products get more complex, there are fewer capable repairpersons around to fix their products. Consequently they cost more to fix, even if anyone is willing to try and fix it.

I'm reasonable enough to realize that many repair shops don't want to risk damaging a machine they are not familiar with, and there are thousands of ways a phone can get disconnected.

It's just that as corporations become larger they become increasingly unapproachable.

It seems as though there's a large gap between the upper echelons of a company and local representatives, and if a problem can't be solved at the local level it becomes very difficult to bring it to the attention of the company proper.

I still haven't found a place daring or skilled enough to touch my state-of-the-art toy, nor have I had any luck contacting the company. But I am going to pursue this matter further. It's become a matter of pride, and once my ego gets involved I won't stop until the whole affair is resolved... □

### mail

## Disney nice, no vice

Dear Editor,

I was disgusted when I read an article by Kevin Johnson, in your July 10, 1986 edition, about the new Disney animation "The Great Mouse Detective." This is the first cartoon movie by Disney in quite some time due to the complexity and high expenses. I grew up going to see Disney cartoon movies and found them most enjoyable. Thanks to computers they can now make these pieces of art at a cheaper price. I wonder if Mr. Johnson watched this movie for enjoyment or felt

since he is a movie critic with such a large reading audience he has to criticize this movie. It is beyond me how someone can go to a Disney movie and depict "nymphs and pedophiles." How dare Mr. Johnson even use these words in an article about a Disney animation.

I think Mr. S. Freud would have a field day analyzing Mr. Johnson's personality. By the way, the critics for the T.V. show "At The Movies" (both reputable critics for Chicago papers and this show) thoroughly enjoyed this movie without being petty (naked dogs, and violins playing in sync) or sexually perverse.

Thank you for your time.

—Vince Buckley



difficult

MAPES

passive

RHYTHMS

Story by Michael Panontin  
Photos by Chris McNamara

# riverfront: detroit warehouse district



rive into Detroit from  
boasted the motown  
world" now rather gent  
City". And watch m  
international Graphix  
you'll undoubtedly sta

the Renaissance Center, the unpin  
at rebirth.

But Detroit is still indeed an  
suburban living and its own exort f  
migration so easy. And like any lan  
progress of the city's developm

For every Trappers' Alley or de  
Mayor Coleman Young as survivi  
Hudson's or Vernor's as grim rder  
reassance will be.

But spanning several miles, th  
RenCen is Rivertown, a developt  
North America's largest and motting  
centres by the end of the deca

Spearheaded by two monual d  
the \$35 million Harbortown cox a  
million renovation and redevelopt  
Parke-Davis Pharmaceutical CRive  
Detroit's rebirth.

Situated between the downarea  
urban park, Rivertown is steeploca  
the historical importance of the river  
"The east riverfront nurtured Degro  
site for farms and later as the of  
industries," he explained.

ith the opening, Eri  
1800's brought indu  
the conglomerat fac  
silos situated alie ea  
Studebaker, Oldile,  
Davis are just a f the

But as time rendered these lgs  
to new, modern facilities else leav  
historic buildings vacant and ale fo  
better place for a traditionallial o  
an historic village of 18th centom  
carriage houses amidst restoraries

Land acquisition is now thent  
developers scramble for precid to  
very speculation by the nation-wea  
York developer Donald Trum Chry  
assures Rivertown of success

But while rumours abound futu  
commercial/retail/residential ex on  
of the MacArther Bridge by Tar a n  
headquarters from Highland Pa riv  
projects that make Rivertownity a



many direction and the signs that once  
town as "automobile capital of the  
ermentously read "Detroit: the Renaissance  
ch media reference to Detroit from  
Grahix coverage to a local newscast and  
ed, staring at the gleaming phalluses of  
umping reminder of that city's attempts

ing city, crippled by the trend toward  
ext freeway system that made such a  
nyan poised on his or her deathbed, any  
must be charted patiently...day by day.  
rinder Center flaunted so boastfully by  
survidence of urban rebirth, there's a  
nders of how monumental a task this

les, the Detroit river just east of the  
velent that could snowball into one of  
moving neighbourhood/office/nightclub  
eca  
onal developments already underway,  
n ex and River Place, Stroh's \$250  
velent of the historic buildings of the old  
l Rivertown is the logical choice for

warea and Belle Isle, the U.S.'s largest  
epical history. Mayor Young realizes  
theverfront to any Detroit renaissance.  
d growth from the beginning, first as a  
he: of our metal working and auto

ing Erie and Welland canals, the late  
ght industrialization to Detroit and with it  
erent factories, foundries and cement  
ake east riverfront. Michigan Stove,  
Oldie, Uniroyal, Stroh's and Parke-  
st of the industries that located there.  
esings obsolete, the companies moved  
else, leaving Detroit's choicest land and  
ndale for redevelopment. And what  
allyal city like Detroit to showcase but  
cemoons and 150 year old homes and  
tories and warehouses.

ow tent buzzword in Rivertown as  
reced to develop. And indeed it is this  
n-wealthy developers, including New  
rum Chrysler Corporation, that virtually  
ess  
ound future development—like a major  
tial on the old Uniroyal site at the foot  
by Tr a major move of Chrysler Motors  
nd the riverfront site—it is the confirmed  
townity and not just a dream.

River Place is the dream of Peter W. Stroh, chairman of Stroh  
Breweries. Long considered the beer of Detroit, many  
Detroitiers felt betrayed when Stroh's announced it would  
move its brewing operations out of Detroit—in fact, some  
bars still boycott the beer today. But Stroh's recognized its  
obligation to Detroit by choosing to keep its headquarters  
in the motor city with a move to River Place. "When an opportunity came  
to demonstrate our commitment to Detroit," said Stroh, "we were more  
than pleased to offer and build River Place."

With several of the buildings designed by the renowned architect  
Albert Kahn, the complex has been designated an historic district by the  
National Park Service, with one of the buildings, dating to 1902, listed in  
the prestigious National Register of Historic Places. The architects  
responsible for the restoration, James Polshek and Partners, who are also  
responsible for the restoration of Carnegie Hall, will feature extensive  
interior use of tile, terrazzo and terracotta while restoring the original brick  
exterior. Already, River Place is showing signs of becoming a bonafide  
community in itself. In fact, when fully developed, River Place will boast  
10,000 people living and working in the complex. My bet is that Gouin  
Street which runs through River Place between Joseph, Campeau  
and MacDougall will unofficially become the new coolest street block in  
Detroit.

Immediately east of River Place is Harbortown, the ambitious  
residential development that will feature apartments, condos, a marina, a  
shopping concourse and a chain of three lagoons leading to the Detroit  
river. The townhouses will be situated along semi-circular tree-lined  
drives, some with patios overlooking the water—a scene not unlike a  
small-scale Venice, Italy.

But the most impressive quality of Harbortown is the attention being  
paid by the architects—Skidmore, Owings and Merrill of Chicago—to the  
industrial/historic theme of Rivertown. Each of the townhouses as the 17-  
story apartment tower will feature a very traditional type of red/brown  
brick so as not to clash with the historic nature of Rivertown.

The city of Detroit is also working with this private investment by  
establishing a series of linked riverfront parks which, when completed in  
1988, will feature a continuous bicycle/pedestrian route along the water  
from Hart Plaza to Belle Isle. Chene Park, the first of the linked parks, was  
opened to the public in 1984. The Chene Park amphitheatre overlooking  
the Detroit river, Belle Isle and Windsor, has already been offering an  
array of concerts from gospel festivals to Mr. Dress-Up to UB40.

est of River Place stretching all the way back to the RenCen  
are the guts of Rivertown. Formerly known as the "warehouse  
district", this still largely undeveloped area of nightclubs  
and restaurants situated amidst foundaries and warehouses  
has been the centre of Detroit's nightlife activity for some  
years now. As a city built (quite literally) on industrial  
"blood, sweat and tears", Detroitiers have always been more concerned  
with 'soul' over appearance which makes partying in Detroit such an  
unpretentiously different experience than in Toronto or New York. And  
only in Detroit could trendy clubs such as Taboo or Rhinoceros find a  
home amidst the grime of factories.

The beautifully restored Rivertown saloon and the neighbouring

architectural offices of Schervish, Vogel, Merz and Cardonza are situated  
in two of the four remaining carriage houses left in Detroit. These carriage  
houses, originally the service buildings for the stately mansions that once  
lined Jefferson Avenue, housed horses, carriages, food storage and  
occasionally a room for the stable keeper. The Schervish offices have won  
numerous state and national architectural awards for their restoration

At the corner of Woodbridge and St. Aubin is the humbly hip  
Woodbridge Tavern with its classic Coca-Cola signs and plain industrial  
appearance. In business for over 100 years and operated by the same  
family since 1905, the Woodbridge sports an original classic brass/wood  
bar, not the contrived creations of so many yuppie hangouts.

Around the corner at Franklin and Orleans is Detroit's oldest saloon,  
the Soup Kitchen. For over 140 years, the painfully cool Soup Kitchen,  
has always been dealing in the blues—originally comforting the painful  
aches and depressing blues of local foundry and dock workers with a  
medicinal hit of alcohol and, more recently, offering the stuff live on  
stage.

nd if the warehouses represent the heart of Rivertown,  
then Jefferson avenue is its facade. It's historic homes,  
churches and apartments visually displayed the city's  
wealth while hiding from view the grimy factories that  
produced that very wealth.

The Charles C. Townbridge House, an attractive  
white frame house, is the oldest house on Jefferson dating back to 1826.  
The Sibley House a modest white frame house designed in the Greek  
Revival style, is the oldest frame house in Detroit still preserved in its  
original condition, built way back in 1848. Perhaps the most imposing  
home along Jefferson is the beautifully quaint, unpretentious brick  
Moross House. Constructed in 1849 it was placed on the National  
Register of Historic Places in 1972 and presently has museum space  
open to the public.

Christ Church was designed by the leading British church architect  
Gordon W. Lloyd. This limestone building with sandstone trim dates back  
to 1860. Across from the Christ Church stands the Palms Apartment  
House, built in 1902 and co-designed by Albert Kahn, this six-story  
limestone finished building was designed as a luxury residence for 'high-  
class' Detroitiers who did not wish to maintain a separate residence. This  
was especially unique in Detroit, a city traditionally inhabited by single-  
family homeowners.

But not only does Jefferson Avenue brandish the beauty of by-gone  
Detroit with its historic buildings, is also awash in new development—a  
true sign of its potential as Detroit's savior street. Apartments, a hospital,  
office buildings and businesses have all sprung up along the three mile  
corridor from the RenCen to Belle Isle.

Perhaps Detroit really was the sleeping giant it was hoped to be during  
the dead decades to the sixties and seventies where development hit all-  
time lows. It was during these years that people fled the battle-zone by the  
hundreds of thousands for the safety of the bland suburbs. And now that  
the dust has presumably settled and a truce been called, it's as if people  
are cautiously returning to the inner city. Rivertown may just be a little  
snowball...but avalanches have started fom much less than this.

# becomes yuppie nirvana

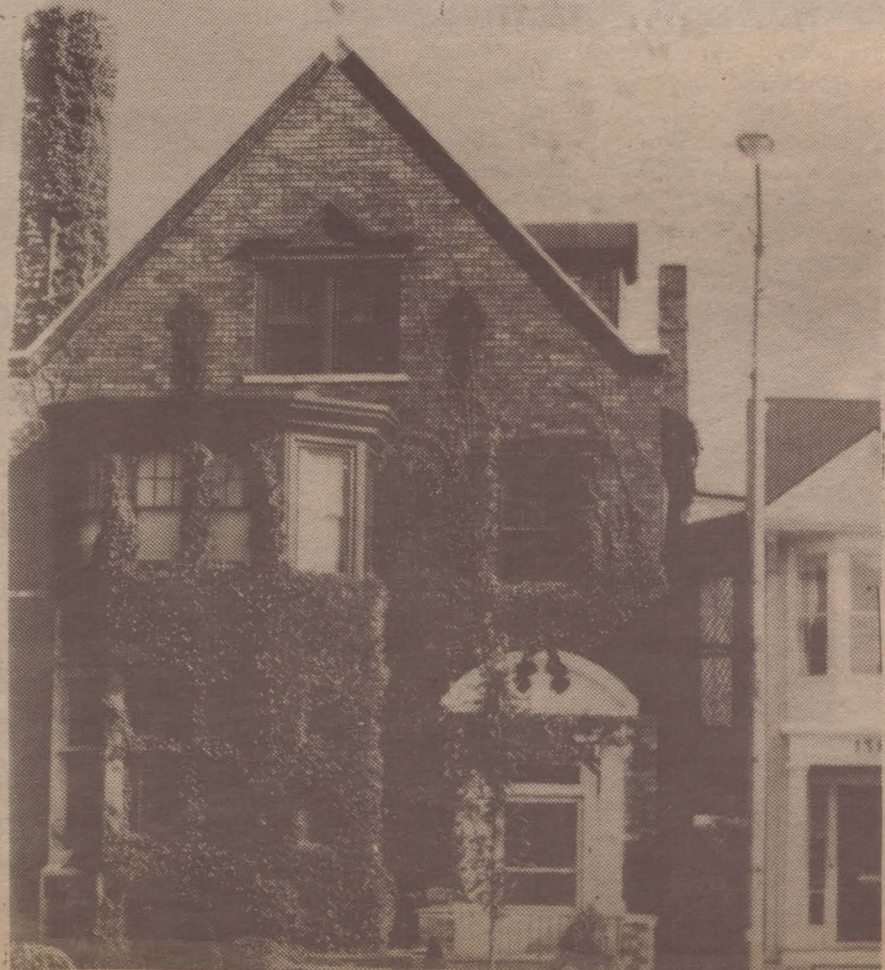
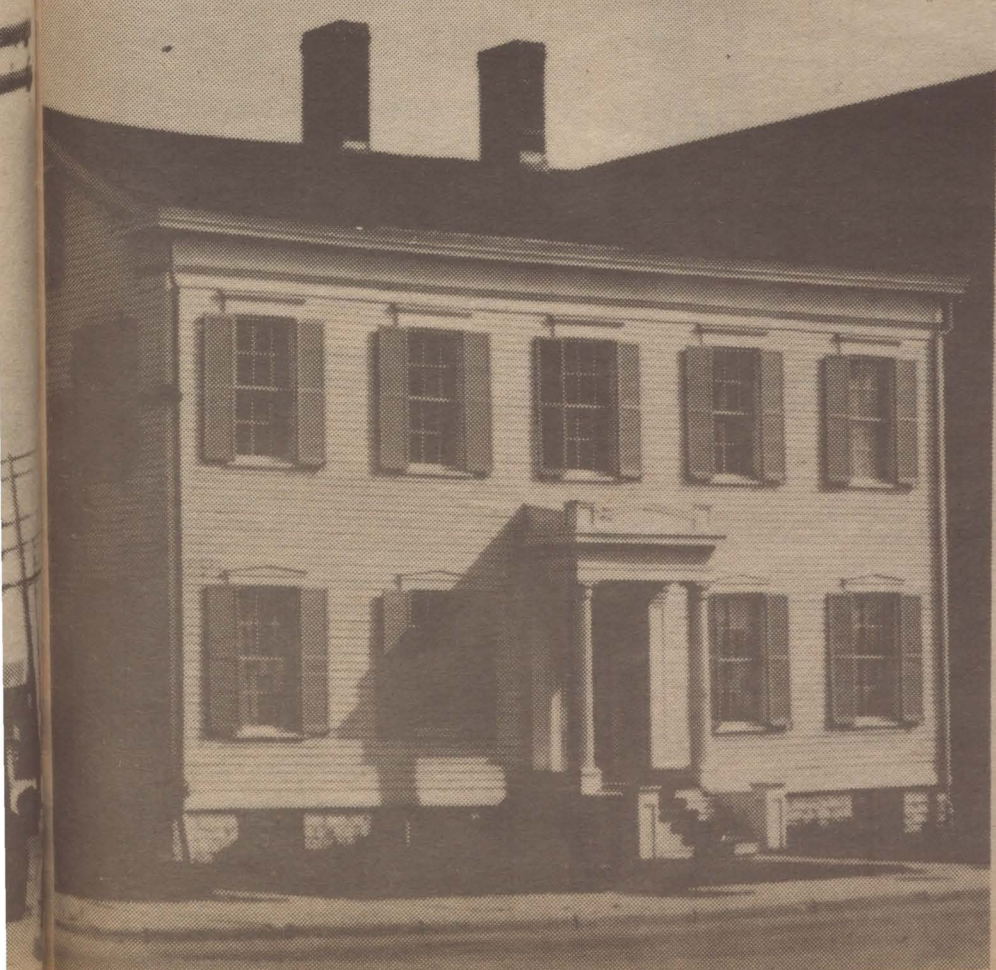
FROM  
LEFT:

A dilapidated house  
in Rivertown

The Soup Kitchen  
Saloon 1585  
Franklin

Solomon Sibley  
House (1848) 976  
E. Jefferson

Ella Thayer House  
(1899) 1386 E.  
Jefferson







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# Old Salt new H.K. dean

by Vern Smith

The University of Windsor has recently announced the appointment of Dr. Michael Salter as the new dean of Human kinetics.

Salter, who began his five year term July 1, came to Windsor in 1972. Previously, the 45-year-old Australian native gained teaching experience at the University of Alberta and York University, in addition to time spent at the elementary and secondary school levels.

Before receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Alberta in 1972, Salter earned his B.P.E. and M.A. from the same institution in 1966 and 1967 respectively. He also holds a D.P.E. from Sydney's teachers' college in Australia.

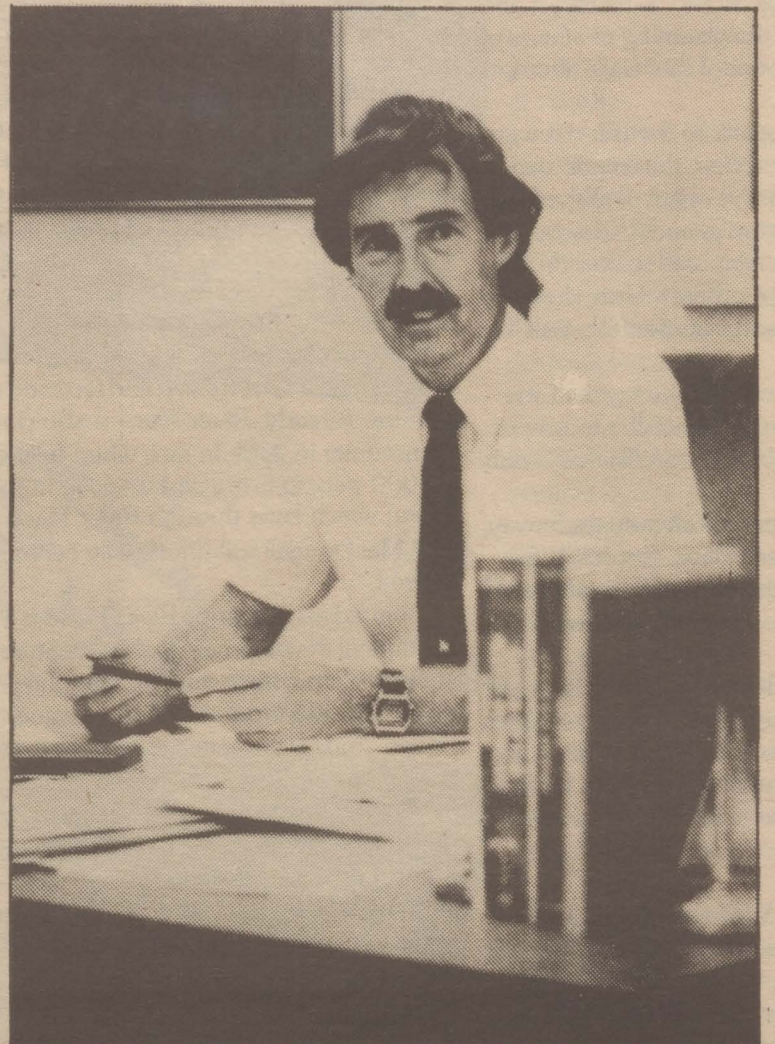
Salter will initially concentrate on improving Windsor's graduate program, which he thinks is not up to the level it should be.

"We have probably the best undergraduate program in Ontario and I don't say that tongue-in-cheek," says Salter. "However, we have some house cleaning to do in the graduate program, so I'll be paying special attention to the Masters and graduate program."

Another area of Salter's concentration will be in the intramural program. Despite a tight budget all-around, Salter seems determined to do more with less.

"We would like to expand the intramural program by re-allocating the funds to provide more of a club environment," says Salter. "This way we can plan activities to aid them (the students) on and off campus. I don't feel that we've done enough in this area."

Salter, who recently enjoyed a successful stint as a coach with the track and field Lancers, will be forced to step down from that role



Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

because of time commitments. However, he will continue to teach an introductory course that all Human Kinetic students will be required to take.

In addition to Salter's successful tenure as a coach, his academic research deals with the leisure time pursuits of various peoples.

Salter has developed a course from this research that is a "cross cultural study of man and play by which we will investigate how different societies use their leisure time. This

will include non-industrial and urban industrial cultures."

Salter also has an extensive publication record in various professional journals and books and has travelled to many international conferences to deliver presentations. He recently attended the fourth annual Olympic Academy of Canada conference as one of 15 delegates from Ontario.

He was appointed acting dean of the faculty last July, succeeding Dr. Ray Hermiston. □

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## classifieds

### CONVOCATION RESCHEDULED

The Senate rescheduled fall convocation from October 5 to October 26. The original date, October 5, fell on the second day of Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, causing a conflict for Jewish graduates.

The change is part of a general attempt by the university to respect holidays of religious minorities.

The ceremonies will take place at the Cleary Auditorium in two sessions, at 10:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

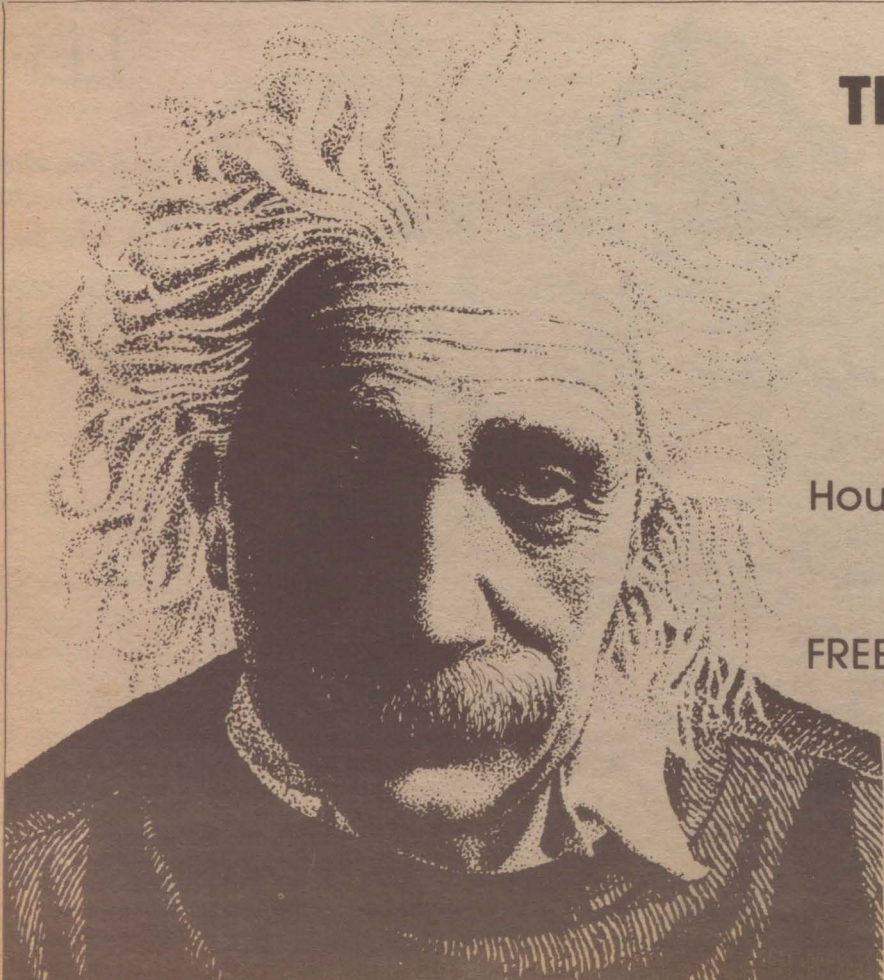
For further information about fall convocation contact Rosary Carney at 253-4232 ext. 2004.

**ASSUMPTION CAMPUS COMMUNITY**—Catholic Campus Ministry, Sunday Mass at 10:30 a.m. followed by fellowship. Monday to Friday Mass at 11:50 a.m. Our chapel is located on the second floor of the Assumption University Bldg., 400 Huron Church Rd., Chaplains: Fr. Paul McGill, C.S.B., Sr. Kay Smalley, S.N.J.M. and Fr. Bill Stoba, C.S.B. (part-time). Phone 973-7034. All are welcome.

**LIVE-IN COMPANION** wanted for elderly lady. Light housekeeping in return for free room and board. If interested, call 256-7236 or 256-2413.

**UNICEF**, the United Nations Children's Fund, wants to protect all children against measles and other easily-preventable diseases through universal child immunization by the year 1990. You can play a part through the purchase of UNICEF cards and gifts. The proceeds from just one box of UNICEF cards provides enough vaccine to immunize five children against measles, and just \$5.00 protects a child for life against the six leading childhood killer diseases. For more information and a free colour brochure of UNICEF gift products call 966-3490.

**WINDSOR MISSING CHILDREN** a non-profit, volunteer organization formed to provide support to parents of missing children and preventative public education on child abduction is in need of VOLUNTEERS. If you would be interested in fingerprinting, fund raising, or presenting education programs in city and county, call Debbie at 735-2712



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# Fear of flying: Koop no chicken

"Airplanes and the Wall"  
An exhibit of paintings by Wanda Koop  
Art Gallery of Windsor  
July 20 to August 17, 1986

"My most immediate way of knowing is through seeing."  
—Wanda Koop

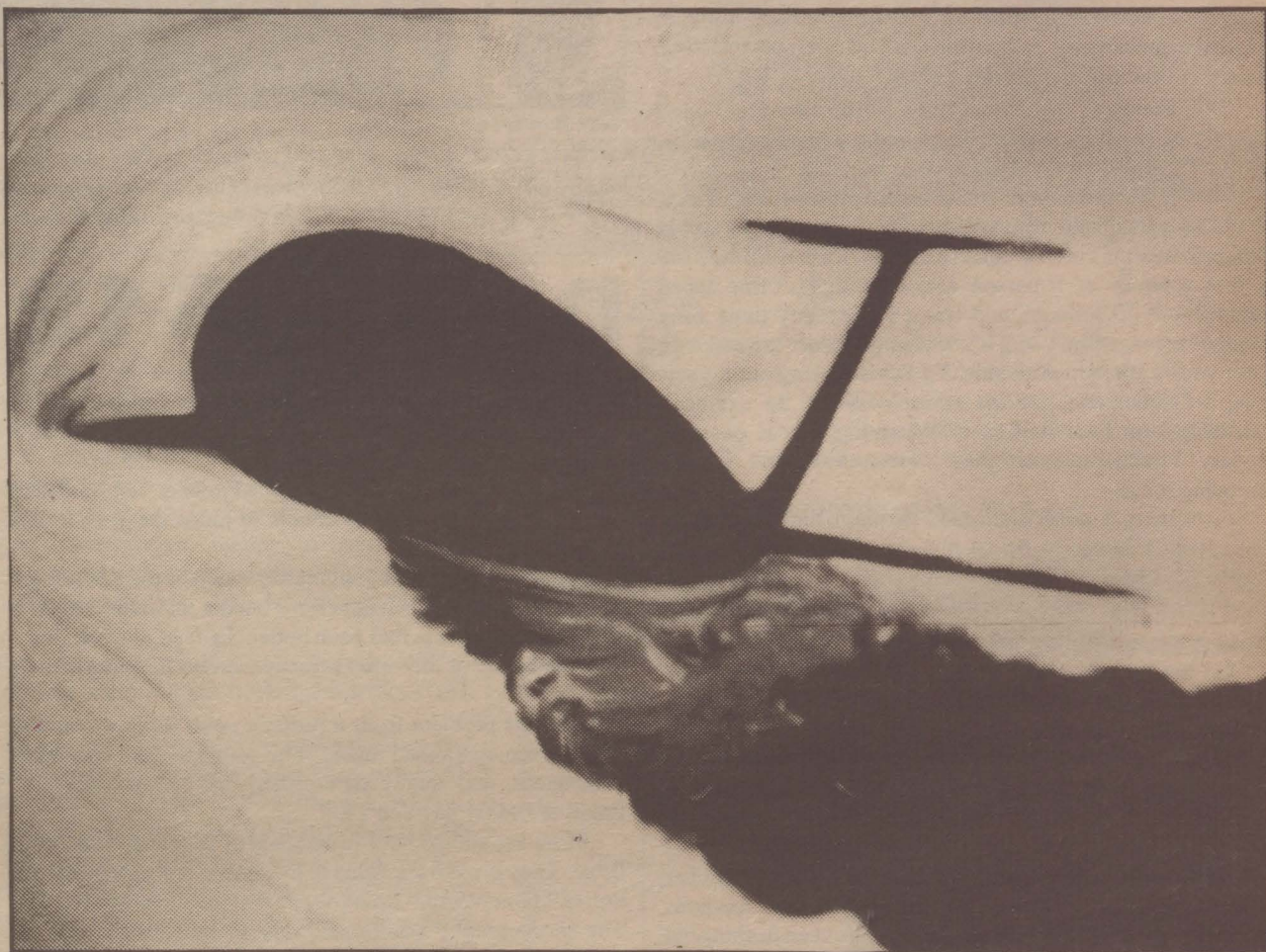
by Kevin Atkinson

**T**he single most obvious characteristic of Winnipeg artist Wanda Koop's paintings, and the most consistent one throughout her career, are their enormous size. This is by no means a particularly unique or precious observation, but this fact, even by its very obviousness, can guide us to an understanding of Wanda Koop's work, and artistic vision, an understanding without which the former might be regarded as diffuse, and insubstantial and the latter as childish or nonexistent.

*tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.*

For what is in her imagery to sustain or justify 80 square feet of plywood and paint? Her images are undetailed and even crude in execution.

But ultimately, the inflated scale is not a matter of stridency or bombast, but is merely a means towards immediacy in 'seeing'. For they must be large enough for their



"Airplane no. 6" 1983, acrylic and Rhoplex on plywood, 2.44 x 15.85m.

images to insinuate themselves into one's consciousness without having been processed, masticated, and subsumed.

Koop arrives at her final product much in the way a photographer does; she first amasses a large number of sketched images from which she selects the ones that "stick" (Koop's word), and then paints them in expanded dimensions.

It is the ambiguity of this criteria ("sticking"), and the

diversity (often apparently arbitrariness) of sources that fulfill it that might lead one to the conclusion that she has nothing coherent to say.

It is not arbitrariness but a kind of holism. The images "stick" for all different reasons. Some of her airplanes, for example, have dynamism that impresses itself on the mind violently, while others cloy almost annoyingly on one's inner eye with a petulant quirkiness.

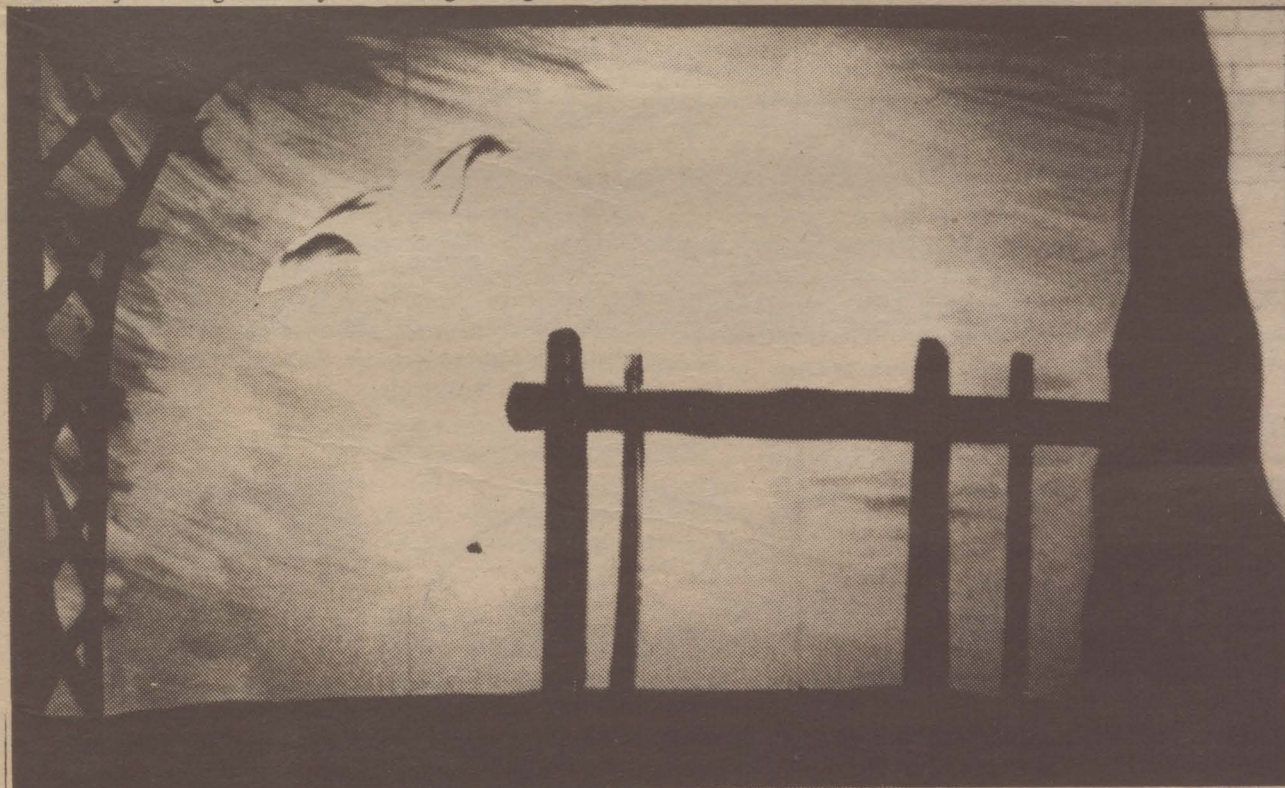
Any subject can be recruited by Koop to serve the end of 'seeing'. During a talk she gave at the Gallery on Wednesday, July 16, she expressed delight in the diversity, mundanity, and often, absurdity of the sources of her images.

Koop's insistence on 'seeing' as the most immediate way

*Such harmony is in immortal souls; but whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

of knowing suggests a mode of knowledge that is non-linguistic, sub-verbal. She clear before giving her talk on Wednesday that her "work was her voice", proleptically down-playing the importance of her following remarks.

That "voice" of Wanda Koop is the quiet babble of mundane reality amplified in the scale of her painting. For her imagery, though always quivering between stylized mimesis and abstraction, is rooted in real objects, real objects that are iconized and given a wholly personal significance. □



Excerpt from "The Wall" 1983, acrylic and Rhoplex on plywood, 2.44 x 15.85m.

## Summer concerts at Subway cancelled

by Lance arts staff

**T**he effort of a young local entrepreneur to book Toronto bands in the Subway during the summer has failed. "Basically what I wanted to do was to bring Toronto to Windsor," said Chris Uszynski.

Uszynski was forced to cancel the series after only two shows because attendance was insufficient to financially sustain the rest. He said he suffered a personal loss of \$3,000.

Uszynski said that in spite of the lack of response, he intended to book the same line-up of bands in September for shows either in

the Subway or in California's Roadhouse.

Mike Murphy, Promotion Director at CJAMfm, attributed the poor response in part to the cost of admission which was \$5.00. He said the bands are well-known in Toronto and command a commensurately high price, but they don't enjoy similar popularity locally.

"The cancellation was really disappointing, because it's music that should be brought to the city," said Murphy.

Uszynski was involved in dance parties at the Dom Polski.

Other entertainment will continue at the Subway through the summer. CJAM is presenting Jazz Butcher on July 26. □





# Butchers

OK. A band with sarcasm, satire, and subterfuge as psychotically stimulating as an axe wrapped in velvet. But this rhythm axe (such a nonsensical thing): a metaphor, really, for the Jazz Butcher, an outfit in perpetual throes of rock'n roll eccentricity.

An outfit whose former Love and Rockets/Bauhaus connections, whose vegetarianism, whose cartoonist visions of America, might guarantee them a pose of well-precedented banality in post-'75 English music.

And yet you should expect far more than banal blow monkeying when these four (Max, Jones, Felix, and Butch) Northampton farthings dole out their provocatively unpretentious "rock" in the Subway on the night of July 26.

Still, seeing as this is their first North American tour I take time here to issue an advisory address in advance of the tempered praise I will shortly set to heaping.

Listen, Butchies: your pre-poached Brit perceptions of the USA would be more preposterously served if you would dip forth into the cultural barrel and draw forth from the swill a few volumes of Emerson and Burroughs, some taped segments of *60 minutes* and *Good Times*, any three John Hughes teenage films, and a few Kenny Scharf canvases. In case you've already done this, I'd advise trying out a year-long 7-11 diet and, for the cutest of yooz, an extended courtship with Lisa Barber, of Wyoming, whose costume jewelry Prince stole on their once-in-a-lifetime Cherry Mooning binge.

New then, I must also make it plain that I seriously believe rock music to be an evil, misguided phenomenon whose paradoxically saving naivete is its rebellious (i.e.—'sympiotic') relationship with the mosaic of evils that comprise Western commodity culture.

Yet the Jazz Butcher's collusive role in all this remains something of a freshe frivolity. Their songs (drawn from numerous albums including "Scandal in Bohemia," the sharpest, and "Bloody Nonsense," the latest) pun away like nursery rhymes for a drinking gang who's been on easy-going, semi-cynical intellectual cruise control since punk died and the intelligentsia turned toward post-structuralism.

"Death Dentist," "Zombie," and "The Jazz Butcher Meets Count Dracula" move between Crampish fixations on party hell and the necrophilia angle that's been fleshing out the goof-around gothic camp of rock for three decades now. Others, like "JB v PM" or "Water" are either animal crackers or playfully Pythonesque pererignations.

This, then, is a band whose ghou-folk sense of roots (they quote, they filch from the pop candy counter and with comic integrity set about crafting, re-inventing popist parables of their own) makes for enough mock-up musical novelties to keep solicitously soulful eclectics like myself on the edge of faith.

Faith? Let me explain by referring to four songs which I'm certain to tape back to back and someday listen to on a craggy outcrop of Dalmatian scrub while the sun goes down and the village cemetery fills with a coniferous fragrance appropriate to the briefest memory of a love, a voice, or a face long lost.

"Rain," a Squeezish delight. "Carolyn Wheeler's Birthday Present," a vehemently thrashy Dadaist surge busy peeling away a layer of Jim Morrison's skin and announcing unabashed Alice Cooper admiration. "Walk With the Devil," (beautiful opening: "St. Petersburg on a Saturday"; solemn note of "mashed-potato snow"), which builds slowly, surely, and lopes into choruses of anthemic scorn. And "My Desert", soothing, yet strong and metaphorical enough to keep me moving between music and Mauriac. by Lorenzo Buj



Jazz Butcher

These four songs, rendered with as much prodigal polytheism as informed their moment of creation, could make the Saturday gig more than merely a memorable pogrom or

prestidigitation. But to succeed, to truly succeed, they must (oh yes) be sure to pump away with "Roadrunner" and indulge us with "Sweet Jane." □

## DANCERS 12 GOOD ENTER

The problem with having dancers organize shows is that they dance, not organize. This was evident at Timothy P. Higgins' big event, *Rhythm of the Night*, out on Ford Road Sunday evening.

While most of the dancing passed muster, the audience has to sweat the incidental details to judge the *gestalt* of a dance show.

The show began with a schmaltzy video of the performers entering the hall. This would have been a lot more fun if the quality of the picture had been better. Instead, the few times they made use of the video screens were to be endured, not enjoyed.

Another problem from a purist's point of view was the dependence on canned music. The sound system was often inadequate, and totally demolished one group's interpretation of "How Do You Do?"

More use should have been made of the band, The Tools Band. They proved the value of live music during a presentation of "Time Warp," from the never-popular Rocky Horror. The choreography was limited due to the lyric's specifications but the number was redeemed by the vigor of the musicians rather than the dancers.

One of the ostensible draws of the evening was the presence of international dance champions Fran Nagle and Mark Brock. In truth, the two are past their prime and this fact seemed all the more glaring against a backdrop of more exuberant (if not necessarily more talented) youth.

Imagine Bette Midler visiting Fernando's Hideaway and you'll get a cruel but accurate picture of these two on the floor.

As a dancer, Higgins cannot be expected to keep his ego out of a production he is staging himself. The audience was thus subjected to an overabundance of the guy. You know that old saw about too much of a good thing? He wasn't that good, either.

There were some really fine numbers.

Ella Buchholz was cute as Raggedy Ann in a toy's dance to "How Will I Know?" The costumes were simple and effective, as was most of the dancing. The characters were all dolls and toys and stuff. (Mickey and Minnie Mouse went over big with the U.S. crowd.)

Cute. Yup, cute's the word, although her lip-synching was

absolutely gratuitous and eventually a tad annoying. A dancer should convey emotion through motion. It is the poetry of movement we appreciate in a dancer, not that of words.

"It Don't Mean a Thing if it Ain't Got That Swing" is a heckuva good song, done justice by the Robert Gatzke Dancers. Here we saw some good old-fashioned show dancing, tap, the whole works. The piece looked comfortable on the stage, unlike some which seemed too big or too easily lost.

Besides, the arrangement did not have the heavy overlaid beat that marred what might have been perfectly good performances of "Opus One" and "Sing, Sing, Sing." Both these tunes were really mauled in an apparent effort to help stupid dancers. (I agonized over 'stupid' trying to find a term that meant 'unable to hear the beat in a jazz number'.)

The second half of the show consisted of a tribute to Broadway musicals, and included the mandatory tired tribute to "Hello Dolly." This one featured breast jokes in an attempted burlesque of Dolly Parton that missed the mark.

Two numbers that stood up much better were from more modern plays.

The Pat Sherrill Dancers did a job on *A Chorus Line's* "One" that showed a lot of leg in the old Rockettes' kickline fashion that we've come to respect and love (some of us, anyway). Except for the occasional misstep, this one was well put-together, with few surprises.

The Gatzke company's return on "Mean Ole Lion", from *the Wiz*, was an imaginative departure. The lion suits they wore were well-designed, and the choreography demonstrated an originality almost unique in the show. I liked it.

In the finale, Higgins' solo looked weak next to the effort by Tony Lord. Lord's dance conveyed a raw energy which could compensate for some repetitiveness. Higgins was buried.

Despite the talent and desire of these young people, the dancers could not dig themselves out of the hole they were put into by the hot, crowded, smoky hall were a glass of draught beer took a half-hour to be delivered and cost \$2.50 (U.S.!).

One final thought... Michigan needs spandex control legislation, and needs it fast. Remember, sequins don't kill people; abuse of them does.

—Kevin Johnson

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# Le Boom: Adler on Aristotle

by Sarah Atkinson

Is nothing sacred? Like, not even philosophical esoterica? My present exclamation is inspired by the flimsy tome before me now; its subtitle, "Difficult flimsy tome before me now; its subject, Aristotle, its title, *Aristotle for Everybody*, its subtitle, "Difficult Thought Made Easy". As the overtures would imply, the work of a genius. Or a moron. Probably a moron with a PhD. Perhaps I'd best expose the offender before my critical viscosity gets out of hand. Mortimer J. Adler is (euphemistically) called a "noted philosopher in his own right", which causes one to muse upon just what other classifications of philosophers there are in existence. "In his own right" might be interpreted as a blurbist's gracious attempt to circumnavigate controversy due to the lack of consensus about the nature and quality of Adler's philosopherhood.

*"Philosophy", as a post-secondary course of study, is regarded as practically a disease in some circles.*

But think of countless other abominations of the term "philosophy": "My own philosophy is blah, blah, blah..." blubs the overconfident businessman who happens to feel that arson is as efficient a way as any to effect commercial tourist development; an interviewee's comment that goes beyond eating, sleeping and profession is deemed "philosophical," in italics, of course; ask a random drunken hotel worker when he last saw his mother and he's bound to give you a perturbed look and mutter "Don't get philosophical on me," (unless he accuses you of psychoanalyzing); "Philosophy", as a post-secondary course of study is regarded as practically a disease in some circles (and contagious—dying all of one's natural fibre clothes black (which means grey), blaspheming the French in their own language, displaying territorialism over tabletop Hegelian universes fabricated from tea, milk, sugar, napkins, icecubes and ketchup at 5:30 a.m., wearing intermittently a wired, paranoid look and a look of tender relief, and quitting the whole thing after two or three months are common symptoms to look for, all you careworn parental professionals).

In summary, abuse, misrepresentation, and bad press.

Now to apply these sidelines: Adler writes his "in his own right" philosophy, makes difficult thought easy, turns Aristotle into mashed potatoes with milk (only less satisfying and nowhere near as nourishing), and for what? (*The money?* — *ed.*) To annoying arrogant fledglings like me, who, whilst covering the dreaded required reading material, hear a tinny echo of the original bouncing off the walls of their skulls like a homunculus playing racquetball? Or is it to make the genius of "the great teacher" accessible to a classful of computer science majors and a world of habitually non-reflective wankers? Come on, Mort, I was always under the impression that getting there was half the fun. Have I been mistaken or am I bent on intellectual masochism and driven impulsively to do things the hard way (my mother would verify the last clause in enough other areas of my young life)? Simplisticism, as I will tentatively (and let it be ephemeral enough to disappear before anyone has a chance to chastise me for coining yet another "ism" in an already overpopulated library of "isms"—you see, it's not that serious—okay, so call me fickle) call Adler's approach, is virtually harmless (harmlessness is a virtue in Adler's case) to the cause of Aristotle and speculative thought, since its text subsists at a very definite remove from the original that it talks "about". Adler's *Aristotle for Everybody* avoids jargon and authentic terminology, indulges in oversimplified analogies and leaves the reader with no impression of having really absorbed any pure Aristotle at all. Safe enough.

Having dissipated the fluffy spooks of Adler and his ilk, how about a few words about what philosophy could do for you?...

One thing philosophy ought to do is help you avoid the experience of rejecting Led Zeppelin until very recently; it should also make you realize that you're not the first nor the only to have ever thought him/herself the first and the only (a fine adolescent indulgence, but bollocks as any part of a trying-to-be foolproof methodology); philosophy should make you weep; it should make you laugh so hard that you become cynical and stop laughing because you think you're only fake-laughing; it should make you hate the world and love Kate Bush; it should make you love the man and hate his evil; it should make you hate men; it should make you distrust platitudes; it should make you wonder if a platypus really is a mammal; it could cure your insomnia, or cause it; it could make your friends disdain you and call you a *rationalizer*. Let's face it: philosophy will not make you popular—except maybe among a group of rejects like yourself. This is if you choose to have integrity. Loaded word. Impose an ending. The end.

Hail Himsl. □

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**RRRÖÖÖAAARRR**  
**Voivod**  
**(Banzai/Polygram)**

When this album first appeared in the mail, there was some heavy competition for the privilege of reviewing it. I'm in the happy position of boss, so I won. (Nyah, nyah!)

Who wouldn't fight over a band with musicians named Snake and Piggy, with an album featuring songs like "Slaughter in a Grave", "To the Death", and the ever-popular "Fuck Off and Die"?

Well, Voivod didn't disappoint me. If mind-numbing, thrashing, brain-squishing heavy metal is your thing, you are gonna get right into this record. Even if you prefer easy listening, no collection will be considered complete without some Voivod representation, and it might as well be this here album.

These boys, like so many bands in the heavy metal genre, are hardcore under a different label. If the beat is occasionally lost, that's okay, it's all part of the driving intensity of these mad-at-society guys. How can they be expected to keep in rhythm when they're losing their minds? Losing their souls to rock and roll.

One problem is that Voivod sometimes does lack a soul, tor-

mented or otherwise. On occasion, the music lacks depth, partly the fault of drummer Away's preference for cymbals over deeper drums.

Blacky, on the bass, also seems to fail to pull the group with him, as he should. Instead, lead singer Snake



exerts too much influence, especially since he did not write the music.

While Snake has the right scratchy grittiness to his vocals, I for one would have liked to hear more range. Even in his monotone screams, he could have thrown in the odd low moan. You know what I mean.

To make the most of the stuff, I had to crank the bass and dump the treble, something I never do. They just lacked any depth. While this may have been appropriate in "Ripping Headaches", "Build Your Weapons"

could have been more effective if it had been done an octave lower.

Snake's lyrics also leaves something to be desired, but that's why it's rock and fucking roll and not frigging folk, right?

The brightest light in this group has to be guitarist Piggy. His solos really fly and then they dig deep to pull up brimstone from the hands of the man with hooves. He leaves the rest behind, and to a certain extent, it is something of a relief not to hear Snake's shouts.

It's not that Snake is annoying, because he's one bare-chested barbarian, believe you me, but I know he could do better if he tried to reach deep into his guts and spew more viscera instead of the phlegm we get from his throat.

One final note—Away did all the artwork on the album cover, so he is just a multi-talented dude all-round, I guess. Let's give him some credit.

Buy the record. I got it free, but I have to admit it's worth at least, say 75 cents. Anything more than that, of course, is a rip-off and you'll just have to steal the damned record to show them we rockin' rebels won't be exploited. They're asking for it.

Snow would be proud.

—Kevin Johnson



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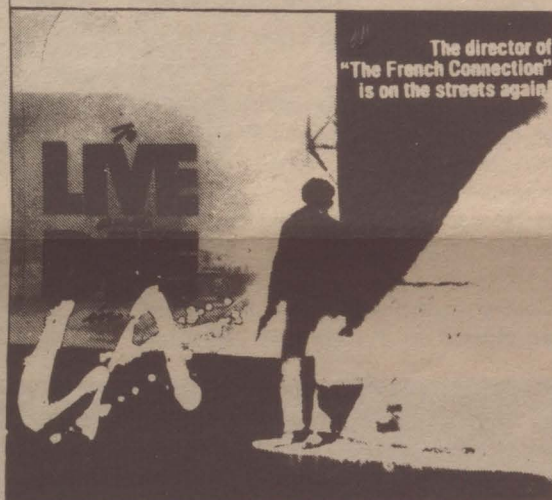
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# Neville's Stratford:

## Whole lotta Shakespeare goin' on

**The Winter's Tale**  
By William Shakespeare  
Directed by David William

**T**he *Winter's Tale* is a play one should experiment boldly, but not recklessly with. The current Stratford production is neither bold nor reckless, but it still occupies a middle ground of some substance and under David William's direction moves along in a collected, naturalistic manner.

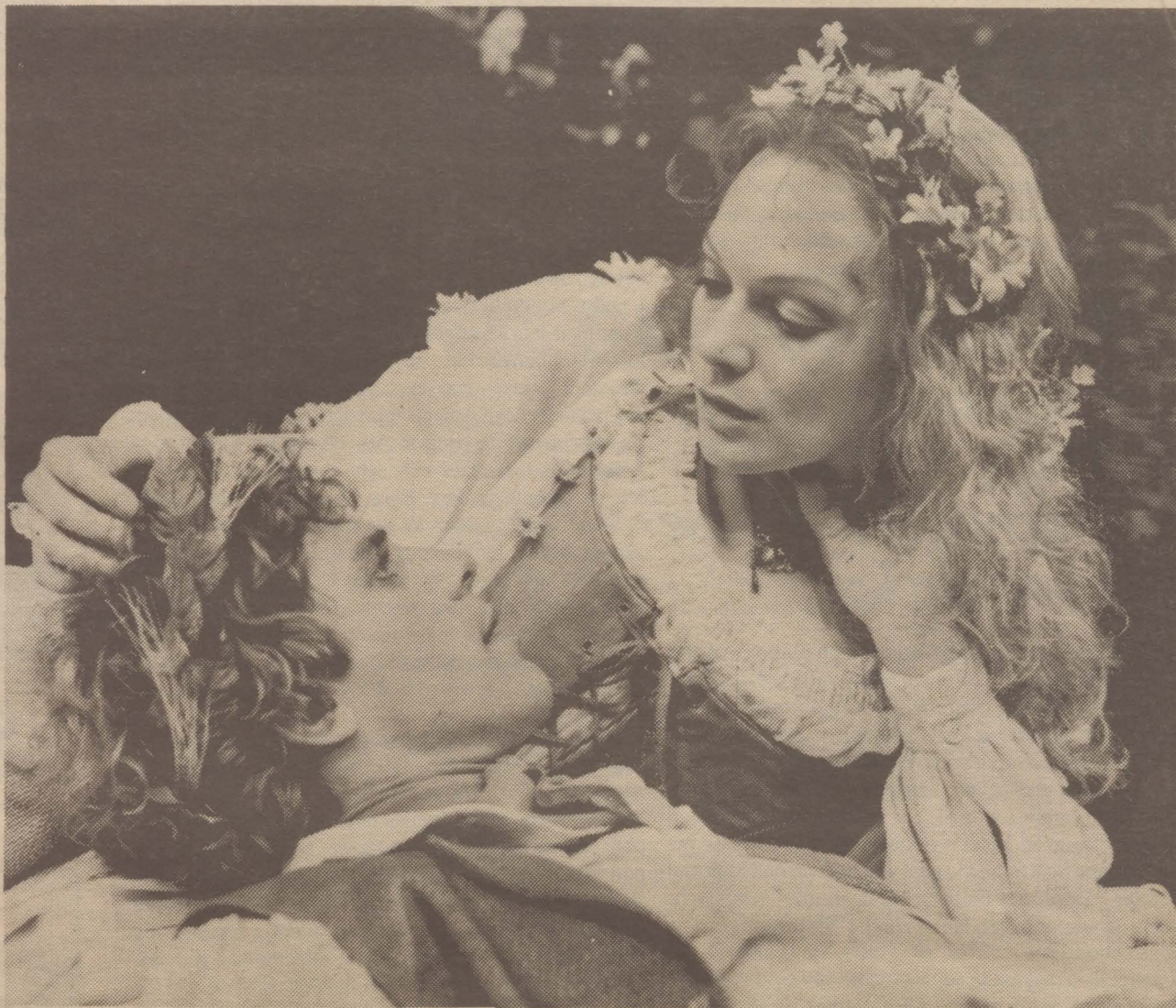
This is an accomplishment, for Shakespeare's romance—written late in his career—attempts in strange, symbolic ways familiar themes: love and betrayal, time and mortality.

The play erupts with the Sicilian King, Leontes, banishing wife Hermione and sending his best friend, Polixenes scurrying back to his Bohemian throne after he irrationally suspects them of frolicking behind his back. From then on the rhythm is tragic until the pastoral idyll of the second half, some 16-years on, prepares us for a re-union when Hermione, thought dead and literally grown statuesque in her banishment, comes to life.

As I have said, this production is generally thoughtful and entertaining in its handling of such awkwardness of structure. Three things, in particular, stand out: the striking, bony lines of Colm Feore's face as he stalks about in handsome late-Victorian costume (designed by Shawn Kerwin) communicating Leontes' susceptibility to seizures and crestfallen lamentations; the appearance of Time (Mervyn Blake) as a snowy, ancient apparition, luminous and otherworldly; and the sheep-shearing scene which, energized by celebratory high-jinks and thus more boisterously rustic than decorously (in the Renaissance sense of the word) pastoral, fairly radiates with as simple an effect as afforded by Perdita's (Martha Burns) goldness of hair and witeness of dress.

Yet, aside from Joseph Ziegler's fluidly roguish Autolycus and Susan Wright's aggressive, self-assured Paulina, and aside from Feore who fashions Leontes' wrath and decline with enough sane rage and repentance so as to seem more tragic than bewilderingly mad, the two other big roles remain more secondary than self-assertive.

As the maligned Hermione, Goldie Semple remains true to character: poised and patient; nothing more, nothing less. Meanwhile, Stephen Russell as Polixenes is industrious,



Keith Thomas as Florizel, Martha Burns as Perdita.

generally upright and uninspiring, with a bit of a charge finally energizing his performance in the outburst with Florizel (Keith Thomas).

However, these quibbles soon dissolve into the gorgeous spectacle of the whole. And beyond the whole spectacle, there are reflections and perhaps lessons, for the optimism at

play's end is a twilight one: Time extends his hands and the players, joining each to each, pass upstage and off with him.

—Lorenzo Buj

*"The Winter's Tale" will be playing at Stratford's Festival Theatre until October 18, 1986. For further information, call (519) 273-1600.*

**Hamlet**  
By William Shakespeare  
Directed by John Neville

**A** young, sensitive, idealistic man with little taste for the machinations that turn the day-to-day wheels of the world finds that that worldly ambition so alien to his own nature is responsible for the death of his father and is ravaging his mother. He discovers that the harsh mundanities



Elizabeth Shepherd as Gertrude, Brent Carver as Hamlet.

of *realpolitik* dictate his fate. He is told that it was to avenge this that he was born; his despair comes in the realization that

avenging this evil means adopting its mean, cynical values and tactics as his own. Thus, in watching Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, we watch an idealistic adolescent come to terms with the fact that, for all the infinities of the universe, and in spite of the noble faculties of man, life is small, virtue is easily corrupted, and responsibilities must be accepted.

Or so this summer's Stratford Festival production of the play would have us believe. There are those who argue that too much attention has been paid in the years since its advent to the character of Hamlet and not enough to the overall play, its varied personalities and problems; director John Neville is not one of them. By such measures as attenuating the Fortinbras/Poland subplot Neville does away with the larger background to focus the play even more closely on the experience of the anguished young man. While he remains, as ever, a troubled soul, the personality of this Hamlet is not a fragmented one. Such is the coherence of Hamlet's thoughts and deeds here, that actions, passions, and even his much lamented timing seem to make sense.

The character would not strike us so forcefully were it not for the remarkable performance of Brent Carver as the prince. His is not at all the dark, brooding Hamlet, but one full of enthusiasm—perhaps too much of it—for the several tasks he is to perform. The self-doubts and the occasional confrontations with the full horror of what he is about frighten him—as his passionate and poetic expression of them impresses the audience—but they do not dictate the action of the play. This matters here because Carver's Hamlet revels in the fact that he is immersed in such dramatic circumstances (Hence his frequent use of dramatic metaphors, hence his staging of a play within the play)—after his first encounter with his father's ghost we see, behind his anger, a joy at having his dark suspicions confirmed. So with his 'accidental' killing of Polonius—it brings him a quiet satisfaction and it is a well-contented son who, dragging the corpse out, says "Good night, mother" as though he were sharing some private joke with her.

Shakespeare created a character who encompasses much;

*The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and mould of form,  
Th'observed of all observers*

It is because he embraces so much that before he can consummate his fate he acts out his own drama wherein he must sabotage Ophelia's love for him and warn her to flee the vices of this world, chastise his mother and make her see the baseness of her sin, and bring Claudius face to face with his guilt.

It is in his interaction with both Gertrude and Ophelia that we see this production's sense of compassion for these innocent victims and for Hamlet's own farewell to innocence. Elizabeth Shepherd's portrayal of Gertrude as a warm and utterly guileless soul completely validates the Ghost's and Hamlet's continual doting on her, despite her sin. Lucy Peacock as Ophelia is a letdown though Ophelia's simple appeal shines through in the play scene and we understand what Hamlet is trying to preserve when begs her to get to a nunnery.

In James Blendick's Claudius we see the petty schemer who murdered his brother, and the lover of luxury—he always has a drink in his hand. While he could stand to be more arrogant and paranoid, Blendick makes it plain that it is because of people like Claudius that nice guys finish last and sensitive souls contemplate suicide.

The especially fine set-piece that Neville has made of the play scene should be noted for its orchestration of character and action. The costuming is all 19th century, which does little to add or detract from the show. What does detract, if only momentarily, is the thought, when Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are onstage, that two men have wandered in from the play next door. Maybe that's a tribute to Tom Stoppard; more likely it's evidence that the risk Stratford took in staging his *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* in overlapping repertory with *Hamlet* was a mistake.

—Desmond McGrath

*"Hamlet" will be playing at Stratford's Avon theatre until October 18, 1986. For further information, call (519) 273-1600.*



# THE SUMMER Lance

University of Windsor, Number 6, August 7, 1986.



## Re-organization

by Catharine Hudec

**T**he internal organization of the Student Media Corporation (S.M.C.) has recently undergone a number of changes.

The Student Media Corporation is responsible for overseeing the operations of *the Lance*, CJAMfm, and Student Media Services (S.M.S.).

"The primary changes are to S.M.S. and the relation of *the Lance* to S.M.S.," said S.M.C. chair and president of Students' Administrative Council Jon Carlos Tsilfidis. The amended by-laws "call for a more logical flow of responsibilities and tasks," he continued.

Under the new amendments a fourth branch of S.M.C. was reformed, the Central Advertising Bureau (CAB).

Before S.M.S. existed the Central Advertising Bureau was responsible for soliciting advertising for both *the Lance* and CJAMfm.

When operations were expanded to begin publication of *The Survival Guide* and resume and poster services for students, S.M.S. was formed from the CAB. The new publications, their advertising, as well as advertising for *the Lance* were the responsibility of S.M.S. CJAMfm hired a sales manager to handle its advertising; that is the general structure that existed until the new by-laws were enacted.

The new amendments divide S.M.S. into the Central Advertising Bureau and Publication Services. CAB is the single solicitor of advertising for *the Lance*, CJAMfm and all Student Media publications.

As a result the present sales manager position will be eliminated from CJAMfm. Although the CAB will be responsible for soliciting advertisers for CJAMfm, it will be the responsibility of the station to prepare and present all such advertisements.

"I think it (the CAB) will give us consistency where there was inconsistency," said station manager Russ Wolske.

CJAMfm had an ad hoc advertising policy before the restructuring said Tsilfidis. This type of policy hampered advertising revenue because of its lack of continuity.

*The Lance* has solid connections with advertisers that campus radio lacks, said Wolske. He hopes that a similar rapport would develop

for CJAMfm through the Central Advertising Bureau.

Wolske said the new arrangement would increase employment opportunities at CJAMfm. "People will be needed to produce ads once a suitable number of ads are available to us," he said. But "at this point in time we won't be creating the position."

Wolske does not feel that there will be competition between CJAMfm and *the Lance* for advertisers. "There should be no difficulty if (the CAB) is enterprising and flexible," said Wolske. "One is a closed media, largely restricted to the campus while the other is an open media, directly involved in the community."

"The big advantage for us is the lower cost of CAB," said *Lance* editor Kevin Johnson. "The new commission schedule should mean reduced overhead, and more net ad revenue."

Student Media Services will continue to prepare resumes, pamphlets, posters and other graphic-typesetting services, although it will no longer prepare ads for *the Lance*. This division was streamlined by eliminating the positions of director of S.M.S. and that of graphic artist. The two remaining staff positions consist of a typesetter and a production manager (layout artist).

The new production manager's position is a combination of duties formerly fulfilled in part by the S.M.S. director, a graphic artist, and a production manager.

S.M.S. consisted of four full-time positions before the restructuring.

The director of S.M.S. had been responsible for advertising for *the Lance* and S.M.S. publications, and also oversaw production of S.M.S. publications.

A production manager assisted the director, continued on page three



Peacenik paints as peace officers patrol.

Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

## Protestors paint pavement for peaceful purposes

by Lance news staff

**P**eople walking down Ouellette Avenue Wednesday noticed a new decoration in the street mall. A local peace group painted human "shadows" on the sidewalks with powdered chalk. The images will wash away in the next rainfall. According to Windsor Coalition for Disarmament chair, Len Wallace, the shadows were meant as a memorial to the victims of the first atomic bomb, in Hiroshima, Japan. Wednesday was the 41st anniversary of that event.

Due to the heat of the blast, people near the epicentre of the explosion were vapourized, leaving only their shadows permanently burned into the concrete.

The shadow painting was organized last year in cities around the world. This is the first time it has been done in Windsor.

The group approached City Council Tues-

day night for permission to paint the impressions throughout downtown area.

Some councillors suggested the action be limited to Dieppe Gardens.

"We were hoping to make the highest impact on people in Windsor," said Wallace. "It's really an educational process."

The city administration recommended the request be denied because chalk might damage stores if tracked inside.

Councillor Donna Champagne pointed out a much larger chalk display was allowed on Riverside Drive during the Freedom Festival. "We're seeing a double standard applied here," she said.

Council overrode the administration's objections and voted to allow the demonstration. However, police prevented the action until they received formal confirmation that the group had been granted permission.

Once they started the painters attracted crowds of downtown strollers curious about

the figures on the sidewalks.

The most common reaction of passers-by was similar to that of one girl to her boyfriend: "Oh wow, I never knew that."

One woman was rather sceptical of the effect that such an action could have on the public. "It's kind of futile," she said. "Big money and political lobbying is all that will help (remove the threat of war)."

Another observer agreed with the attempt to raise public consciousness. "If nothing else it's stopping people. Even if they don't know who died they learn that tomorrow is Hiroshima Day."

André Starin supported the Coalition's action although he felt doubtful about its effect.

"To me this is the first time that anything in the city has been presented to the public," he said. "It seems to me that people should know that this (a nuclear explosion) could

happen to anyone, anyplace, anytime."

But, he continued, "Some people are stupid. They don't know when to stop and think about things when they're approached by it."

Some passers-by volunteered to help. One who joined the demonstrators was a young Windsorite, Don Smith.

"I think this is a really good way to make people aware of what is going on," Smith said.

The threat of nuclear war did not seem to worry Smith. "I don't think of Windsor as a target. If I were a Communist I wouldn't target Windsor."

It is the aim of the Windsor Coalition for Disarmament to remind Windsorites that while there are nuclear weapons, bombings like that which levelled Hiroshima could be repeated on a larger scale, said member Kendal McKinney. □





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## social gaffes

### MUSIC

#### Wednesday, August 13

— CJAM presents Slow with special guests Jenny and the Motor Homes in the Subway. Doors open 8:00 p.m., admission \$3.00. All ages.

#### Sunday, August 27

— UB40 and Fine young Cannibals at Chene Park. Show at 8:00 p.m. for further information, call (313) 966-8742.

#### Sunday, August 31

— The St. John Ambulance Association will hold their 3rd annual Stroll Through the Past nostalgia Concert at 3:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. at St. Denis Hall. Tickets \$11.00 for adults, \$6.00 for children 12 and under. For further information call 256-8339.

#### Thursday, August 14

— The Smiths will play at the Fox Theatre. Tickets available at Ticketworld locations only.

### THEATRE

#### Continuing

— The Attic Theatre presents the musical comedy "The Ballad of Conrad and Loretta" by Christopher Reed Ronald Martell. Performances Thursdays and Fridays at 8:00 p.m., Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:00 p.m., and Sundays at 6:30 p.m. For tickets and further information call (313) 875-8284.

### ART

#### Saturday, August 9 and Sunday, August 10

— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Things That Go Plonck" in the final weekend of Plazazz. Percussionist Funk E. Fred will give Exploration of Sound workshop between 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. on both days. For further information call 258-7111.

#### Sunday, August 24 to Sunday, September 21

— the Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Articulations" by Douglas Bentham. For further information call 258-7111.



#### Continuing

— the Art Gallery of Windsor presents "Airplanes and the Wall", an exhibit of paintings by Winnipeg artist Wanda Koop. Exhibit continues to Sunday, August 17.

— The Detroit Institute of Art presents and exhibit of the works of François Boucher. Group tours 11 a.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 15 to 45 people, advanced reservation required, call (313) 833-7844. Public tours 1:00 p.m. Tuesday to Sunday. Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 17.

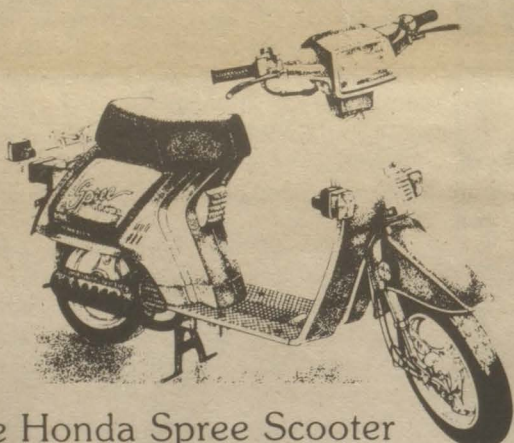
— Artcote Inc. presents "Windsor Collects Windsor Art", an exhibit of works by Windsorites selected from private Windsor collections. gallery hours Tuesday to Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. For further information call 252-1539. Exhibit continues to Wednesday, August 20.

— The Art Gallery of Windsor presents and exhibit of landscape paintings by Quebec artist Ozias Leduc (1864-1945). Exhibit runs to Sunday, August 24.

— The Detroit Institute of Art presents an exhibit of 100 photographs by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976). Exhibit runs to Sunday, September 7.

— the Art Gallery of Windsor presents an exhibit of paintings by Windsor-born artist Bert Weir. Exhibit runs to Sunday, September 7.

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## Media continued from page one

a graphic artist designed and laid out graphics for advertisements and posters while the typesetter was responsible for copy.

In addition to layout and graphic work the new production manager will be responsible for any promotions of Student Media Services to the community at large.

His responsibilities are further increased by a new cooperative arrangement between S.M.S. and *the Lance*.

Although S.M.S. and *the Lance* used much of the same equipment, many similar supplies, and worked closely together on many S.M.S. publications, an effort was made to separate budgetary, inventory and scheduling aspects of S.M.S. and *the Lance*.

According to Johnson, this resulted in inefficiencies in the operation.

"Trying to separate the resources of these departments was difficult at the best of times," he said, "and often meant the left hand not knowing what the right hand is doing."

The amended by-laws indicate that the new production manager, in close cooperation with *Lance* staff, will monitor a joint budget and inventory, as well as schedule type-setting for S.M.S. and *the Lance*.

Greater coordination between *the Lance* and S.M.S., such as one ordering process for both departments, will result in greater accountability said Tsilfidis.

Because S.M.S. will no longer produce advertisements for *the Lance*, the newspaper will hire a new sub-editor to take on these responsibilities. Johnson said this shows a



Windsor plays host this week to seven teams competing for the World Junior Baseball Championships. The teams are staying at the university for the duration. Above, a fine young hurler goes for broke.

Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

commitment to employing students.

"The Board (of S.M.C.) felt that there were many items of redundancy within S.M.S.," said Tsilfidis. The restructuring will utilize

both capital and human resources more efficiently, he continued. "It was high time to streamline this service and reflect an appropriate cost to the revenue it brings in.

"The aim of the restructuring was to make existing services more effective and reflect a certain form of equity between the confines of a student corporation," said Tsilfidis. □

## Once around the block, James, then home for tea

by Catharine Hudec

Sandwich is entering a new era of optimism, say residents. A new park, restaurant and plans to enhance existing businesses make the future of the neighbourhood rosy.

Still, the restoration of Mackenzie Hall and the post office at the corner of Mill and Sandwich Streets indicates that heritage is not being forgotten in plans for the area's improvement.

As Ontario's oldest continuous European settlement, Sandwich's culturally varied past is evident in many of its buildings, now part of the City of Windsor, the village once comprised the area bounded by Detroit, Peter, South and Russel Streets.

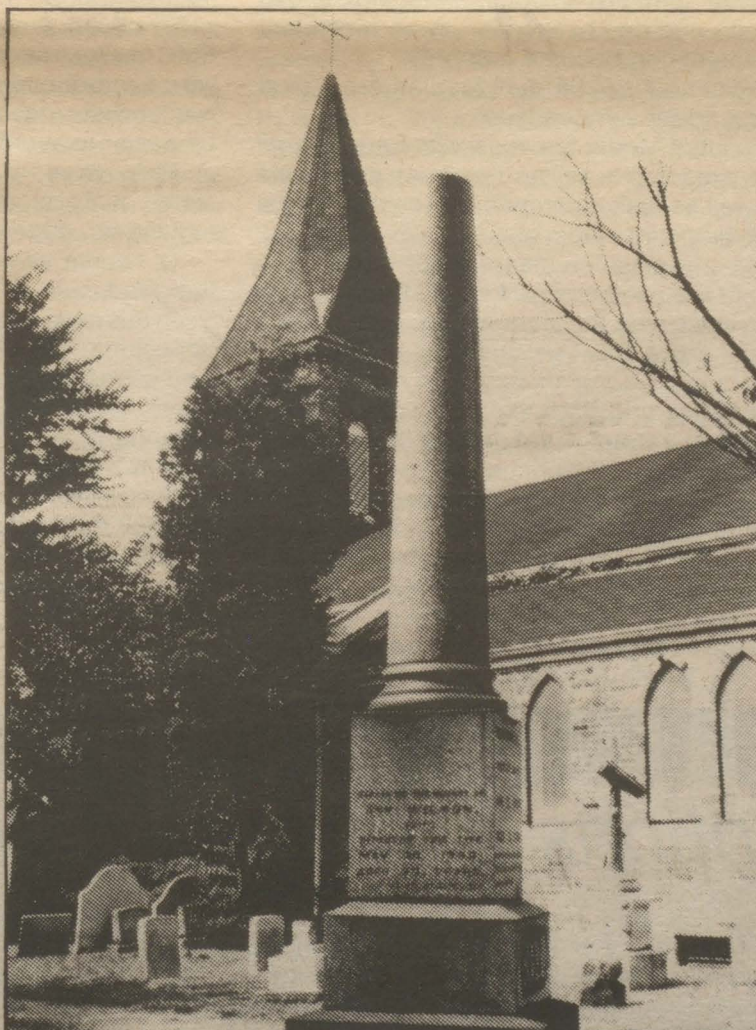
In an effort to stress the need to preserve and save the historic buildings of Sandwich, the Windsor Architectural Conservation Advisory Committee (W.A.C.A.C) is sponsoring walking tours of the neighbourhood.

Most buildings on the tour reflect the various ethnic influences in the area, although few exhibit a pure architectural style. French, English, Classical and African designs are apparent in various combinations, as are misguided efforts to "modernize" the exteriors of the buildings.

The tour covers 36 buildings of historical and architectural significance, and information on the founding families, their homes, and their businesses is provided by the guides and tourbooks.

The tours are co-sponsored by the City of Windsor and the Ministry of Employment and Immigration, and will run until August 15. However, the guidebooks will be available at Mackenzie Hall, the Main Public Library and all three tourist information bureaus for anyone wishing to take a self-guided tour.

According to Barbara Johnston, one of the organizers, it is "supposed to be an educational type of tour."



St. John's Churchyard.

Lance photo by Thomas Pidgeon

Copies of the guidebook will therefore be distributed to the Board of Education for field trips.

Several buildings were included in the tour not for any particular historical or architectural significance but because of their age.

"We were afraid that if a building that was merely old was not included in the tour, people would not think it was important," said Jennifer Cole, another organizer of the tours.

A number of these old buildings, circa 1830, need more research into their background. But research is difficult on buildings built prior to

1850 because there are large gaps in official records.

"There's a great fear among the people of Sandwich that the buildings are going to come down," said Johnston. "If there's enough public support these buildings will be saved."

Five of the buildings along the route are designated as historical sites. "There's probably a few others that they are designating," said Cole.

When a building is designated as a historical site the outside cannot be changed without permission from the Ontario Heritage Foundation.

This is a boon for the community, preserving the historical flavour of the town, although it often makes white elephants of the buildings.

"On a more positive note, a number of buildings are being restored," said Cole.

As the guidebook says, "Sandwich is reclaiming its heritage as the former centre of the Western District

...by preserving what is already there."

Tours run at 7:00 p.m. every evening but Monday. Afternoon tours are offered on Saturday and Sunday at 1:00 p.m. All tours begin in the Assumption Church parking lot. For additional information, call 255-6436 during the day, 966-3706 or 253-0140 in the evening. □

## Embassies evicted

OTTAWA (CUP)—Montreal and Toronto groups staged mock evictions of the United States embassy and consulates to protest the forced eviction of Hopi and Navajo Indians from their ancestral homelands last month.

"Basically, the idea is to present the American officials with an eviction notice on the model of the one that they present to the native people of the Big Mountain area," said Phillippe Duhamel of the Montreal-area support group.

More than 10,000 Navajo and Hopi Indians at Big Mountain in Arizona are now being threatened with forced relocation because uranium has been found on their reserve.

July 6 was the final date for the native peoples to voluntarily relocate, between the nomadic Navajos and leave.

"When the time comes, if we don't have any other choice, we are going to use our fists. No matter how small I am, I'll fight all the way to the end," said Ruth Benally, age 62.

Washington claims it is relocating the two tribes to end the quarreling between the nomadic Navajos and the farming Hopis. The Indians believe this is a diversionary tactic, said Lou Gerwitz, the attorney for the Big Mountain peoples. The Hopi and Navajo peoples are united in their stand against the government.

The two peoples have been peacefully co-existing for generations.

"We are as bad as the people who ran the concentration camps in World War II," said Roger Lewis, a former commissioner in charge of the relocation. He resigned to fight it.

The land that two the tribes share is rich in minerals and natural resources. In 1920, Standard Oil discovered oil on the Navajo reservation but the 75 traditional elders unanimously voted down any leasing deal. The American Bureau of Indian Affairs then set up a separate tribal council.

It signed the deal with Standard Oil.

When coal deposits were found in 1950, this same council sold the mineral rights to Peabody Coal. The story is almost the same now with the uranium. There is still no consultation by the council with its peoples.

There are now dozens of groups across the Canada and the U.S.A. working in solidarity with the peoples of Big Mountain. Aside from the protests on July 8, they are engaged in letter-writing campaigns.

A Hands-across-the-bridge action was also organized on the Rainbow Bridge in Niagara Falls to link the Canadian and American protests. Approximately 200 people took part in it. Some groups are planning to step up the actions to include civil disobedience and non-violent direct action if the U.S. government uses force to move the peoples of Big Mountain. □



## THE SUMMER Lance

**Big Enchilada**  
Kevin Johnson

**Tortilla Chip**  
Andrew Haggert

**Chili Pepper**  
Catharine Hudec

**Taco Shell**  
Kevin Atkinson

**Hot Tamale**  
Teri LaMarsh

### Refried Beans

Mary Atkinson	Mike Murphy
Sarah Atkinson	Tom Pidgeon
Lorenzo Buj	Sukanya Pillay
Brennan Harvath	Matthew Romain
Kamille Hudec	John Slama
Mike Lyster	Vern Smith
Kristin Mahaney	Ted Something
John May	Martin Stevens

Regular year subscription rates to **The Lance** are: \$20.00 a year in Canada  
\$25.00 a year in the U.S.  
\$40.00 a year overseas

Make cheques payable to: The Treasurer, Students' Administrative Council. Send orders to Vince "Spanish" Rice, Circulation Manager, **The Lance** office.

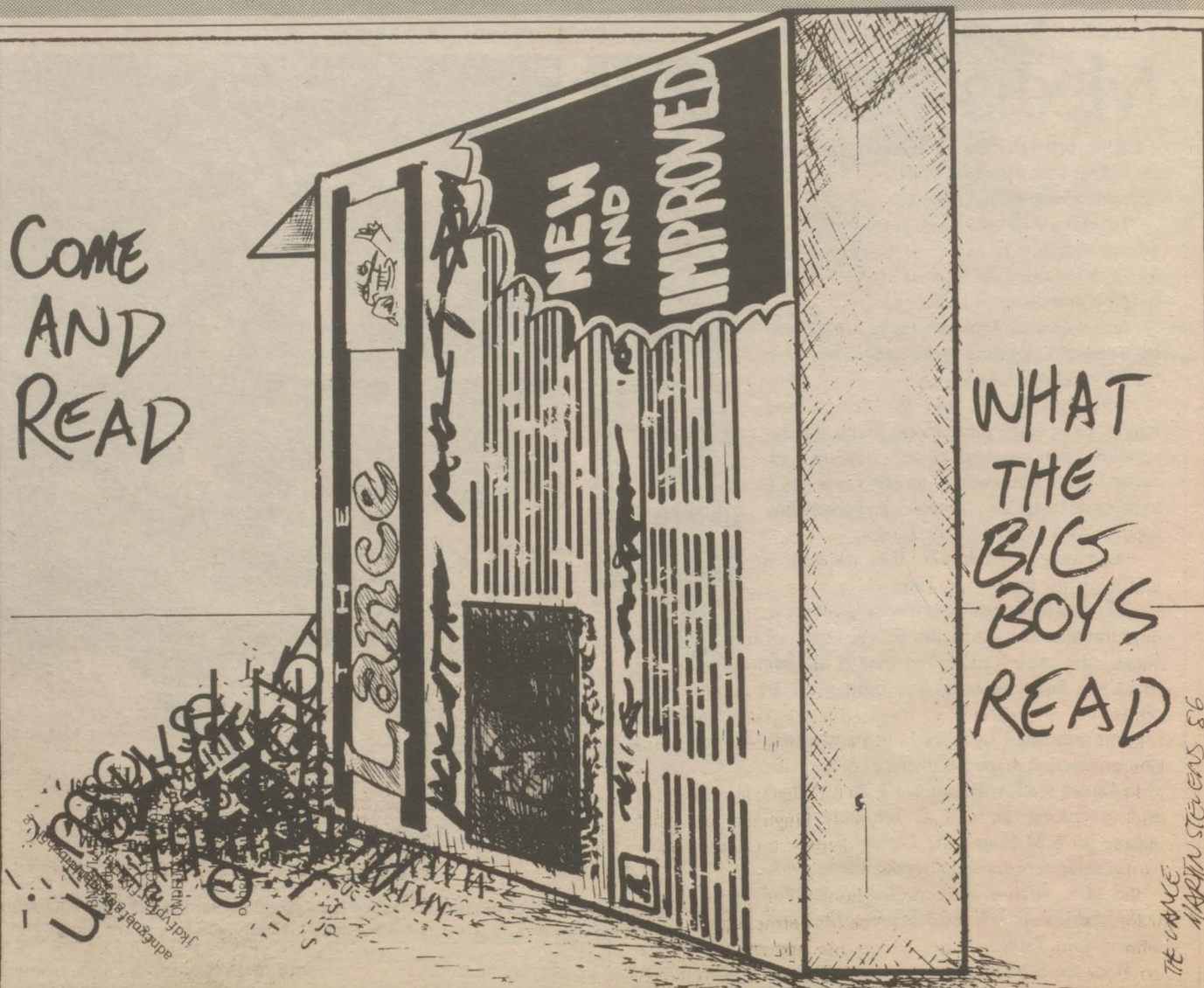
**The Summer Lance** office is located on the Second Floor, University Centre, University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario N9B 3P4.

Phone (519) 253-4060 or 253-4232 (ext. 3909, 3910).

**The Summer Lance** is published every other Thursday during the intersession and summer session months by the Student Media Corp., University of Windsor.

Opinions expressed in **The Summer Lance** are not necessarily those of the University of Windsor, or the Students' Administrative Council.

**The Summer Lance** is a member paper of the Canadian University Press (CUP) and the Ontario Community Newspaper Association (OCNA).



## Cutting costs

Corporate restructuring isn't usually a thrilling topic to discuss, but when one has to function in an inefficient system, improvement can become a priority.

That's why the changes to Student Media Corporation are welcome around the Lance office.

Previously, Student Media Services, with four full-time employees, was expected to sell and produce ads for the newspaper, as well as make resumés and posters and a few other publications for students.

For the Lance, this situation meant watching revenue being eaten up in the overhead costs of supporting this large staff. At the same time, the students who produce the part of the paper that (we hope) gets read work for nothing or next to it.

Running the Lance and SMS like that was a money-losing proposition. The streamlined deal we have now will hopefully result in a more efficient use of resources, and even the balanced budget we were designed to run on.

The new Central Advertising Bureau also offers help to campus radio CJAMfm. The station has had difficulty selling ads; a joint operation with the Lance should make it more attractive. Seriously. Besides, a full-time professional ad salesperson will boost the station's profile even among

businesspeople who opt not to advertise.

By having the Lance take over its own ad production, SMC has facilitated that late-night/early morning looniness we call production night. In the past, the separation of the two functions caused some communication failures. They'll be easier to avoid now.

Plus, we've increased our employment of students, a stated goal of student enterprises. (If anybody needs a job, see the ad, page eight.)

Of course, as with any change, there is bad to take with the good.

In this case, the bad is the dismissal of employees who held jobs in SMS. Especially for people who consider themselves "progressive" and staunch defenders of workers' rights, it's difficult to tell a person his/her job has become redundant.

However, we must balance that difficulty against our responsibility to our owners, the student body, to ensure we use their money the best we can.

Although it was not an easy process, we believe these changes will prove to be for the better. We look forward to turning out a new and improved product.

Stay tuned.

## home cooking

john may

## Questioning assumptions in a Burger King town

We're all sheep.

Here's the scenario: I had just finished wolfing down a greasburger with cheese (that is, 'processed cheese food'—my favourite) and a box of Harvey's patented Mush Fries. After finishing, but before going into the washroom to scrape the fugitive ketchup off my shirt, I gathered the remains of my meal—the ketchup packets, the extra pickles I always order then discard, and the jalapeno peppers (Now there was a bright marketing idea: "Come to Harvey's and we'll sear your lips off")—then trotted the trayful over the garbage can, dumped the mess in, and placed my tray on the pile on top.

Then I stopped and wondered what on earth I was doing.

After all, it was a restaurant, with plenty of staff hired to dole on customers. It's not like I'd eat at Chez Vins or the Mason-Girardot, then carry my plate into the kitchen, scrape it off and rinse it in the sink. At mom's house, maybe, but not someplace where I had to pay. Thing is, if I take my fast-food to go and eat at home, the bag and wrappers will lay around for days.

But the fast-food places have us trained. No one ever told me I have to clean up after myself; I just do. And what'll happen if I don't? Will I be severely reprimanded? Told never to darken their doors (or arches, as the case may be) again? I

should be so lucky. No I'd just walk away feeling guilty.

It's the same guilt that stops me from not going back to Burger King's beverage area to get some ill-gotten pop, or from pinching a mushroom or two from the salad bar when no-one's looking. After all, they're practically asking us to do it; operating a fast-food restaurant on the honour system seems pretty dumb. What I am afraid of—that some zitty fourteen-year-old in a silly red hat is going to pull out a magnum and blow me away?

If not, why do we have such respect for honesty and cleanliness in these places? After all they have the gall to actually serve food in envelopes. They have the gall to advertise "Super-duper Thick-wicky shakes" that are so thick you can't get anything up through the straw without hyperventilating. So you have to wait 'til they melt before you drink them and by then they taste bloody horrible.

And while we're on the subject of shakes, don't try to make a float at McDonalds. A friend of mine tried it, and he said some weird reaction took place between the chemicals in the ice cream and in the pop. At first, a slick formed on top of the liquid. Then the foaming began, oozing up over the cup and engulfing the table. It grew and grew, smothering the restaurant, killing four children, closing down highways, and

battling firefighters for days. (Okay, I'm embellishing a bit, but it was still pretty ick.)

And how about those fast food restaurants in the States, where they will freak if you suggest gravy on your French Fries, and will have an absolute seizure if you ask for vinegar ("Whaddya do—put ketchup on yer salad, too? Har har")? That's where McDonalds denied the charge that they use worms in the hamburgers, because it's more expensive than the meat they do use. And the States has those wonderful outlets called "White Castle", where the decor is Modern American Aluminum (you eat leaning up against metal posts). The burgers are dirt cheap, but then, they taste sort of like mud, too. The thickest thing on them is the pickle, and the meat is more akin to cardboard paste than anything that was ever part of a cow. It's the taste I can live without.

It all reminds me of the time I was a short order cook back in high school. We got a thrill out of trying to copy meals served at other restaurants. It took a while to perfect the Big Mac; for some reason we couldn't get it to taste just right. The special sauce was easy: 1000 Island dressing and mayo. But the real trick to capturing the Big Mac flavour was to leave it under the heat lamp in a box for an hour or so. Perfection. Hungry? I am. □



## Pain hurts

by Lorenzo Buj

I went to see Mark Buckner's house (corner of Park and Bruce). I've driven by it many times, but this day I passed walking.

I did this after reading the Buckner profile in *The Windsor Star* "After Hours Section" of August 1, 1986 (this was the same day the English punk band G.B.H. was playing at Traxx in Detroit: a wankerized leather-and-trendy club which I failed to grace as I spent the night in some gutless masochisms of the heart and soul). In the article Buckner claims he is "committed" to Windsor's downtown. I wonder who's responsible for this perverse, not to mention cathartic, detention. After all, Buckner did look a bit slouch-backed bent and uncomfortably stiff in the picture. For that reason alone, I propose the following: listen, Mark, I think they should spraypaint that house of yours. Real good.

That house and that article set me off, reminding me of a lot of things. The Coronation Tavern, for instance. I remember the old days: guys with noses the size of small cucumbers; punky chicks slick-faced to a pixie-point; gout-ridden teenage gumdrops with intellectual lives of no consequence yet proudly sporting crashing-glass coiffs; no-hair thumb-skulls with scalps the consistency of grated lemon-skins; music as skeletal as a moaning shriek emitted in moments of sinful skewering.

I also remember my own longing (for what?) for a world in which I didn't yet know that life is language, and that language is ecstasy, kindness, desire, detritus, trash, perversion, absolute fakery.

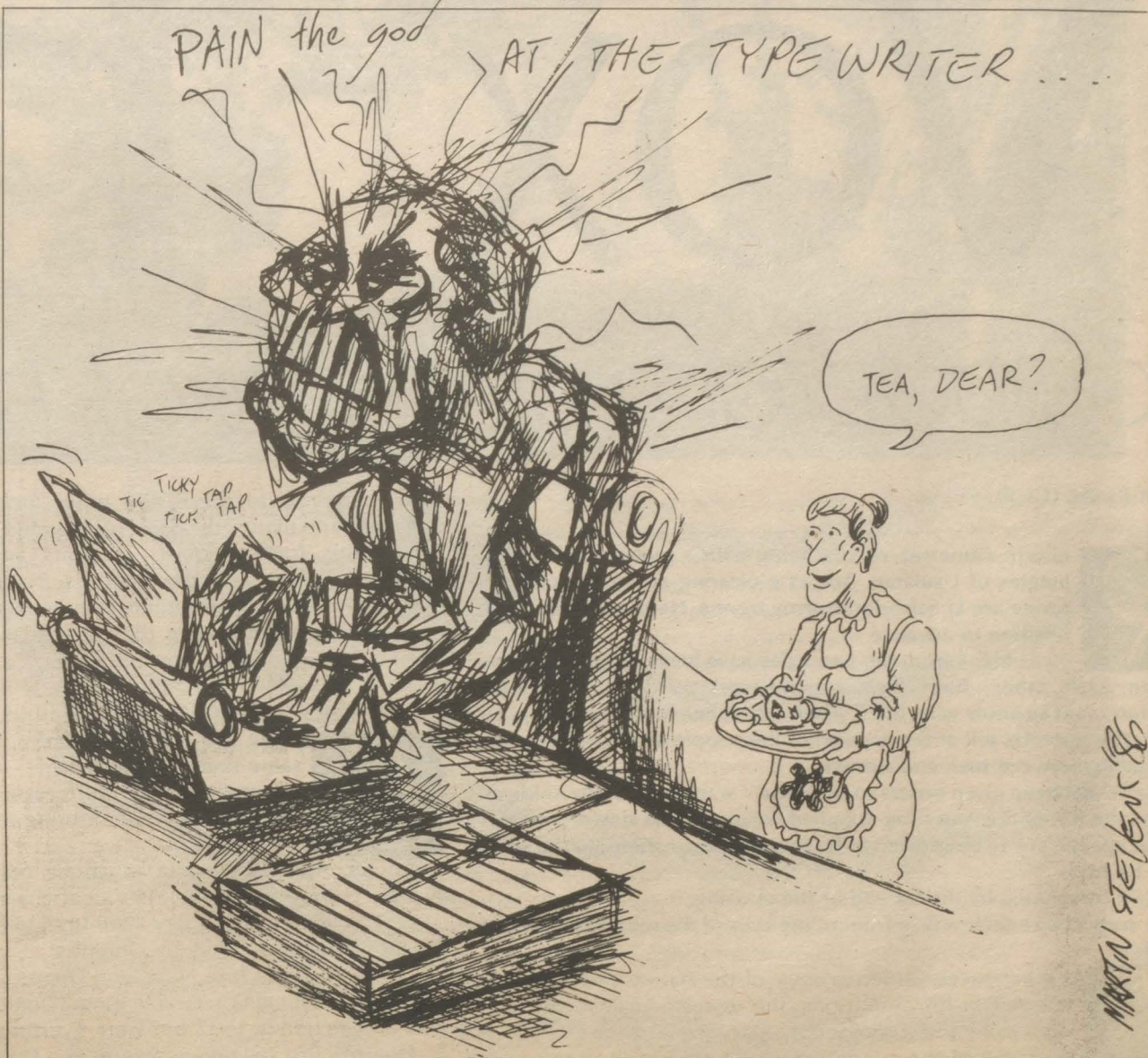
So now I think of my friends the books. The Derrida book, for instance. Take what I take to be his hermetically sealed technocritical superstardom (take his appearance in the current issue of *Domus* on the art-mag racks of Windsor Public Library's main branch downtown). Take also his skeptical mysticism (take and thank and overwrite). Indeed, I should thank him—him and Barthes. They taught me how large enough writing was (across all space and time); how to 'write' myself into joy or despair as my eyes pass across a clothes rack and eye the blonde ponytail bobbing like a dolphin across the visionary field. Or my ear unintentionally remarks on the funniest, beer-edged loops my brother's voice takes (about once a week) in party-pal discussions.

But they also taught me that language is no less wrinkled, no less mood and temperature-prone, than some people's scrotums or as jelly-flat as breasts in horizontal repose.

What they didn't teach me is how to feel the blues (soft net into which passion dissolves). The blue of the de Certeau volume in the University of Minnesota Press *Theory and History of Literature* series.

In fact, this blue leads me to a certain heroic contempt, even anger. I think of how much I despise the casualness of certain approaches to intimacy. I think of the ease, the incredibly difficult ease of certain promiscuities. But then Harold Bloom has written (in *Agon* I believe) something to the effect that the muse has whored with many before him and will continue to do so after, so little poet don't get your hopes up for eternal union quite yet.

But then, of course, that's only said because sex ("slippery blisses" to the contrary) can't possibly approach the bottomlessness of certain psychic intensities of pain and



longing. Pain the god. Though, to be sure, there is literally a whole landscape of literal pleasure out there, on this side of sleep (warm sleep).

But on that night, anyway (the night of the Buckner article; the night of a never-satiated desire for Motorhead), we sat by in silence in the CJAM production room. J and I listening to James Wright (no joke). So sad that James Wright: twilight-purple-sad. And then the crackling Robert Penn Warren. Voice snapping like last flickering twigs before God's breath takes the hilltop to heaven. But J's face: eyes as expectant, and mortuary, and melancholy as the soft rush that lodges them at the centre of your own smiling perplexity (later, face shadowy bright in the messy heat of the small, overfurnished room, as I press against clean sheets and expound the *Streetcar Named Desire* storyline).

But then on that night, in that night's dream, Jeff Martin's face glazed and mannered to the configuration of some demonic Buddah, gazing back at me across a street, gazing through an aperture cut out in the sort of brown wood shutters which are mass produced for (tasteless) decor in bourgeois homes.

And then in last night's dream someone (some 'she' or 'she-me') pulled out this cord-thick length of wadded, rotted paper dripping with various 'erotic' secretions and circumscribed, some six inches from one end, with a gnarled, violently

discolored string that may once actually been a thin length of lucid skin. I thought to eat it, but only did so out of some horribly nameless attraction (the kind Sandra Bernhard elicits). I said nothing and merely gazed (soon saw it disappear into dream-space) with the sort of puritanical awe and Satanic detachment John Hawkes is so well known for.

I know now this relates mysteriously to what is, in my most desperate moments, an absolute fear of the devouring bitch. And yet, in that same desperate moment I encounter an immense and incredible attraction to the mouth, its soft cherry-skinned curve of lips tapering at each end to an exquisite point.

Though I should perhaps fear to announce such things, I can always comfort myself with the knowledge that we must not learn to accept anything, and that one way of refusing is to be criminal in our very kindness. To affirm loss "in an unspoken curse."

So, to get down to business on love and other difficulties. That is, to the imagery of love; the loved one as a paradoxical non-possessable image: When I leave the energy an image exerts upon me behind, and it is, finally, a husk—a sad, common thing; a lifeless cameo exclaiming no passion, evoking no reply, no ecstatic reciprocation or agonistic recrimination—then I know what it is to walk the landscape of cold eternity. Bloodless world. Arcades; collonades.

## I ain't seen nothin' like it. Good 'un, can't be beat

by Thomas Pidgeon

There I was, on a bench waiting for a bus aside University Avenue. Suddenly I grimaced as one of my senses was needlessly violated.



Not by the odour emanating from the Windsor variety vagrant sitting next to me; no. I'm speaking of my sense of good taste, for across the street some workmen were, innocently enough, applying the most nauseating shade of pastel green to a cement buttress on which the Sofo Restaurant sits.

But hold on to your Varsol and old raggedy underwear because this is only one in a rash of incidences sweeping the downtown area. There seems to be a blithering hue and cry to use up all the paint in China on

anything that stays in place long enough to permit it.

For instance, there is a graffiti-like advertisement sprawled on the wall of Fast Buck Freddie's (possibly done by Freddie himself to save a few), which is guaranteed to lure you into a frenzied buying spree in the only place in town where you can get an authentic Fleur-de-lis comb set with matching carrying case for less than it would cost you to go to Montreal and get one for yourself.

What of the somewhat more contained use of paint on Ouellette in front of the once great Palace theatre? Perhaps city council felt that the destruction of by far and away the best theatre building in Windsor warranted the go-ahead for a mural by sincere (if not overly talented) highschool artists painting on the wooden construction wall surrounding the dilapidated remains. And what could be more appropriate (in a commemorative sort of way) than a series of portraits depicting everyone and their dog's favourite rock'n rollers: The Stones, The Beatles, and of course, Rod Stewart.

Getting back to the original source of my disgust: If one is going to improve the appearance of one's own establishment, why

on earth would one choose a colour that would not fail to disgust no one? (Excuse my redundancy but what the fuck? That damn colour is driving me.)

Perhaps the owners of the Sofo are simply trying to bring a little touch of suburbia into the inner-city by trying to fool us into thinking it's a vertical lawn. Well, the joke is

on them because I've seen grass and I can honestly say without fear of contradiction that, on its worst day it don't look nothin' like that.

However, solace is not to be gained from this thought for while the punchline is at their expense, its preamble remains annoyingly with us. □

### mail

## No exemptions for books

Dear Editor,

Tariffs have always been used for economic reasons to exclude foreign goods or encourage local production. Politics are also served and especially in the case to the new tariff on English language books. Surely a tariff on imported books in Canada should apply to all, whatever the language, and certainly to those in French and English (our official languages). Cultural discrimination is obvious when the Canadian government imposed its 10 per cent duty on June 2nd. A constitutional

challenge is warranted.

Free trade, however, between the United States and Canada is the road to political as well as economic and cultural suicide. If tariffs are to be retained by Canada to protect itself from domination by its neighbour the book trade has no inherent right to exemption from tariffs for economic or political reasons. If tariffs are good for Canada then all books must be considered; the percentage of duty imposed is another matter.

—J.G. Haggert



# Vox Populi

## Salvadoran radio mixes music and a message

by Jeff Buttle (CUP)

**R**oberto Gutierrez recalls being with a guerilla unit in the jungles of Usulután. Across a clearing at the bottom of a ravine are El Salvadoran army troops. Neither group is in a position to advance.

Soldiers from the two sides have been calling back and forth to each other, from their camouflaged positions. The army conscripts want to know what life is like in the rebel-controlled "popular zones". The guerrillas tell of the support of the people of the countryside, and equality between men and women.

"We've just been given orders to open fire," warns one of the soldiers. After the din of the American-supplied weapons dies down, a soldier calls out again. "We've been given orders to change positions, to the north west," he says.

"We'll be passing by the far end of the clearing." The army makes their way in front of the eyes of the rebels and off into the hills.

This is typical, Gutierrez says, of the nature and extent of support in his country for the struggle against the army command and the oligarchy.

Some of the support must be attributed to the communications networks employed by the rebels in their fight. These "organs of popular expression" — two radio stations and several magazines—are necessary, Gutierrez says, to bring the people "news about the struggle."

Radio Farabundo Martí—where Gutierrez works—and Radio Venceremos are two of the few unfettered voices in this country which has been at war for six years. Since the 1982 state of siege, all civilian media operations have been barred from reporting on the military situation.

"The university played an historical role—there we studied and deepened our knowledge of the political situation in El Salvador and the injustices suffered by people."

The government restricts newspapers and broadcasters in the government-controlled areas from reporting the views of the opposition, from quoting rebel leaders, and from describing the resistance as anything but terrorists and criminals.

In this situation, faced with a protracted war of attrition, the forces fighting against the United States-backed regime have turned to their own sources for information.

In 1974 Gutierrez was a university student in San Salvador who worked in a sugar mill at night. The factory life, with its hard work and very low wages, familiarized him with the conditions of the campesinos (peasants) who supplied raw materials to the site.

The campesinos lived in "inhuman conditions," Gutierrez says, prohibited since 1932 from forming any rural organizations (in January 1932, a Pipil Indian revolt against coffee plantation conditions and urban electoral gains by Augustin Farabundo Martí and the El Salvadoran Communist Party, led to the massacre of 30,000 people, including Martí).

"At the university, major consciousness was gained. The university played an historical role—there we studied and deepened our knowledge of the political situation in El Salvador and the injustices suffered by people."

During this period peasant workers reasserted their right to organize. A series of strikes and work stoppages began in the countryside and soon spread to the cities.

When Gutierrez and his workmates attempted to organize their workplace, 110 of them were expelled from the factory, and the revolt was put down.

Gutierrez continued to study and work on the side. A few months later, students in Santa Ana occupied their campus to protest the \$1.5 million to be spent to stage the Miss Universe pageant in the country. When students in San Salvador attempted to hold a solidarity march, the National Guard opened fire on them, killing and wounding scores.

In response to these and other incidents of violent repression, Gutierrez and many others like him formed a series of broad coalitions of campesinos, trade unionists, students, and slum-dweller associations. Gutierrez joined with the People's Revolutionary Block, the largest opposition mass organization in the country.

The group's armed wing, the Popular Liberation Forces (FPL), emphasized building wells and other public services in the provinces it was active in (and now controls)—San Vicente, Usulután, Cabranas, and Chalatenango—where Radio Farabundo Martí is located.

By the late 1970s a peoples' revolt was imminent. At the same time, "death squads" made up of members of the Salvadoran Army, the Treasury Police, and sons of affluent Salvadorans, were torturing and killing hundreds of people every month.

An October 1979 junta of young military officers attempted to introduce reforms, but the army's old guard blocked them.

A second junta in January 1980 tried to be more conciliatory towards the army, but lasted only two months.

In March 1980, Jose Napoleon Duarte returned from seven years in exile to head a military-civilian junta (Duarte's Christian Democrats had won an election in 1972 but were overthrown by the military).

Duarte's first full two-year term as a U.S.-backed "reform" president, beginning in 1980, coincided with the worst-ever excesses of the Salvadoran army. In June 1980, the National University of El Salvador, in San Salvador, was attacked by 300 soldiers. When the military occupation ended in May 1984, as many as 2 390 students and faculty members had been killed or went missing.

In April 1980, El Salvador's left-of-centre political parties, trade unions, and the four major mass civic organizations united in the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR). The FDR called on the government to curb the "genocidal" policies of the armed forces and to reach a negotiated political solution with the growing guerilla armies on the left.

The army responded by murdering the president of the FDR—to attempt to behead the revolutionary movement," says Gutierrez.

"In this frame, people legitimized armed struggle," Gutierrez says. "It was necessary to support the combative struggles of the masses in the streets with military force."



Six months later, the five guerilla armies that had been training and fighting in El Salvador's country-side for more than ten years united in the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN).

In January of the following year, the FMLN's 8 000 troops (now 10 000) launched a general offensive. In the "final assault", Radio Venceremos was born.

Radio Venceremos ("We will win") was a project of the Ejercito Revolucionario del Pueblo (ERP), one of the components of the FMLN. It was an outgrowth of the earlier, short-lived People's Revolutionary Radio. People's Revolutionary Radio had made three short broadcasts from San Salvador in January 1980, during a demonstration by 250 000 people.

A year later, with a 1940's Viking Valiant transmitter, Radio Venceremos started transmitting from the north-eastern province of Morazan, an ERP stronghold.

The need for information by those people in the one-third of El Salvador controlled by the rebels was so great that on January 17, 1982, Radio Farabundo Martí went on the air. Gutierrez was there at the start, a correspondent on the battle front in the Chalatenango province—contributing his report on military actions by the FPL to the first 90-minute broadcast.

For months, Gutierrez wrote accounts of the battles he participated in and then gave them to a courier who delivered the transcripts by foot to the radio base camp, where they were transmitted to the countryside.

Reports from six regular correspondents and a number of soldiers who acted as stringers were broadcast alongside music, international news culled from the BBC and the Voice of America ("Lies of America," Gutierrez calls it), features, and opinion pieces.

As the stations's strength grew, couriers were largely replaced by walkie talkies gained from sympathisers in San Salvador and international solidarity campaigns.

For four years Gutierrez travelled with FPL personnel on campaigns all over the countryside.

"Correspondents are always in the front lines," he says. "To be with the commander of the operation is to be in the best place to observe what is going on."

Gutierrez has also produced reports on activities within the "popular zones." His interviews with campesinos participating in elections of "popular power" were broadcast to most of the country, with the assistance of Radio Venceremos.

Pop music programs are another of Gutierrez's specialties, now that he is working at the base station. "Our people are always listening to music," he says.

No one knows this better than the Salvadoran army command. The army's public relations committee (known by its Spanish acronym COPREFA) continually attempts to overpower rebel radio broadcasts with the latest in North American pop sounds.

"They believe that people will like the beat so much they won't bother to try to tune us back in," Gutierrez says.

Radio Farabundo Martí is able to avoid this problem by placing its signal very close to the signal of national radio, from San Salvador, which COPREFA doesn't want to drown out.

Radio Farabundo Martí's shortwave signal is more vulnerable, and is sometimes scrambled by a U.S. naval ship and sometimes by the facilities at the 1 200-strong U.S. base in neighbouring Honduras.

Since October 1982, the Salvadoran army and the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) have operated a number of disinformation radio stations in Central America. Stations broadcasting into El Salvador are found in the same frequencies as Radio Farabundo Martí and Radio Venceremos, and include a similar style of reports, but with a much more downbeat message about the revolution.

"We can only hope that people will listen closely for us and not be fooled by their broadcasts," Gutierrez says. "Our people are very clear about this."

From their inception, both rebel radios have adopted dominant North American "objective" style for their broadcasts. As a result, foreign media and international news agencies in El Salvador have found rebel radio to be a reliable source and have quoted it extensively.

In response, COPREFA has opened a 24-hour telephone line for journalists. The Salvadoran government has hired two former American reporters to staff its new press centre.

An attempt was made in 1982 to start a third FMLN rebel station in the city of Guazapa, but the effort had to be abandoned under heavy enemy attack.

"The survival of liberation radio is very difficult for us, it is only possible through the support of the people of El Salvador," Gutierrez says.

Both surviving stations have had to change frequencies and locations several times over the years.

"The stations have been the target of continual large-scale military operations," says Gutierrez. "Before we started broadcasting, in September 1981, an army assault captured some of our vital equipment, but by December it had been replaced."

One solution has been to make the radio operation as mobile as



possible. Most of Radio Farabundo Martí's equipment is stored underground but can be transported on mules at a moment's notice.

"Our technician, Juan Carlos, has been with us for six years," Gutierrez says. "He is a very creative technician—the antenna is easy to assemble. It is meant to be tied from two trees."

The station's crew of two writers, two broadcasters, one technician, and ten logistical workers is supported by about twenty soldiers. Many radio workers have been killed over the years.

"In a November 1983 surprise offensive by 2500 soldiers in Chalatenango province, one of our broadcasters, a man dearly loved by all of us, was shot in an ambush.

"His body was found hacked into pieces when we regained the territory.

"He was the one journalist in a crew made up of campesinos, a seminary student, and an electronics student. We all learn a lot while running the radio," Gutierrez says.

Two months after this attack, 14-year old Juarilo, one of Radio Farabundo Martí's regular correspondents, was killed in an aerial bombardment.

"When confronting a regime with the line of the Reagan administration, the work of information becomes difficult," Gutierrez says dryly.

Gutierrez believes that El Salvador's geopolitical location makes a complete military victory by any force almost inconceivable.

"El Salvador's U.S. leaders have learned their lessons well from Vietnam," Gutierrez says. "Their strategy now is to remove the fish from the water—to alienate us from the people."

The El Salvadoran military's so-called National Plan—a "post-Vietnam counterinsurgency doctrine"—involves political, economic, psychological and military warfare.

The "pacification" and reconstruction program of the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) and the Salvadoran National Commission for Regional Restoration is reminiscent of the "hearts and minds" campaign to break guerilla support in Vietnam.

The goal of this "low-intensity conflict" ("low-intensity conflict means most of the U.S. press has gone home," Gutierrez says) is to separate the "enemy" from the civilian population, and neutralize existing social structures and replace them with new institutions.

With the help of over \$1.5 million in American aid every day for the past two years, the Salvadoran government has moved the war from the ground to the air. A bombing campaign waged by sophisticated American attack helicopters equipped with rocket launchers and machine guns, A-37 jet bombers, and AC-47 gunships has made the conflict difficult for the foreign press to report on.

The operation ("Operation Phoenix"), which the U.S. embassy estimates may take 10 to 15 years, has made 700 000 Salvadorans refugees in their own country, and has driven an estimated 500 000 more out of the country (this, in a tiny country of 5 million).

"This has become a political problem for the government and the army," Gutierrez says. "People are fighting the government in the cities in order to be allowed back to their land." (Last week, 23 church workers from Canada, the U.S., and Australia were deported from El Salvador after attempting to accompany 600 refugees to their homes near Aguacayo. The fate of the refugees—many of them families—is not known.)

"Correspondents are always in the frontlines. To be with the commander of the operation is to be in the best place to observe what is going on."

"Low-intensity conflict" has also meant changes in FMLN strategy. Instead of operating large guerilla armies in some areas of the country (difficult given the reconnaissance missions being flown by U.S. fighters from Palmerola Air Base in Honduras—they are able to detect troop movements from 10 000 feet at night), the FMLN now concentrates on small units, active in all 14 provinces of El Salvador.

"We are able again to form alliances with workers in the cities and with campesinos in army-held zones," Gutierrez says. "The education we are doing now will serve us well for years to come."

"We believe we can win this war of attrition. We are sapping the strength of the government and the army and the economy, wearing down Washington's commitment to the war."

Since the FMLN was created and since Radio Farabundo Martí went on the air, we have called for a negotiated settlement and the creation of a government of broad participation," Gutierrez says.

"We will not put down our weapons until those soldiers implicated in killings outside of combat are brought to justice." When Washington ordered the El Salvador government to control death squad murders in 1984 or else risk losing aid, some officers were transferred to foreign posts, but none have ever been prosecuted. A report several weeks ago by the New York-based Lawyers Committee for Human Rights criticized the El Salvador government for failing to control the "continuing terror".

"Displaced campesinos must be allowed to return to their homeland amnesty must be guaranteed to all FMLN fighters to allow them to return to their jobs and homes, agrarian reforms begun in 1979 must be completed, there must be full rights of trade union organizing an assembly, respect for human rights, freedom of expression and movement and El Salvador must adopt a non-aligned foreign policy."

"There's nothing better while being bombed and shot at than a cigarette."

Peace talks between the El Salvador government and the FDR-FMLN were held in 1984 and 1985. In a speech two weeks ago in San Francisco, Duarte rejected the concessions demanded by the FMLN for negotiated settlement.

Power in El Salvador remains in the hands of Washington, the oligarchy (the private sector), and the military, despite the electoral victory of Duarte's Christian Democrats. 1980 reforms continue to be eroded as the increasingly professionalized U.S.-trained Salvadoran troops continue their policy of indiscriminate civilian bombing (more than 100 people have been killed this way each month since 1984.)

Radio Farabundo Martí continues to broadcast twice a day when it is safe to do so. For now, Gutierrez is glad to be travelling in Canada, raising the profile of his struggle, but he is looking forward to being home ("I'm down to one pack of Marlboros a day from four," he says. "There's nothing better while being bombed and shot at than a cigarette.").

"Nearly all of the people of El Salvador can tune in to rebel radio Gutierrez says. "If they can't, they can listen to tapes of our broadcasts, or read the bulletins published biweekly or monthly."

"The ease with which I left El Salvador to come here is indicative of the support our struggle has," he continues. "After five days and nights of walking from the countryside, I arrived at a safehouse in the city."

"After a shave, a haircut, and a change of clothes, I became like everybody else. Plus, if people know you are in the resistance they sometimes demand a smaller bribe than they would otherwise."

"And now, for the first time since the military attacked demonstration in 1979 and 1980, people have been able to protest safely in the streets of the cities."

A May Day 1986 march brought 100 000 people into the streets of San Salvador.

"In the countryside, the army soldiers have mostly been recruited to force or their families have been threatened. The soldiers are very scared and demoralized—it is an army that has had no victory in six years of fighting."

"When we call for them over the radio to put down their arms and join our struggle, they often do so."

Jeff Buttle is a reporter for the Peak, student newspaper at Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia.

CJAM presents workshop

Roberto Gutierrez will be speaking at a workshop entitled "Media in a Captive State". Sunday, August 10th, 3:30 p.m. at The Windsor Press Club, 83 Riverside Drive West, Windsor.

The workshop will include participants from local media and Central American interest groups. All are welcome to attend. The event is sponsored by CJAMtm.

For more information, call 258-6391.



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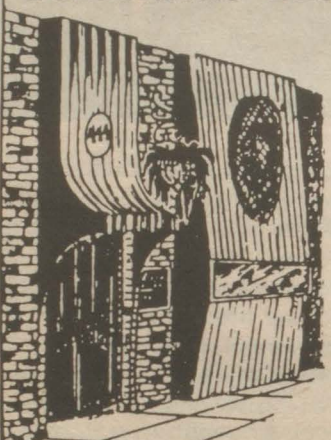
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# Fiery kid making a comeback

by Vern Smith

In a day where drug and alcohol problems plague the sports world, tragic stories of trashed careers are a dime a dozen—they've all been heard before.

But this story is different. It's not about the big one that got away, it's about Scott Skiles, a fiery kid from Plymouth, Indiana who fought his way back after a series of career threatening set-backs.

Just before the Michigan State basketball team was to start their regular season, Skiles was arrested in East Lansing on Nov. 7, 1985 and charged with driving under the influence of alcohol. That arrest led to the revocation of his probation in Indiana on a 1985 misdemeanor drug conviction. In turn, Skiles served a 15-day jail sentence in his hometown of Plymouth, Indiana.

Following Skiles' second arrest, MSU head coach Judd Heathcoat hastily suspended the 6'1", 185 lb. guard only to re-consider and reinstate him two days later.

Greeted with jeers echoed by fans, opponents, media and the like, Skiles met the challenge head on, coming on stronger than ever as the once mediocre Spartans became a basketball power.

Those who once vowed that they'd had enough of Skiles' off-court antics were soon jumping onto his green and white Spartan bandwagon.

"That's just human nature," said Skiles after his new club, the Milwaukee bucks, had just disposed of the Detroit Pistons 113-105. The Sunday matinee closed out the NBA's Central Division rookie camp, hosted by the University of Windsor's St. Denis Fieldhouse.

"Sports fans are sports fans and they like people who win. You'd have to be nuts not to follow a winning team."

Not only did Skiles help MSU win, he led the way to an NCAA invitation, as well as being the key

in the upset over defending NCAA champions, Georgetown. Skiles and the rest of the MSU squad didn't stop until they bowed out after a controversial loss to Kansas.

Still, despite averaging 27.3 points a game (second best in NCAA Division I) and handing out 203 assists, on top of being named MSU athlete-of-the-year as well as an All-American, Skiles may not have convinced everybody.



Originally slated to be snatched up within the first 15 players in the college draft, he was not picked up until the Bucks selected him at the tail end of the first round, 22nd overall. Still, Skiles refused to speculate that any clubs had reservations about his past.

"I'm a 6'1" white person," said Skiles. "If you look at the history of the NBA draft, not too many 6'1" white people go very high. Just to go in the first round was my goal and that's where I went so I'm very happy."

While Skiles has been hampered by a sprained left ankle since the second day of camp, he made his presence felt—even if he was hard

pressed for playing time.

Playing on a play a day, skip a day basis, Skiles scored 40 points and contributed 14 assists with just over 40 minutes of playing time.

"Considering his injury, that's pretty strong for somebody we weren't looking for points from at this stage," said Milwaukee assistant coach Del Harris.

Despite having patience with Skiles, Harris says that the Bucks will eventually expect big things from the former MSU star.

"Down the road, in two or three years, we're hoping that Scott will be our ball handling guard, that would be outstanding."

While Skiles has much to look forward to, he will have to adjust to the fact that initial playing time will be hard to come by. As a rookie on a team that won 57 games over the 1985-86 campaign, with veteran guards Sidney Moncrief, Craig Hodges and Rickey Pierce returning, Skiles will do well to average 10 to 15 minutes a game according to Harris.

While Skiles anticipates some difficulty adjusting to part-time duty, he sees certain advantages as well.

"I think there will be less pressure, I can get a chance to learn from some of the better guards in the league on that team," said Skiles. "If coach (Don) Nelson brings me along slowly, I'll be prepared for that."

Once Skiles does find his niche, Milwaukee fans can expect the same kind of fierce enthusiasm that made him so popular at Michigan State.

"I'm going to play the same way I always have," said Skiles. "I'm probably not going to be as boisterous but I'm just going to play the same way. I think they drafted me because they like my style of play. If I change a lot, I don't think they'd like that."

Remembering his charisma and magic at MSU this past year, one can only hope so. □

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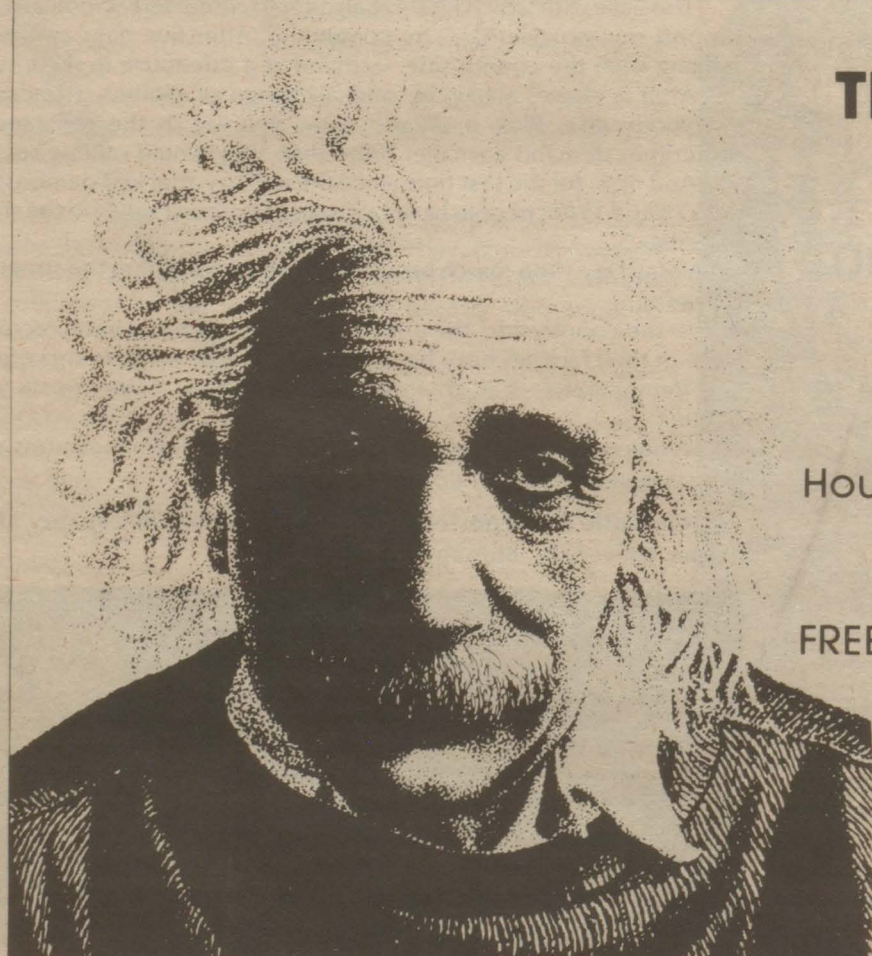
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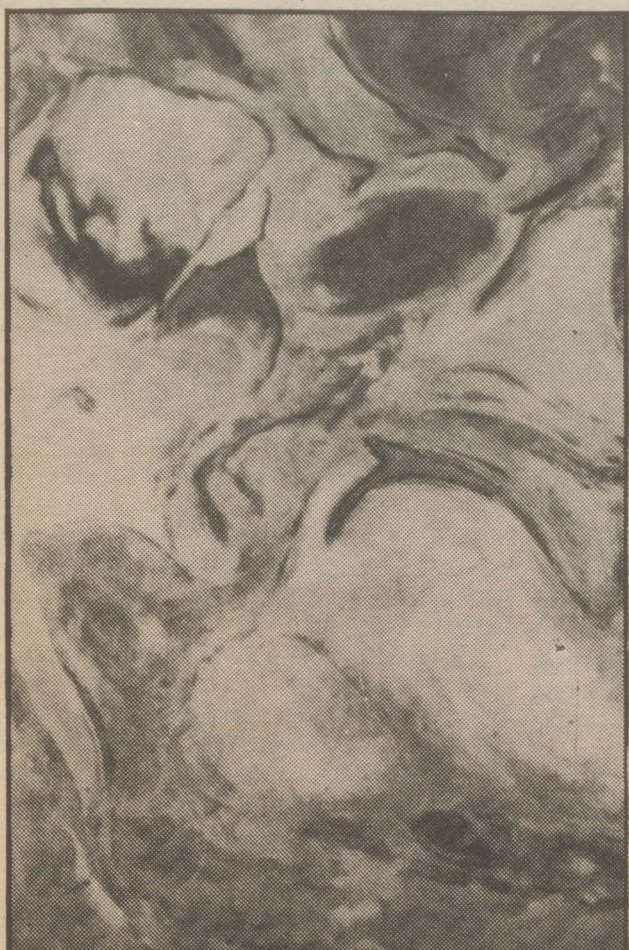
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'Human Forms' 1984, 152x101 cm.



'Oak Leaf' 1980, 101x84 cm

# Sailing to Byzantium

"The Clouds Are More Honest"  
An exhibit of paintings by Bert Weir  
Art Gallery of Windsor  
July 27 to September 7, 1986

by Kevin Atkinson

While Weir's expressed aesthetic intent in his exhibit is as follows: "While working in a lumber camp, a feeling of profound pleasure grew from the environment. What caused this feeling? That was the question, and the search for the answer is this exhibition." That search has led Weir, over a ten year period (1975-1985) from an essentially representational style to the rampantly tread path of non-representational art. In the quest for the source of aesthetic pleasure in nature, Weir has shed the passive matrix of the emotions that landscape is, and traced it (beauty) back to its human source, the capricious bubble and flux of feeling.

Weir attempts to extract beauty from nature like the stuffing from a pillow—and there it lies (beauty/stuffing), amorphous (being stripped of its containing form), dispersed (if you try to grasp it, intellectually you get an unsatisfying fragment and you must reorient yourself to the effect of the whole); but retaining its sensuous aspects.

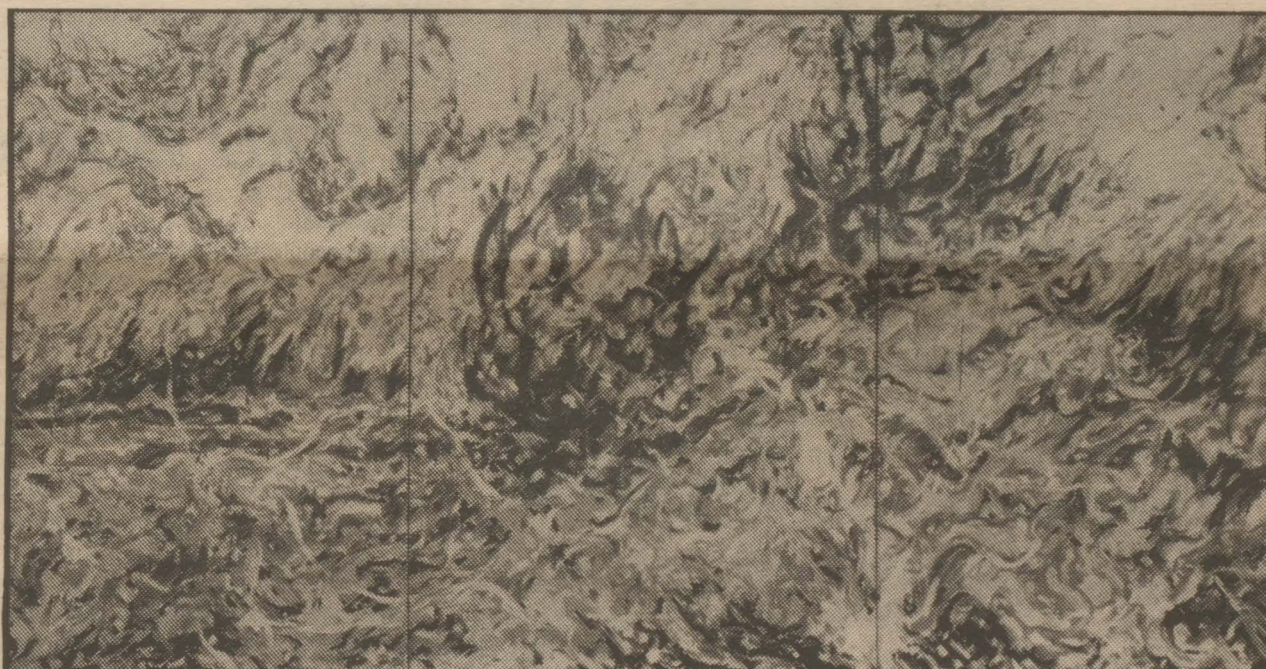
It is this deliberate disengagement of the subsumptive and taxonomic bent of the intellect that qualifies Weir's work as spiritual, mystical—akin, at times, to the abstract expressionism of Kandinsky.

Now what are the elements of nature that Weir extracts, recombines, and, hopefully, synthesizes in his painting? The ripe bulge and contour of the human form, or the lilting calligraphy traced by the trajectory of a wind-blown leaf. You name it.

And then there's colour—nature's colours, of course—from the mutedly autumnal ("Oak Leaf", 1980) to the riotously vernal ("Spring Wind", 1977), to disturbing crimson hints of a fragile corporeality ("Ojibway Forms", 1984—"It looks like one of DeKooning's women splattered on a sidewalk," I remarked to a friend in a moment of almost apt frivolity).

These gestures, fragments, impressions are more or less ambiguously articulated (it's a judicious ambiguity, though), in a pastel limbo, each being a fairly insular unit consisting of a brushstroke, or a more fastidiously executed form.

There seems to be a constant metamorphosis throughout all this, as textures aspire to become contours, the flat shapes strain toward three-dimensionality, and the mimetic becomes the abstract. And there is throughout Weir's work a sense of tension, in spite of all its pastel mellifluousness, between these conflicting avenues of articulation.



'Spring Wind' 1977, 241x426 cm.

# UB40 expudiates Promethean splendour

by Sukanya Pillay

A night of justifiable, self-righteous knee-bending is sure to be in order, if you are among the crowd at the UB40/Fine Young Cannibals show, August 27 at Chene Park in Detroit.

UB40, the British reggae band will be there with its eight member barrage. Taking their name from the reference number on British unemployment benefit forms, the band came to be in 1978. Their compilation album 1980-1983 labelled them as talented musicians and exciting performers.

Those early songs prey more fixedly on the craving abdomens of listeners who await musical sincerity with all the glory of Prometheus. That stuff had a rawer sound, expudiating a delectable simplicity from a mesh of well-written melodies, basslines, and sax accompaniments.

A twist in style that became an addiction to electronic equipment has given them an over-produced sound that does not fulfil their (misquided) wish to establish reggae as pop, but simply UB40 as pop. 1983's *Labour of Love*, though an enjoyable album, approximates the time they began dousing themselves with varnished effects.

Since then, their smooth surface has become too glib, whereas the unfinished slivers from earlier days served them just as well—in fact, better.

Backing them up will be the Fine Young Cannibals.

The two-fold remains of the English Beat, David Steele and Andy Cox, have skillfully joined with singer Roland Gift in leaving the Beat's shadow behind them. The discovery of Gift's voice has proven the ligament enabling the duo to actualize their prenatal potentials.

Future albums are skeptically yet affectionately awaited, though it seems Cox and Steele will continue with their potent, patent mosaic of bleeting rhythms, waiting soul music, and socio-political commentary. Their self-titled debut album is a seedy antiseptic on the usually accessible music scene.

However, "Johnny Come Home", their dancefloor hit, and "Suspicious Minds", their video hit, have spawned several grotesque, heterophobic caricatures of Astair-Rogers pairdom that is now practised and performed by every Aqua-velvite surf punk who will make his puny-waisted way to any Faces-like \$7.00 Long Island Iced-Teahouse under this August 1986 moon.

But the Cannibals cannot be blamed. Delving into their famed rendition of Elvis' old tune causes other listeners—who allowed their mind-destroying caustic suspicions to wield intense terror over them—a much desired apoplexy of emotion. Caught in a trap indeed.



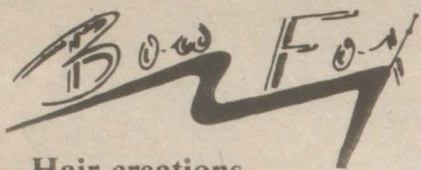
The Fine Young Cannibals

The band is as balancedly tight live, as on the album. Roland Gift's maudlin vocals preponderate on stage, exalted by the combined physical grace and agility of the band. So charismatic a performer as Gift is rare, as, in a sweaty-cramped-concert-hall, he thrusts that

plush, enveloping, rich and raspy voice into one's eager, esoteric ear.

Tickets for the UB40/Fine Young Cannibals show can be obtained at all ticketworld locations. For further information, call (313) 996-8742.





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# talking about talkies

## Cinema version not as comic

**Howard the Duck**  
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Ya gotta love this bird.

When they made Donald (they meaning Disney), he was supposed to be the antithesis to the sweetness of Mickey. Donald was a crabby, small-minded short-tempered waterfowl—all part of his charm.

When he made Howard (he meaning Marvel Comics' Steve Gerber), he was the antithesis of everything. First, he was a cuddly little fellow without a name that alliterates. Second, he smoked cigars. Third, he was an existentialist. Fourth, he was pretty rude. All part of his charm too.

So when they made this movie (they meaning Universal Pictures) the directors encountered the problem of transferring this unique little character from the funnies to the big screen. With the aid of George "Star Profits" Lucas, who has had notable success with furry little creatures, it almost works.

Almost.

First off, Howard doesn't look right. His head's too big. His eyes are too small. He walks like a midget, not like a duck (Okay, so maybe it really is a midget under the costume, but they don't have to make it so obvious). In the book, Howard is an elasticated replica of Donald; the movie version looks like a bleached Ewok with a beak.

But that's okay, because some snappy dialogue in the script helps carry the flavour of the wisecrack Howard character.

Second, most of the bizarreness of the original comic has been removed. Some of the foes in the book

were Prorata, the evil book-keeper who wanted to be Accountant of the Universe, and an enraged, crazed turnip. In the movie the villain is another one of those nasty uglies from another planet, who take over the bodies of innocents, à la *Bodysnatchers* and *The Thing*. And much of the bizarreness has simply been replaced with corn—just try to count the number of "duck" puns in the first sequence alone.

Which, again, is okay, if you're not familiar with the original. Most of the stuff in this movie is fairly clever—though it can't touch the brilliance that Gerber put into his version. So, since I've always hated reviews in which the movie is compared to the book, I'll stop now, saying that the movie works well enough on its own devices. For many, I'm sure the notion of a wise-cracking duck is novelty enough for a couple of hours of movie.

But the real flaw in the film, the one that keeps it from surpassing the level of the rest of the Hollywood dreck, is the infusion of special effects that permeates the last hour of the movie. Chases, explosions, lasers a-zapping—it all gets so wild and woolly, that this movie, which promised to be so weird and inventive, turns out to be another rock'em, sock'em Hollywood formula flick. You know exactly where the plot is going; problem is, that's not always what you want to see.

Without a doubt, the money put into this picture and its promotion was an attempt to save Lucas' floundering Lucasfilm enterprises. It's too bad that Gerber's invention, which rocked comicdom ten years ago, wasn't treated the way it deserved.

There. A whole review of *Howard the Duck* without a 'duck', 'quack', or 'fowl' pun.

—John May

## Pepto Bismol not enough help

**Heartburn**  
Directed by Mike Nichols  
playing at the Devonshire Cinema

More like mild indigestion, actually.

There's really not much to say about the movie *Heartburn*, probably because the film itself doesn't say much. That's too bad because all the ingredients were there. Two of the world's great actors—Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep—teamed up with a great director—Mike Nichols—to work with a best-selling novel based on the stormy marriage between Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein.

Well, the movie (also written by Ephron) isn't really about Ephron and Bernstein's marriage. In real life, Ephron was a food writer for a New York newspaper when she met Bernstein, then a columnist for the Washington Post. They fell in love and got married; Bernstein had an affair with a leading hostess/socialite, which nearly ended the marriage, leading to a painful reconciliation, only to have it come crashing to a divorce when Ephron learned of another of Bernstein's indiscretions. The book and the film were based on two fictional characters, the woman being a New York food writer, the man a Washington political columnist, who meet, fall in love, marry, survive the man's affair with a leading D.C. socialite, and then part after his second affair. Notice the difference?

The problem is, the film doesn't really go much past that capsule summary. Nicholson and Streep, two of my very favourites, just aren't given much to work with, and the greatest acting in the world can't make up for a thin script.

Remember *Falling In Love*, released a few years back, starring Streep and Robert DeNiro? That film failed because there was nothing of note in it past the talents of its two stars. My initial reaction to the release of *Heartburn* was that it was going to be *Falling In Love* all over again. When I learned that Mike Nichols, the director or a number of excellent movies including the brilliant *The Graduate* was making it, my hopes were raised considerably. Unfortunately, even he couldn't make a difference. The direction seems flat and uninspired; perhaps Nichols too was defeated by the screenplay before he even started. It's a shame, all that talent going to waste.

The only thing I found interesting about this film was the couple who served as the best friends of Nicholson and Streep: a gossip-obsessed anchorwoman—played by SCTV alumna Catherine O'Hara—and her live-in lover, a bemused Hungarian businessman, portrayed by the great Czechoslovakian director Milos (Amadeus) Forman. Perhaps the film should have been made about those two; it would surely have been more compelling.

—Mike Lyster

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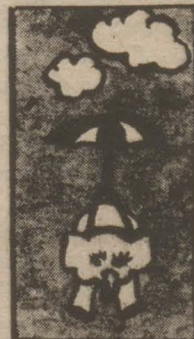
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# Ripley's back, believe it or not

**Aliens**  
directed by James Cameron  
playing at the Vanity Theatre

There are a few problems common to the contemporary Hollywood horror-thriller film. Actually, there are *many* problems common to this genre. The largest are predictability and a lack of character development. In other words, you know in advance who is going to die a grisly death, and you couldn't care less, seeing as the film spends about seven seconds introducing each character, and their personalities are as thick as cardboard.

To be really terrified by a movie, you must either be genuinely surprised by its plot, or develop a real liking for its characters. The slice-and-dicers of the 80s just aren't scary—they are gross-outs instead of thrillers. Good horror films require time to set, and nearly all the great ones—Hitchcock's *Psycho*, Kubrick's *The Shining*, and Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* come to mind—are the work of strong directors with the ability to look past the gore and snazzy effects and concentrate on the human and psychological elements of the story. Depth of character comes from a combination of good acting and a worthwhile script; try to find those things in a horror film today.

*Alien* was, in my opinion, one of the best horror-thrillers of the past decade. It combined an interesting plot, a strong cast and superb effects into an absorbing and frightening tale of a one-alien assault on the crew of a wayward spaceship. Ridley Scott directed the original, and his ability to create interesting and believable worlds on film ranks with the best—his *Blade Runner* has yet to be equalled as far as obsessive visions of the future go. Sigourney Weaver, the sole survivor of all that ickiness, was backed up by venerable actors John Hurt and Harry Dean Stanton, two remarkable actors; they also had a good script to work with, courtesy of Dan (Return of the Living Dead) O'Bannon.

*Aliens*, however, has neither believable characters nor any surprises. Weaver is, of course, the only holdover, and the rest of the cast is made up of faceless, gung-ho Marines, a cute little girl, an android with a heart of gold, and a slimy corporate exec out to protect the company's interests and maybe make a buck for himself while others get killed. The acting is generally mediocre, the dialogue is silly, and you can guess right away who will live and who will bite it.

Which isn't to say that I disliked the movie; I actually enjoyed it. James Cameron, the Canadian-born director of *Alien*, faced with the unenviable task of matching the critical and box-office success of its predecessor, decided to damn the torpedos and go full-throttle through the entire film. The action is loud,

violent, and plentiful; once it gets going, this movie doesn't slow down.

The plot picks up 57 years after the end of *Alien*, where Weaver (as Flight Officer Ripley) has just triumphed in her one-on-one with the creature and then slipped into suspended animation for the return trip home. It seems, however, that her ship drifted aimlessly all those years until she was rescued, only to find that no one believes her story about the alien. She also learns, to her horror, that humans have begun to populate the planet where Ripley and friends found the beast. To make a short plot short, they lose contact with the outpost and ask Ripley to escort a Marine battalion to the planet in order to find out what's up.

What they do find is that the alien beasts use of humans as a part of their birth process: a creature from an alien egg attaches itself to a human's face, plants the alien seed in the victim's stomach, gestates, and voila! the baby alien, cute as could be, pops out of the poor dude's stomach. Well, all the potential hosts on the planet have been used up (as you can see, the possibility of birthing more than one alien per human is rather unlikely), except for a little girl who has managed to avoid an early pregnancy. Ripley and the kid take to each other right away (surprise surprise), and a maternal bond is formed.

That, to me, was the real intriguing part of the film. Motherhood is shown from both sides, with Ripley risking her life for the girl, and with the aliens backing away from Ripley when she threatens to torch their queen in her nest. The final scene of the movie is a brilliantly staged duel between these two maternal figures.

On the way to this grand finale, the aliens attack from all fronts, and the Marines get to run around, shoot off guns and flamethrowers, yell "Stay frosty" at each other, and generally make fools of themselves. Ripley gets into the act, of course, and even tapes two mega-guns together and totes them around for increased firepower. If all this sounds like *Rambo In Space* there's a reason: Cameron, who also co-authored *Aliens*, co-wrote *Rambo* with Sly Stallone. His other screen credit of note came for directing *The Terminator*, another film long on flash and short on intelligence.

*Aliens* is scary at times, and generally enjoyable; the climax is a classic, both truly exciting and campy fun, and original enough to forgive the film alot of its flaws. It's just that many critics are saying that *Aliens* is a great movie, superior to the original. That just ain't so. It works well on the technical level, and has some moments; a great horror film needs much more than that.

—Mike Lyster

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The ceremonies will take place at the Cleary Auditorium in two sessions, at 10:00 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.  
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# Camper Van Beethoven

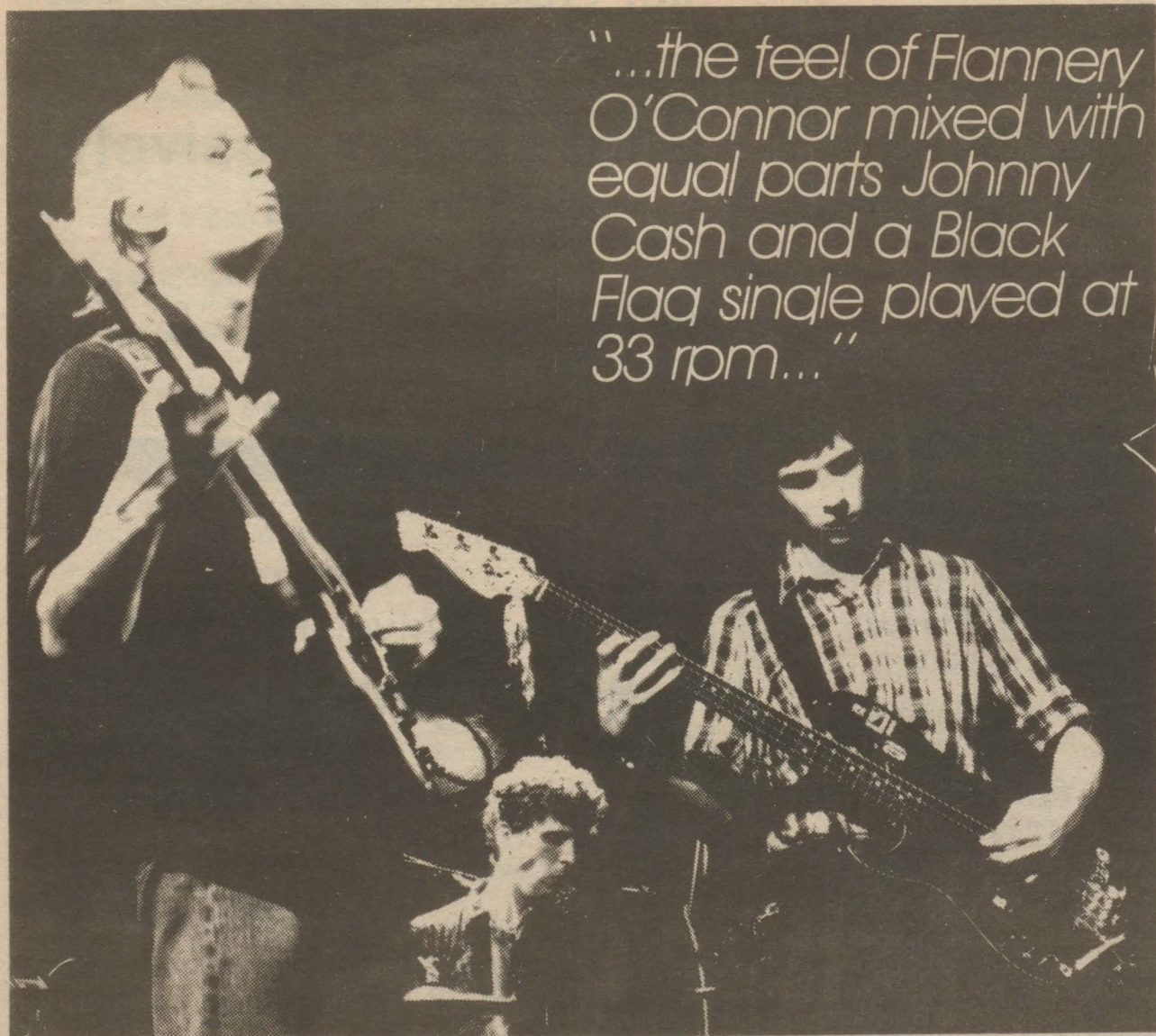
story and photos by sarah atkinson

I think I'm in love. But alas, the *Sad Lover's Waltz* is, I fear, destined to become my theme song. The open road to Cleveland had taken my love from me within hours of my initial pangs of infatuation. There is a certain station in Detroit whose purported clout would have led one to believe that a local performance by my present love objects, a Californian ensemble called Camper Van Beethoven, would be flooded by bunches of fake-I.D.-ed schlock-seekers. That the crowd that did coagulate at St. Andrew's Hall a week ago Tuesday could hardly be classified as throngs goes to show that the public is not always gullible enough to base its aesthetic judgement of a band on the one or two songs that receive commercial airplay at one a.m.. I ask you, what flamingo-loving bag-assed yup/hip-pie hasn't at least once gone ape over Camper Van's sarcastic ditty "Where the Hell is Bill"? Of those who have, the percentage that turned out for the July 29th gig found out that two country parodies do not guarantee very many more; in fact, most of what Camper van Beethoven does produce is far more open-ended musically than Mike Halloran's monotonous late night choices would imply. Shocked and phlegmatically disappointed mainstream trendies conferred in the washrooms, I am told, agreeing that the concert was okay, but why did they have to go into all that Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd jamming stuff? And jammed they had: an estimated thirty percent of their appearance consisted of wild riff-flinging fun that had obviously grown out of a sound appreciation of the undisputed gods of rock (Zep, Floyd, Jimi...no, please not Rush).

Getting to St. Andrew's Hall early (and almost anything short of not coming at all is early—the feature act usually doesn't come on stage before midnight) is something that one sometimes wants to be doing and

succeeds in capturing the essence of innocuous (i.e. non-Satanic and inoffensive) 60's psychedelic rock (prime(ate) exemplar being the Monkees) without losing all credibility as a serious band. A female vocalist who sounds like Elvis Costello, as does Map's Sophia Hanifi, is a pretty sure bet for getting taken more seriously than the Monkees ever were. I can't say that most of their lyrics and melodies appear to be the result of much more than the old college try, but the delivery was tight. If ya wanna talk visuals, Map of the World gives new meaning to the word ostentatiousness. Any degree of flashy light show would be to pour (if the impending metaphor can be sufficiently neutralized) new wine into those old familiar skins. I found out very recently that Map of the World is better on vinyl than in performance, but then I didn't come to see them.

Camper Van Beethoven opens their stint with a song lifted from Lance fave Black Flag; they did, in fact include "Wasted" (the song I was referring to) on their first album, released but last year. (A second album, *Camper Van Beethoven II & III*, is already out, and is an album to get emotionally and intellectually involved with.)



"...the feel of Flannery O'Connor mixed with equal parts Johnny Cash and a Black Flag single played at 33 rpm..."

sometimes not; if you are (or convince them that you are) twenty-one or more (in the age sense, not in the "We are legion" sense), you can drink beer from a paper cup; you can sit on the stairs outside and watch people arrive later than you did; and eventually you can dance to piped-in dance music on one of the last, truly correct floors (hardwood, I mean).

Even more eventually than the lastly mentioned option, the warm-up act starts. In this case it is Ann Arbor's darlings Map of the World. Here is a band that

From the outset, it was obvious that these guys were not interested in impressing their audience (argument: if they had been interested in impressing their audience they would not have opened with "Wasted"). So unwilling, or at least so reluctant, are C. van B. to play up to their public that they didn't even play the Bill song until the third encore (and it's my educated guess that they didn't even consider playing the Bill song until it actually happened—but pressed by an audience who would just die if they didn't hear the Bill song... it was

truly an imperative). For the most part, Camper van ignored the high goof factor and engaged in a most metaphoric free play of the mind (or minds) upon modes Mixolydian and Aeolian.

Impressive and downright upstaging at times is the guitar work of Greg Lisher; I've rarely seen a member of a comparatively unknown band (the wanker that lives next door to me has undoubtedly never heard of them—and I think this is an apt standard of judgement) go quite this rock-star-wacko-self-indulgent-Angus-Mc; he's definitely a guy with a fetish for feedback. definitely a guy with a fetish for feedback.

(A temporary aside as I try to define an essence: Camper van Beethoven has the feel of Flannery O'Connor mixed with equal parts Johnny Cash and a Black Flag single played at 33 rpm. There's a very post-modern twinge to what they're doing—as if that's really as new as post-modernism says that it is. C. van B., as a post-modern pop ensemble possesses a strong self-reflectedness, mixing styles in intermittently parodic and serious and integral ways; they are not simply a joke band. That none of the band takes "the band" concept as the total absolute and unquestioning priority in his life and the world is a good thing.)

Each member very much has his life outside the context of the band; the drive for stardom just doesn't come across (there is a lack of ice-cold gleam in their eyes). Moron this later.

This band has contrast; from the aforementioned "Sad Lovers Waltz" which recalls all the heart-aching wallowing of Dexy's "Liar's A to E" and "All in All" to the hard-hitting hoedown of "Turtlehead", which recalls some of Windsor's own parodic punk of the early eighties (and the parodies of it).

Jonathan Segel's (does it rhyme with Hegel's?—I didn't ask) violin playing interested me in several ways: the circumstances were not such as would allow the demonstration of prowess so I was roused to curiosity. Jonathan seemed to be having enough fun sawing away that it didn't really matter if he was faking or if he was faking that he was faking. When I talked to him after the show I stutteringly popped the indignant question "What's your training?"

With this meant-only-in-the-most-innocent-sense query, the floodgates to the other side were opened: I learned that Jonathan and Chris Molla, who plays keyboards and guitar, are schoolmates; both are students of music. Chris did his best to be courteous to irritating inquirer me, who insisted on talking Bartok when I found out where his other musical sympathies lay. David Lowery graduated in honours mathematics to go on to execute the immortal lyrics of all the trendy favourites that I'm just too tired of mentioning by name. Victor Krummenacher, the band's bassist, used to study literature and now plows through Joyce without letting school interfere with his education.

Going back once more to articulating that essence rare: there is a quality of the raw, especially in the vocals of David Lowery, who seems to squeeze the words right out of his face and into the microphone. I would not like to think that Camper van is riding on the crest of a new wave; I don't believe that this is or could be the case. I hesitate to call their style intimate, but in a way it is. Integrity fairly oozes off the stage partially in the form of off handed good humour. I am now making myself sick of being so complimentary, but forgive me, it is love.

One more obligatory piece of blabber—I ran from the hall as the band was finishing loading up, in pursuit of their drummer who was, (could it really be true?) a philosophy graduate. Moments later, I spewed out questions and comments to one who in my fantasy world will always be a kindred spirit.

Oh, by the way, their latest album is great. □